PHARSALIA:

OR, THE

Civil Wars

OF

ROME,

Between *Pompey* the Great

and *Julius Cæsar*.

The whole ten Books Englished

by *Thomas May* Esquire.

LONDON,

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OF

ROME.

TO THE RIGHT Honourable WILLIAM, Earle of *Devonshiere*, &c.

MY LORD,

THE great subject of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, have enboldned me to present the Translation (how meanely soever I have performed it) to your

Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe judgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true Historie adorned and heightned with *Poeticall raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth but give it a more sweete and pleasant relish. The Historie of it is the greatest of Histo-

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ries, the affaires of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatnes will admit no cõparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which S. *Augustin* wished to have seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration have admired, and do rather conjecture then fully comprehend. The blood of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many ages had raised her now to that unhappy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her freedom without great troubles, nor fall into a *Monarchy* but most heavy and distastfull. In one the greatnesse of private Citizens excluded moderation: in the other the vast strength, and forces of the Prince gaue him too absolute and vndetermined a power. The vices of *Rome* did at this time not only grow vp to their power, but overthrow it. *Luxury* and *Pride*, the wicked daughters of so noble a Mother as the *Roman Virtue*,

Virtue, beganne to consume that which brought them forth. These were the seeds of that faction, which rent the State, and brought in violently a change of government. The two heads of this great division (if wee may terme *Pompey* the head of a faction, & not rather the true servant of the publike State) were *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Cæsar*, men of greater eminence then the former ages had seene any, whose prosperous atchivements in

forraine

forreine wars had too far enabled them to ruine that ſtate, which before they ſerved. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whoſe happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to diſpute, or any way anticipate your Lordſhips judgement. To whoſe noble cenſure I refer both the Author, and my poore endeavours, and ſhall ever reſt,

Your Lordſhips to command,

THO: MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS *Annæus Lucanus* was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at *Corduba*. His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the Oratour, and brother to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, *Nero's* Tutor. The two elder Brothers employed at *Rome* in state affaires (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renowne. They were both Senatours, and by their worthy endeavours deserved not onely to bee powerfull in their owne times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela* the youngest brother content with that title, which his birth gave him, a *Romane* knight, and preferring the sweetnesse of a country life before the glorious trouble

of

of a court employment, lived at home at his native *Corduba*; hee married *Caia Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom hee begat *Marcus Annæus Lucanus* surnamed of his grandfather by the mothers side. *Annæus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatnesse; a great Testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an authour as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was borne at *Corduba*, the third of the Nones of *November* in the second Consulship of *Caius Cæsar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cæsianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to *Rome*, to season his infancy (so soone as it might bee capable) with the choisest education in learning and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about the childes cradle, and pressed in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and Schoolemasters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palæmon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his owne diligence, and admirable facility of naturall wit, he arrived in

a short

a short time to an high perfection as well in the Greeke, as *Roman* language. Of all his schoolefellowes hee most used the friendship of *Saleius Bassus* & *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. Hee marryed *Polla Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court by his Vncle *Seneca*, he grew suddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Questor before the usuall time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what virtue could long be safe in such a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brooke another mans praises; who amongst all his other cruelties, was most severe in depressing the fame of deserving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, suppresst his Works, and forbade him any more to recite Verses. Which indignity of all other most hard to bee endured (as witty *Martiall*,

Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Discontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Pisos* conspiracie. The conspiracie detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to die, but liberty given him to choose his death. Who after a full feast, bad the Physitians cut his veines; and when he perceived through losse of blood his hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the vitall spirits forsaking the outward parts of his bo-

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dy, with a minde, and looke undaunted hee recited these Verses of his owne in the third booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur avulsus; nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit undique venis;
Discursusque animæ diversa in membra meantis
Interceptus aquis; nullius vita perempti
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say he did not repeat these Verses, but those in the ninth Booke,

Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quatunque foramina novit
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora redundant,
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day before the Calends of May, in the seven and twentyeth yeare of his age, *Nerva Syllanus* and *Vestinius Atticus* being Consuls. He was buryed at Rome in his owne most faire, and sumptuous Gardens.

TO

To my choſen Friend,
The learned Tranſlator of LVCAN,
THOMAS MAY,
Eſquire.

VVHen, Rome, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And ſee but climing up the ſlippery ſtaire
Of Fortunes wheele by Lucan *driv'n about,*
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line ſome pin thereof ſhould ſlacke
At leaſt if not the generall Engine cracke.
But when againe I view the parts ſo peec'd,
And thoſe in number ſo, and meaſure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's *popularity,*
Cæſar's *ambition,* Cato's *liberty,*
Calme Brutus *tenor ſtaid; but all along*
Keepe due proportion in the ample ſong,
It makes me raviſh'd with juſt wonder, cry
VVhat Muſe, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan *theſe true meaſures? replyes my ſenſe*
VVhat gods but thoſe of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, *and* Hermes? *They whoſe tongue, or pen*
Are ſtill th' interpreters twixt gods, and men?
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucans *whole frame unto us, and ſo wrought,*
As not the ſmalleſt joynt, or gentleſt word
In the great maſſe, or machine there is ſtirr'd?
The ſelfe ſame Genius! ſo the Worke will ſay,
The Sunne *tranſlated, or the Sonne of May.*

Your true friend in Iudgement
and Choiſe

BEN. IONSON.

Vpon this unæquall'd worke, and the Author.

ROme had beene still my wonder: I had known
Lucan, *in no expreßion but his owne:*
And had, as yet conjectur'd it, a wrong,
To have prais'd Cæsar *in another tongue.*
To bring forth One, that could but understand,
I thought a pride too great, for any Land,
Yea, for Rome *selfe. Who would be pos'd to tell*
How great she was, when she could write so well.
Till truth was never brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan *Languag'd, like my infancy.*
Till Rome *was met in* England *in that State,*
That was, at once, her greatnesse, and her fate;
So, all to us discover'd, that nought's hid
Which either she could speake, or Cæsar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hadst more of Lucan, then we see
Reveal'd in this: wherein there is so much
Of miracle, that I, durst doubt him, such
As thou hast rendred him. But that I know
'Tis crosse to be thy friend, and Lucans foe.
Whom thou hast made so much thy selfe, that wee
May almost strive about his Pedigree,
Since Rome, *hath nothing left, to provoke him hers*
But the foule instance of his Murtherers.
So neatly hast thou robb'd her of his name,
That she can only reskew't with a shame,
Which may she doe: whilst Nations reckon thee,
Lucan *in all, except* Romes *infamy.*

I. VAVGHAN.

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The first Booke.

The Argument of the first Booke.

The fatall causes of this warre are showne,
Enraged Cæsar passes Rubicon,
Invades Arimnum, where to him from Rome
Curio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
With new incitements to these civill Warres.
Cæsar's *Oration to his Souldiers,*
Bold Lælius protestation, which by all
The rest confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from every part of France at once
His now dispers'd, and wintring Legions:
Romes feares, great Pompey with the Senate, flies;
Heaven, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies,
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures show
The wrath of Heaven, and Romes ensuing woe.

Armes more then civill on Emathian Plaines
We sing: rage licens'd; where great Rome
disdaines
In her owne bowels her victorious swords,
Where kindred hosts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke; where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the Nations world from farre
Is met; Rhodanie Ensignes doe defie,
Pikes (a) gainst Pikes, gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Moove you to fealt your foes with Roman blood?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilst yet proud Babylon unconquer'd held
The boasting trophies of a Roman hoast,
And unrevenged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you have tane,
With that blouds losse, which civill hands have drawne?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his set,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heat,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The Seres yours, the wild Araxes too,
And those that set Niles spring, if any doe.
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou love, when all the world is overcome,
Turne backe thy hand: thou didst not want a Foe.
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses lo
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of rein'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That untill'd Italy's with weeds orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Nor thou fierce *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This waste have made, no sword could reach so farre;
Deepe pierce the wounds receiv'd in civill warre.
But if no other way to *Nero* reigne
The Fates could find, if gods their Crownes obtaine
At such deare rates, and Heav'n could not obey
Her *Jove*, but after the sterne Gyants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischiefe and warre
Pleasing to us, since so rewarded, are;

Let dire *Pharsalia* grone with armed Hoasts,
And glut with bloud the Carthaginian Ghosts;
With these let *Munda's* (c) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Perusia's* (e) famine too:
To these add *Actium's* (f) bloody Navall fight,
And neere Sicilia (g) *Sextus* flavish Fleete,
Yet much owes Rome to civill enmity
For making thee our Prince, when thou the sky,
Though late, shalt clime, and change thine earthly reigne,
Heaven, as much grac'd, with joy shall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whether thou wouldst put on
Ioves Crowne, or ride in *Phœbus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thence maist thou shine
Downe on thy World; to thee all powers divine
Will yield, and nature to thy choise will give
What god to be, or where in Heaven to live.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not regine,
Nor crosse the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou shouldst Rome behold,
If all thy weight one part of Heaven should hold,
The Honour'd loade would bowe Heavens Axletree;
Hold thou the middle of the poyzed Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene transparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt us and *Cæsar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and strife,
And every Nation love a peacefull life:
Let peace through all the world in this blest time
Once more like warre like *Ianus* Iron tame.
Oh be my god: If thou this breast inspire,
Phœbus from Cirrhæs shades I'll not desire,
Nor Nysa's *Bacchus*, *Cæsar* can infuse
Vertue enough into a Roman muse.
The cause of these great actions I'le declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre
Our furious People and the World beside.
Fates envious bounds, contin'ued strife deny'd

To mighty States, who greatest falls still feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is dissolv'd,
And the worlds Ages in one houre involv'd
In their old Chaos, Seas with Skies shall joyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded lose their shine;
The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keepe the Ocean out; the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but scorning her old way
Crosse him, and claime the guidance of the day:
The falling worlds now jarring frame no peace,
No league shall hold; great things themselves oppresse.
The gods this bound to growing States have set;
But to no Forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne envie ore great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her owne ruines cause.
Subject'd joyntly to three (*h*) Lords, how ill
Prove shared rules accords, and fatall, still?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happinesse
To mixe your powres, and joyntly th'earth possesse?
Whilst Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land shall bound,
Whilst labouring *Titan* turnes his glorious round,
And through twelve heavenly signes night followes day,
No faith keepe those that kingdomes joyntly sway:
Rule brookes no sharers; doe not this believe
In forraine States, Rome can examples give.
A brothers blood did our first walls distaine;
Nor was the spacious earth and watry maine
This mischiefes price: a refuge for the eyes fled,
A little house thus brothers hatred bred.
This jarring concord lasted for a space,
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The warres sole let; like that small necke of land,
That in the middst of two great Seas does stand,
And will not let them joyne; that cause away,
Straight the Ionian meets th'Ægean Sea:

So when warre-parting *Craſſus* ſadly ſlaine
With Romane blood did Asian Charra ſtaine,
That Parthian loſſe to home-bred rage gave reines;
More then you thinke you did fierce Parthians,
That day: our civill warre your conqueſt wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the ſword is fought.
That State, that miſtreſſe ore the World did reigne,
Rul'd Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulias* (*t*) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had ſlaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her grave, if Fate had ſpar'd her life,
Her furious husband, and ſterne fathers ſtrife
She had compos'd, and made their armed hands
Let fall their ſwords, and joyne in friendſhips bands:
As once the Sabin women enterpos'd
Their ſires and husbands bloody jarres compoſ'd.
Thy death, faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And gives them leave againe to draw their ſwords:
On both ſides powerfull annialation beares
On their ambitious ſpirits. Great *Pompey* feares
That his pirataicke Laurell ſhould give place
To conquer'd France, and *Cæſars* deeds deface.
His ancient triumphs, fortunes conſtant grace
Makes him impatient of a ſecond place;
Nor now can *Cæſar* a ſuperior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who juſtlier tooke
Vp armes great Iudges differ, heaven approves
The conquering cauſe, the conquer'd *Cato* loves.
Nor were they æquall; one in yeares was growne,
And long accuſtom'd to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier. Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much ſought
For popular praiſes: his Theaters loud shout
Was his delight; new ſtrength he ſought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And ſtood the ſhadow of a glorious name.

As an old lofty Oake, that heretofore
Great Conquerers ſpoyles, and ſacred Trophees bore,
Stands firme by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the ayre his naked boughes does ſpread;
And with his trunke, not leaues, a ſhaddow makes:
He, though each blaſt of Eaſterne winde him ſhakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but as *Ceſar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generalls name,
But reſtleſſe valour, and in warre a flame
Not to be Conquerour; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call
His forward Sword; confident of ſucceſſe,
And bold the favour of the gods to preſſe:
Orethrowing all that his ambition ſtay,
And loves that ruine ſhould enforce his way;
As lightning by the wind forc'd from a cloud
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loud,
Diſturbes the Day, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioves* owne Temple ſpares it; when no force,
No barre can hinder his prevailing courſe,
Great waſte, as fourth it ſallyes and retires,
It makes, and gathers his diſperſed fires.
These cauſes moov'd the Cheifes, and ſuch as are
In mighty ſtates the common ſeeds of warre:
For ſince our Cheſts the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full; and vertue did to riches yield;
Since ſpoiles and warre like rapine taught us ryot;
Exceſſe, in Plate, in buildings reignes; the dyet
Of former times we ſcorne; that ſoft attire,
That Women were aſham'd of, Men deſire;
Strength-breeding poverty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the ſpoyled world is ſought
The bane of States; thoſe Lands encreas'd they hold
In th' hands of unknowne Tenants, which of old

Camillus plow-share wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient *Curij* till'd; the state now stands,
Not as of old, when men from auarice free
Could liue in peace, and wisht but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what poverty esteem'd
A vild offence: now's greatest honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countries power in curbe to hold:
Might measures right: Lawes and decrees are sold;
Consuls and Tribunes jarres all right suppresse;
Fasces are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly sought, and given; hence bloody jarres
Oft staine elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Vsury growes, so faith is lost,
And ciuill warre, as gainefull, sought by most.
By this time *Cæsar* the cold Alpes orepast
In his great thoughts the future warre had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With count'nance sad through dusky night appeares:
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd, when she
Thus sighing speakes, oh whither carry yee
My Ensignes, Souldiers? If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (*)
A sudden feare straight chilles the Generals veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintnesse detaines
His steps upon the banke; then thus he prayes:
Thou, *Iove*, whose eye these Citie walls surveyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid mysteries,
Thou Latian *Iove* worshipt on th'Alban mounts,
You Vestall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greatest God, blesse this attempt, nor thus
Doe I wrong: Conqueror by land and sea
Thy *Cæsar* comes, thy Souldier still: Be free,
He in the smok, that dim'd this enmity.

Then brooking no delay, the streame showre swell'd
He marches ore; so in a Lybian field
A Lion viewing his steme foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull stand:
But straight when his Tailes swindge has made him he
And rais'd his shaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roares, then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft have pierc'd his side, void of all feare,
Regardeles of that wound he rushes on.

Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a fine all Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley does divide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him strength, and Cynthia her full hornes had spent
In showres to raise his flood, and melted snow
The moist East-wind made downe the Alps to flow
The Horse-men first are plac'd against the streame,
To take the waters fury: under them
The foote men sheltered found a passage ore
More calme, the current being broke before.
But now when Cæsar had ore come the flood,
And Italy's forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leave, quoth he;
Farewell all Leagues: Fortune I le follow thee.
No more vde'l trust: Warre shall determine all.
This said, by Night the active Generall
Swifter then Parthian back-shot shaft, or stone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when every star
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that first these broiles shduld
Either the moist South-winds, or Heavens detrect
With pitchy Clouds darkened the fatall day;
When now the Souldiers by command made stay
I'th'Market place; shrill trumpets flourish round,
And the hoarse Hornes wicked alarums sound.

With this sad noise the Peoples rest was broke.
The young men rose, and from the Temples tooke
Their Armes, now such as a long peace had marr'd,
And their old bucklers now of leather's bare'd:
Their blunted Pikes not of a long time us'd,
And Swords with th'eatings of blacke rust abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
And *Cæsar* in the midd'st high mounted scene,
The townesmens trembling joynts for horror faint,
And to themselves they make this sad complaint:
Oh ill built Citie too too neere the Gaule,
Oh sadly situated place; when all
The world have peace, we are the spoyle of warre,
And first that are invaded: Harpies farre
Might we have liv'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandring tents of Scythia, then possest
The edge of Italy. This towne of ours
First felt the furious Gaules, and Cimbrian powers,
Hither the Lybians first, and Germans come,
This is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus silently they mourne, and durst not lend
Their griefe a word, nor teares in publicke spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are still'd,
And the mid-ocean does no murmur yeild.
But when bright day dissolv'd the dampes of night,
The Fates new fire-brands bring, and flame to fight
Cæsars yet doubting mind, leaving no pause
To shame, but fortune findes him out a Cause
Of armes, and labours to make just his warre.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Against them sacred privilege exil'd,
And by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names revil'd.
These now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curio's* (*m*) mercenary tongue:
That tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
Gainst armed great ones for the publike good.

Hee when he saw the Generall musing, said,
While this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause could aide,
Wee did prorogue, though gainst the Senate's will,
Thy government, while Oratories skill
Could turne the wavering Peoples heares to thee,
But since by warres rough hand Lawes silenc'd be,
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it sustaine
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword againe;
Whilst their yet strengthlesse side is onely fear'd,
Vse no delay: delay hurts men prepar'd.
A greater price on equall danger here
Is set; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeare
Thou hast consum'd, but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy subjection brought.
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee
Shall decke the Capitoll; base envies hands
Keepe backe thy due; conquest of warlike Bands
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: not canst thou now divide
The world; the world thou maist possesse alone.
This speech gave fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
Before to warre; so peoples shoutes raise more
A fierce Olympicke Steed striving before
To force the Lists, and breake th'opposing bars.
Straight to the Stand and all his Souldiers
Cæsar assembling, 'midst their murmuring noise
Commands a silence with his hand and voice.
Fellowes in Armes, that have endur'd with me
A thousand stormes in ten yeares victory,
Have our spent bloods in northern Climes deserv'd
This, all our wounds, so many winters serv'd
Vnder the Alpes? not more provision Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hannibal* had come
Over the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce;
Forrests are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainſt *Cæſar* now.
What more (had wee beene vanquiſht) would they do?
If the fierce Gaules our flying backs purſu'd,
That dare now vrging us; when our warres concluded
Succesfully, and friendly Gods us call?
Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
His gownes, and new rais'd Souldiers bring alongs
Vaine names the *Cæſars*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
Muſt he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
Glutted with ſtill continuing Soveraigntie?
Can he triumphant Chariots mount before
The Yeares appointed, (*o*) and let go no more?
Honours (*o*) uſurp'd? why ſhould I now complaine
Of the lawes breach, and famine (*p*) made for gaine?
Th'affrighted *forum* (*q*) with arm'd men beſet,
Drawne Swords inviroining the Iudgment ſeat,
When 'gainſt all law, *Milo* for murder try'd:
Pompey's proud Colours clad'd on every ſide?
Now left his age, though ſtrict'd, a private ſtate
Should end, by impious civill warre his hate
Hee ſeekes to glut, ſcorning but to excell
His maſter *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell,
Whom their fierce Damme with ſlaughtred Cattels blood
Was wont to nourish in th'Hyrcanian wood,
Nere loſe their fury: ſo thou *Pompey* us'd
To lick the blood that *Sylla's* ſwords effus'd
Retain'd thy former thirſt, never againe
Grow thoſe jawes pure, that blood did once diſtaine.
When wilt thou end thy too long tyranny,
Where bound thy (*r*) guilt? in this at leaſt to thee
A patterne let thy Maſter *Sylla* be
To leave off ſuch uſurped Soveraigntie.
After the Pirates, and tyr'd Pontick King,
Whoſe war to end ſcarce Poiſons (*s*) helpe could bring,
Muſt *Cæſar's* fall *Pompey's* laſt triumph make,
Becauſe commanded I did not forſake?

My conquering Army? but if I be bar'd
My labours meede, let these have the reward
Of their long service; let these Souldiers all
Triumph, though under any Generall.
Where shall their bloodlesse age after the Warre
Find rest? what lands shall my old Souldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their Cities stand?
Are Pirates, (*Pompey*) worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength that we have made, wee must imploy.
He gives the strongest all things, that denies
His due; nor want wee ayding Deities.
Nor spoile those armes doe seeke, nor Soveraignty;
But to free Rome, though bent to slavery.
Thus spake he: the yet doubting Souldiers
Uncertaine, murmure raise: though fierce with warre
Long use, their household gods them middes gan move,
And piety: but straight the swords dire love
And feare of *Cæsar* turn'd them backe againe.
Lælius the first Files leading did obtaine
For saving of a Roman Souldier
Oaken crown'd, and freed from duties of the warre.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Souldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieves us all
That such long patience kept thee from so just
A war: or dost thou not thine army trust?
While blood of life these breathing bodys warmes,
While brandish'd Darts fly from these agile armes,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates reigne endure?
In civill war is Conquest so impure?
Lead us through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian lands;
Lead us ore thirsty Affrickes scorched sands.
This arme the conquer'd world behind to leave
Hath plow'd the British Ocean curled wave,
And broke the Rhines swift current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

Hees

lee's not my friend, gainſt whom thy trumpets ſound;
y theſe thy Colours, which ten Camps have found
ver victorious, *Cæſar*, here I ſweare,
And by thy triumphs, ore what foe ſoe're,
f thou command me ſpill my brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
lle do't though with a moſt unwilling hand,
Fire Temples, rob the gods at thy command.
Great *Iunoes* Temple in our flames ſhall ſinke:
f to encampe on Tuſcan Tybers brinke,
lle boldly pitch in Italy thy tent.
f to diſmantle townes be thy intent,
Theſe armes of mine the battering Rams ſhall place,
Although the citie thou wouldſt quite deface,
Were Rome it ſelfe. The Souldiers all agree,
And promiſe him their lifted hands on high
To any war. Their ſhout not that can paſſe,
Which the loud blaſt of Thracian *Boreas*
On piny Oſſa makes, and bowes amaine
The rat'ling wood, or lets it riſe againe.

Cæſar perceiving that the Fates gave way
To warre, and his men prone, fearing delay,
His troopes through France diſpierc'd ſtraight calling
With flying Colours marches on to Rome. (home
They leave their tents pitcht by Lemanus (*a*) Lake,
And thoſe on Vogeſus high Rocks forſake,
Which aw'd the painted Lingones ſo ſtrong,
Iſara's Fords they leave, that runne ſo long
Alone; but in a River of more fame
Falling to'th Ocean beares another name.
The yellow Ruthens eas'd of their long feare:
Mild Atax joyes no Roman ſhips to beare:
And Varus Italies increaſed bound.
That haven *Alcides* conſecrated ground
With Cliffes orelookes the Sea; no Northweſt wynd,
Nor Weſt blow there: Circius their proper wynd.

Reignes

Reignes there, where fate *Alcides* fort does ſtand,
And that ſtill doubtfull coaſt, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but Sea at every flow.
Whether the wind ſtrong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, doo and ſtoo doe roule
The Sea: or that the Moone his courſe doe guide:
Or burning Titan moiſt food to provide
Attracting life the Ocean to the skie,
Seeke you that labour for ſuch skill: for mee
What ere thou be that cauſe this ebbe and flow,
Be ſtill conceal'd; ſince heaven will have it ſo.
They march away that Nemoſſus did hold,
And Adors banks, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crooke ſhore the ſea that gently flowes;
The Santoni rejoyce now free'd from foes:
Leuci and Rhemi, Archers good; with theſe
Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Suellones;
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders;
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders;
Sprung from the Trojan blood the Hedui,
That durſt claime brotherhood of Italy;
Rebellious Nervians (x) ſtain'd with Gotts's fate;
And they that in looſe Mantles imitate
Sarmatia; ſtoute Batavians whom to warre
Crookt trumpets call; thoſe that neere Cinga are;
Where Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runs joyn'd into the Sea; the men whoſe ſeate
Is on Gebenna mount cover'd with ſnow.
The Piſtones now free theſe fields can plow.
The fickle Triones are not reſtrain'd
By garriſon; the Andian now diſdain'd
To pine in Medua's thicke bogges: but goes
For pleaſure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Fate Genabor is freed from garriſon;
Treves is glad the warre from thence is gone.

The Ligures now shorne, once, like the rest,
Long hair'd, of all the unshorne Gaules the best:
And where with offrings stayn'd in humane blood
Hermes and *Mars* their cruell Altars stood,
And *Ioue's* that vile as Scythian Diana's are,
Then you that valiant soules, and slaine in warre
Doe celebrate with praise, that never dyes,
You Bards securely sung your Elegyes.
You Druides now freed from warre maintaine
Your Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
You what heaven is, and gods alone can tell,
Or else alone are ignorant; you dwell
In vast, and desart woods: you teach no spirit
Plutoes pale kingdome can by death inherit:
They in another world informe againe.
The middst twixt long lives (if you truth maintaine)
Is death. But those wild people happy are,
In this their errour, whom feare greatest farre
Of all feares injures not, the feare of death,
Thence are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
Esteeme: nor spare a life that comes againe.
They that the hair'd Cayci did conteind
In their obedience, marching now to Rome,
From Rhines rude bankes, and new found countrey
When *Cæsar* now collected strength had bred
More lofty hopes, through Italy he spread
His troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities joind,
Then idle rumours their true feares increas'd,
And pierc'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan flow
The warres approach, and their ensuing woe.
Then every tongue a false alarum yields:
Some dare report that on the pasture fields
Of shire Mevania is the warre begunne,
And bloody *Cæsar* hasteous Cohorts runne
Where Vmbrian Nar does into Tyber flow:
That all his Eagles, and joyn'd Standards now

With

With a vast strength make furious approaches
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such
As once they saw him: fiercer farre than so
They thinke, and savadge as his conquer'd foe
That all th'inhabitants twixt th'Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northern clime
Follow; and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands shall fall: thus every one
By feare gives strength to Fame: no author knowne
They feare what they suppose: but not alone
The people doth this vaine surmise deceive:
The Senate shakes: th'affrighted Fathers leave
Their seats; and flying to the Consuls give
Directions for the war: where safe to live,
What places 'avoid they know not: whither ere
Their sudden wits direct their steps, they beare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nought
So long had stirr'd: a man would then have thought
The citie fir'd, or th'houses sudden fall
By earthquake threatned, the mad people all
With hasty steps so unadvised run,
As if no way at all were left to shun
Their imminent, and feard destruction,
But to forsake their habitation.
As when rough Seas by stormy Austers blowne
From Lybia's Sands have broke the mainе mast downe,
Master and Mariners their Ship forsake.
Not borne as yet, leaps into th'Sea, and make
Themselves a Ship-wracke; so from home doe they
Fly into warre; no Sire his Son can stay,
No weeping wife her Husband can perswade
No nor their houshold gods, till they have made
Vowes for their safety; none an eye dares cast
Back on lov'd Rome, although perhaps his last.
Irrevocably do the people fly.
You gods that easily give prosperity,

But [illegible] that great City fill'd
With [illegible], and conquer'd, that would yield
Mank[illegible] abandon'd now
An[illegible] when a foe
Begins [illegible] a forreigne Land,
One [illegible] danger can withstand;
A [illegible] of earth endures
The [illegible] fleepe fecures.
Thou [illegible] hoyst'd, art left by all,
Not [illegible] drafted to thy wall.
But [illegible] when *Pompey* flyes,
'Tis [illegible] Then left their hearts should rise
With [illegible], sad augury bodes
A world [illegible] threatning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
Vnheard [illegible] by night possesse the skies:
Heaven [illegible] and through the Welkin fire
Oblikely [illegible] changing comets dire
Display to [illegible] portending haire;
Deceitfull lightnings flash in cleerest ayre.
Strange formed [illegible] the thick ayre had bred
Like [illegible] more broadly spread.
Lightning [illegible] crack of thunder brings
From the [illegible] his winged fires, and flings
Them [illegible] small starres, that vse
Onely by [illegible] to diffuse,
Now flame in middle [illegible] *Cynthia* bright
In her full orbe, like [illegible], at the fight
Of earth [illegible]: *Titan* hides
When [illegible] heaven he rides)
In clouds his [illegible], to enfold
The world in darkenesse quite a day to behold.
No Nation [illegible] to the Bait
He fled at sight of [illegible] feast.
Fierce *Vulcan* [illegible] throne,
Nor to the sky [illegible] holdes not,

But on th'Italian shore oblikely flings;
Bloud from her bottome black Charybdis brings:
Sadlier barke *Scyllaes* dogs then they were wont:
The Vestall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Ioves sacrificing fire it selfe divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires. (spires
Earth opes her threatning jawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their snow: *Thetis* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The native gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The Lares sweating shew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we have heard)
Nights fatall Birds in middst of day appear'd:
Wild Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monstrous both in limmes proportion,
And numbers; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sibylla's fatall lines were sung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charmes,
I'th'peoples eares howling a balefull mone:
And Ghosts from out their quiet urnes did grone.
Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they heare
In desert groves, and threatning Ghosts appeare.
The dwellers nere without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Erinys* had encompast all
The towne, her snaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking: as when she rul'd *Agaue's* hand,
Or the selfe-maim'd *Lycurgus*: such was she,
Who once, when sent by *Iuno's* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright.
Shrill trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
Did then present: in middst of *Mars* his field

Rose

Rose *Sylla's* Ghost, and woes ensuing told:
Plowmen neere Aniens streames *Marius* behold
Rise from his sepulcher, and fly appall'd.
For these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd
As custome was: the lagest of them all
Dwelt in Etrurian *Luna's* desart wall.
Aruns, that lightnings motion understands,
Birds flight, and entrailes op't; he first commands
Those monstrous birthes, that from no seed did come,
But horrid issues of a barren wombe
To be consum'd in fire: then all the towne
To be incompass in procession:
Th'high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth urge
The City walls with hallowed rites to purge
Through their whole circuit: following after these
Th'inferiour Priests attir'd Gabinian wise:
The Vestall Maides with their vail'd Sister come,
That onely may see Troy's Palladium:
Then those that *Styll's* secret verses keepe,
And *Cybell* yearly in still Almon steepe:
Septemviri that governe sacred Feasts:
The learned Augurs, and *Apolloes* Priests:
The noble *Flamen*, Salius that beares
On his glad neck the target of great *Mars*.
Whilst they the towne compasse in winding tracts,
Aruns the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
And into th'earth with a sad murmure flings:
Then names the places, and to th'Altar brings
A chosen Bull: then wine betwixt his hornes
He powres, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
His knife: the Bull impatient long denies
Himselfe to so abhorr'd a Sacrifice:
But by the girded Sacrificers strength
Hanging upon his hornes, orecome at length
Bending his knees holds forth his conquer'd neck:
Nor did pure blood come out, but poyson black

Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flyes.
Arruns grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
Whose colour fear'd him: pale they were with streakes
Of black, th'infected blood congealed showes
(Sprinkled with different paleneſſe) various.
The liver putrifi'd; on th'hoſtile ſide
Were threatning veines; the lungs their fillets hide;
A narrow line divides the vitall parts;
The heart lyes ſtill, and corrupt matter ſtarts
Through gaping clefts: no part oth'caule is hid:
And that which never without danger did
Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head;
One head was ſicke, feeble, and languiſhed:
The other quicke his pulſes nimbly beates.
By this when he perceiv'd what woe the Fates
Prepar'd, he cry'd aloud, all that you doe
O gods, I muſt not to the People ſhow;
Nor with this hapleſſe ſacrifice can I
Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie:
The black infernall Deities appeare
In th'entrailes: woes unſpeakable we feare,
But greater will enſue: you gods lend ayde,
And let no credit to our Art be had,
But counted *Tages* fiction: thus with long
Ambages darkly the old Tuſcan ſung.
But *Figulus*, whoſe care it was aright
To know the gods and heavens: to whom for light
Of Planets, and the motion of each Starre,
Not great Ægyptian *Memphis* might compare,
Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
And all the ſtarres doe move uncertainly;
Or if Fates rule, a ſwift deſtruction
Threatens mankind, and th'earth, ſhall Cities downe
By earthquakes ſwallow'd be? intemperately
Shall ayre grow hot? falſe earth her ſeeds deny?

Or ſhall the waters poyſon'd be? what kinde
Of ruine is it, gods, what miſchiefes finde
Your cruelties? many dire aſpects meete;
If *Saturne* cold in midſt of heaven ſhould ſit,
Aquarius would *Deucalions* flood have bred,
And all the earth with waters overſpred;
If *Sol* ſhould mount the Nemean Lions backe,
In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
And all the sky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
Theſe aſpects ceaſe; but thou that burnſt the clawes,
And fir'ſt the tayle of threatning Scorpion,
What great thing breedſt thou *Mars*? milde *Iove* goes
Oppreſſed in his fall, and in the skyes (downe
The wholeſome ſtarre of *Venus* dulled is;
Mercurie loſes his ſwift motion,
And fiery *Mars* rules in the sky alone.
Why doe the ſtarres their courſe forſaking, glide
Obſcurely through the ayre? why does the ſide
Of ſword-bearing *Orion* ſhine too bright?
Warres rage is threatned, the ſword's power all right
Confounds by force; impietie ſhall beare
The name of V[illegible], and for many a yeare
This fury laſts; [illegible] ſpares us not to crave
A peace: with peace a maſter we ſhall have.
Draw out the ſeries of thy miſery,
O Rome, to longer yeares, now onely free
From civill warre. Theſe prodigies did ſcare
The multitude enough; but greater farre
Enſue: as on the top of Pindus mount
The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
To rave; ſo now a Matron ran poſſeſt
By *Phœbus* urging her inſpired breaſt.
Where am I carried now? where leav'ſt thou me?
Paean, already rapt above the Sky?
Pangæa's ſnowy top, Philippi plaines
I ſee: ſpeake, *Phœbus*, what this fury [illegible]

What swords, what hands shall in Romes battels meet,
What warres without a foe? oh whither yet
Am I distracted? to that Easterne land,
Where *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean;
There, there alas I know what man it is,
That on *Nile*'s banke a trunke deformed lies.
Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
Whither the reliques of Pharsalia
Erinnys carri'd; ore th' Alpes cloudy hill,
And high Pyrene am I carried still.
Then backe againe to Rome, where impious,
And fatall warre defiles the Senate house.
The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
Ore all the world, shew me new Kingdomes now,
New Seas; *Philippi* I have seene, this spoke,
The furious fit her wearied breast forsooke.

FINIS *Libri primi.*

Annotations on the first Booke.

(a) *Romane Darts or Iavelins which their Foot-men used, about five foot long. If any man quarrell at the word* Pile, *as thinking it scarce English, I desire them to give a better word. For Dart or Iavelin is a word too generall, and cannot intimate a civill warre: for darts had fought against darts, though a Romane Army had fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. But* Pilum *was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, and so meant by* Lucan, *which if any deny, let him read these Verses in the seventh booke of our Author:*

——sceleris sed crimine nullo
Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne cruentum
Circà pila nefas.——

(b) *Marcus Crassus, a great, and rich Roman, ruling the*

the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the Parthian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, together with his Sonne, and his whole Army, by Surena *the Kings Generall.*

(c) *Neere* Munda *a Citie in Spaine, the two Sonnes of* Pompey *were overcome by* Iulius Cæsar. Cneius *was slaine, and* Sextus *fled, thirty thousand Pompeians were there slaine: insomuch that* Cæsar *to besiedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carkasses.*

(d) Antonius *besiedged* D. Brutus *in Mutina a citie of Gallia Cisalpina: in raising which siedge, both the Consuls,* Hircius *and* Pansa *were slaine: but* Augustus *afterwards raised it.*

(e) *Perusia a Citie in Thuscia, whither* Lucius Antonius *had fled, was by* Augustus *forced to yeeld through Famine.*

(f) *Where* Augustus *in a Sea fight vanquished* Antonius *and* Cleopatra.

(g) *A fight on the Sicilian Sea, where* Sextus Pompeius *had armed Slaves and bondmen against* Augustus, *by whom hee was there defeated.*

(h) *These three were* Crassus, Cæsar, *and* Pompey; *who all excelling in wealth, dignity, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entred into such a league, that nothing should bee done in the Common-wealth, that displeased themselves, dividing among themselves, Provinces, and Armies.* Pompey *by his Lieutenants governed Spaine and Affrica:* Cæsar *had his government over all Gallia prorogued for another five yeares;* Crassus *governed all Syria.*

(i) Iulia *a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Pompey *the great; who died entirely for the Common-wealth, since her life might have preserved peace betweene her husband and her father.*

(k) *Besides Rubicon was a pillar raised up, and upon it a Decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not bee*

lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) Quintus Cassius and Marcus Antonius *Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of* Cæsar, *were commanded out of the Court by the two Consuls,* Marcellus *and* Lentulus, *who upbraided them with the sedition of the* Gracchi, *and threatned the same end to them unlesse they departed; the Tribunes escaping out of the Citie by night, in poore and base attire, fled to* Cæsar, *and with them* Curio.

(m) *This* Curio *had lately beene Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to* Cæsar; *he was beloved by the Vulgar, and an excellent speaker, but being much in debt,* Cæsar *relieved him, and made him of his faction.*

(n) *The lawfull age to triumph in was thirtie yeares old; but* Pompey *the great had triumphed over* Hiarbas *King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twentie yeares old.*

(o) *The Prætorship* Pompey, *without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares old; hee was Consull alone, and had held other Honours contrary to Custome.*

(p) Pompey *the Great, that hee might bee chosen at Rome Overseer for Corne, tooke a course that none should bee brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the Citie endured Famine: upon which* Clodius *could say, The Law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might bee made.*

(q) *When* Milo *was arraigned for* Clodius *death,* Pompey *to suppresse the tumult of the people, environed the Iudgement place with armed men, a thing unlawfull to doe.*

(r) Sylla *60. yeares old gave over his Dictatorship, and lived privately at* Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates *King of Pontus warred with the Romans fortie yeares; hee was wearied, and received overthrowes from* Sylla *and* Lucullus, *and conquered by* Pompey.

pey, *being beſieged in a towne by his ſonne* Pharnaces, *hee could not poyſon himſelfe, having much uſed Antidotes, but fell upon his ſword, and dyed.*

(t) Pompey *the great had made a Colony of* Cicilian *Pirats, whom he had vanquiſhed.*

(v) Lac de Lorange; *thoſe ſeverall Townes and Countries of France, where* Cæſars *Armie lay in Garriſon, and from whence they were now drawne, are heere ſet downe by their old names; and this little volume will not afford roome ſo far to enlarge my Annotations, as to ſet downe the names as they are now called, being all changed.*

(x) *The moſt fierce people of the Belgians, where* Tetu-rius Sabinus, *and* Arunculus Cotta, *two of* Cæſars *Lieutenants, with five Cohorts were entrapped, and ſlaine by fraud of* Ambiorix.

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Second Booke.

The Argument.

Th' Author complaines that future fates are knowne,
The sorrow of affrighted Rome is showne.
An old man tells to mind the civill crimes
Of Marius, *and* Sylla's *bloody times.*
Brutus *with* Cato *does conferre; to whom*
Chast Martia *come from dead* Hortensius *Tombe*
Againe is married in a funerall theme.
Pompey *to Capua flies. What Fortresses*
By Cæsar *are surpris'd; who without fight,*
Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus *to flight,*
And takes Domitius *at Corfinium.*
Pompey's *Oration. From* Brundusium
He sends his eldest Sonne to bring from farre
The Easterne Monarchs to this civill Warre.
But there besieg'd by Cæsar, *scarse can hee*
Scape safe away by nights obscurities.

NOw the gods wrath was seene; plaine signes of warre
The world had given: forespeaking nature, farre
From her true course, tumultuous monsters made
Proclaiming woe; Oh *Love*, why dost thou adde
This care to wretched men, to let them see

By dire portents their following misery?
Whether the worlds Creator, when he did
From the darke formelesse *Chaos* light divide,
Stablisht eternall lawes, to which he ty'd
The creatures, and himselfe, and did divide
The worlds set ages by unchanged fate:
Or whether (nothing preordain'd) the state
Of mortall things chance rules: yet let that be
Secret that thou intendst: let no eye see
His future Fate, but hope as well as feare.
When the sad City had conceiv'd how deare
Heavens truth would cost the world, her generall woe
Proclam'd a Fast: the mourning Senat goe
Like the Plebeians clad; the Consuls weare
No purple Roabes: no words their griefe declare:
Mute is their Sorrow; such a silent woe
A dying man's amazed household shows
Before his funerall conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the servants weeping; but when she
Feeles his stiffe limmes, dead lookes, and standing eye,
Then tis no feare but griefe: downe she doth fall
Howling upon him. So Romes Matrons all
Leave off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in sad troopes the Altars doe embrace.
One weepes before the gods: one her torne locks
Throwes in the sacred porch; another knocks
Her brest against the ground: the god, whose eares
Were usde to prayers, now onely howling heares.
Nor to *Ioves* temple did they all repaire:
They part the gods: no alter wants his share
Of envy-making mothers: but one there
Her plaint-bruis'd armes, & moystned cheeke did reare.
Now, now, quoth she, oh mothers teare your haire,
Now beat your breasts; doe not this griefe deferre
Till the last ills; while the Chiefes doubtfull are

We may lament; when one is conquerer,
We muſt rejoyce; thus griefe it ſelfe did move.
Such juſt complaints againſt the powers above
The Souldiers make, that to each army turne:
Oh miſerable men, that were not borne
When Carthage warr'd, at Trebia's overthrow,
Or Cannæ's mortall field; nor beg we now
For peace, oh gods; ſtirre each fierce Nation,
Raiſe mighty Cities: let the world in one
Conſpire: let Median powers from Suſæ come,
Nor let cold Iſter hold his Schythians from
This war: the Suevians from the Northern clime
Let Albis ſend, and the rude head of Rhine:
Make us all peoples foes, ſo not our owne:
Here let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
Let one his forces againſt Spaine imploy;
Gainſt th'Baſterne bowes let tothers Eagles fly;
Let Rome have warre withall; or if our names
You gods would ruine, let the ſky to flames
Diſſolv'd fall downe, and quite conſume our coaſts,
Or thunder ſtrike both Captaines with their hoaſts
While they be guiltleſſe, *Iove*; ſeeke they to try
With ſo much miſchiefe who Romes Lord ſhould be?
Twere ſcarſe worth civill war that none ſhould reigne.
Thus then did boodleſſe piety complaine.
But the old men mov'd with particular griefe
Curſe their old age, and ill prolonged life,
Their yeares reſerv'd againe to civill warre:
(a) One ſeeking Preſidents for their great feare,
Such woes, quoth he, the gods intended us,
When after (b) both his triumphs, *Marius*
His flying head among the Reeds and Sedge
Once hid; the Fens then cover'd Fortunes pledge:
But taken he indur'd a priſons ſtinch,
And his old limms did yron ſhackles pinch,
To dye a Conſull, happy, and in Rome

Before

Before (*c*) hand ſuffered he for guilt to come.
Death fled him oft, and power to ſhed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (*d*) had, who trembling ſtood:
Offring a ſtroke, his faultring hand the ſword
Let fall; his dungeon did ſtrange light afford.
Th'affrighted Cimbrian furies ſeem'd to ſee,
And heard what *Marius* afterward ſhould be:
Thou canſt not touch this life; to fate he owes
Thouſands of lives, ere he his owne can loſe:
Ceaſe thy vaine fury: if you Cimbrians won'd
Revenge on Rome your ſlaughtred Nations blood,
Save this old man, whom their ſterne will to ſerve
Not the gods love, but anger did preſerve:
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriv'd
Romes ruine: he on Libyan coaſts arriv'd
Wandred through empty cottages upon
Triumphed *Iugurth's* ſpoyld Dominion,
And Punicke aſhes troad: each others ſtate
Carthage (*e*) and *Marius* there commiſerate,
And both caſt downe, both now the Gods excus'd:
But into *Marius* mind that ayre infus'd
A Libyan rage, when Fortune turn'd againe,
Slaves from their (*f*) Lords, and priſoners from the chain
He free'd, and arm'd; no man his Enſignes bore,
But who the badge of ſome knowne miſchiefe wore,
And brought guilt to the campe: oh Fates how ſad
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpriz'd the walls? how ſwift flew cruell death?
Senators with Plebeians loſt their breath.
The ſword rag'd uncontroul'd: no breaſt was free;
The Temples ſtain'd with blood, and ſlumery
Were the red ſtones with ſlaughter, no age then
Was free, the neere ſpent time of aged men.
They haſten'd on; nor ſham'd with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new-ſpun thread of life.
What crime had Infants done to merit death?

But

ut t'was enough that they could loſe their breath.
ury directs them; guilty lives to take
lone, ſeem'd too remiſſe; for number ſake
ome fall; one cuts off heads he does not know,
Whilſt empty-handed hee's aſham'd to goe;
No hope to ſcape, but kiſſe the bloud-ſtaind (g) hand
Of *Marius*; though a thouſand ſwords did ſtand
Ready, baſe People, did you not diſdaine
At ſuch a price a life, though long, to gaine,
Much leſſe a time ſo ſhort, ſo troubleſome,
And breath but reſpited till *Sylla* come?
Who now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
Scarce can we thine, brave *Babius*, (h) whom the hates
Of the fierce multitude in pieces tore:
Nor thine *Antonius* (i) that thy death before
Couldſt propheſie, whoſe gray-head bleeding yet
On *Marius* table the rude Souldiers ſet.
Torne are the headleſſe *Craſſi*, (k) impious wood
Is ſtain'd with ſacred Tribunitiall (l) blood.
Thou *Scævola* (m) that didſt a kiſſe diſdaine
Of *Marius* hand, at *Veſtaes* Altar ſlaine,
And never quenched fires; but ages drought
Left thee not ſo much blood, as would put out
The flame. His ſeventh (n) Conſulſhip now come,
Old *Marius* dies: a man, that had orecome
Fortunes worſt hate, and her beſt love injoy'd,
And taſted all that Fates for man provide.
How many neere the Colline port were kill'd?
How many Carcaſſes on heapes were pil'd
At Sacriportum? (o) where almoſt her ſeat
Had the worlds Empire chang'd, and Samnis yet
Hop'd deeper farre to wound the Roman name
Then at the Candine (p) Forks; then *Sylla* came
With a Revenge more bloody: His ſword reſt
Rome of that little blood before was left.
Whilſt cutting off (cruell Chirurgian)

Th'

Th'affected parts, too farre his lancing hand
Followes the sore; first guilty men are slaine,
At last when none but guilty could remaine,
Their hates take greater freedome; forth they breake
Without the curbe of any Law; they wreake
Their private angers now; for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done: for every one fulfills
Their owne bloud-thirsty, and revengefull wills
Pretending his command; with impious steele
Servants their masters, sonnes their fathers kill;
Which Son shall be the parricide by strife
They seeke: a brother sels a brothers life.
Some hide themselves in tombes; live men remaine
Among the dead; beasts dens can scarce containe
The flying multitude: one strangled dyes
By his owne hand; one from a precipice
Dyes broken with the fall, preventing so
The tyrany of his insulting foe.
His funerall pile one making, ere he dyes
Leapes in, and whilst he may, those rites enjoyes.
Great Captaines heads borne through the streets on speares
Are pil'd up in the Market; there appeares
Each secret murther; not so many heads
In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; not Libya on *Antæus* wall,
Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomäus* hall.
Limmes putrifi'd, which all knowne marks had left
Worne out by eating time, by fearefull theft
The wretched parents take, and beare away:
My selfe (I still remember that sad day)
Desirous those forbidden rites to do
To my slaine brothers head, searcht to and fro
The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
What trunke 'mongst all would with that head agree.
What need I tell how *Catulus* was paid
With blood, how *Marius* a sad offring made,

And

And wretched sacrifice before the tombe
Of his perchance unwilling foe did come.
His (q) mangled joynts, as many wounds as limbs
We saw: yet no wound deadly given him
Through his spoyl'd body, an example rare
Of cruelty, a dying life to spare;
His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
Wagg'd, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat;
One slits his nostrils, one cuts off his eares;
His eyes out last of all another teares,
Left in till then his mangled limbs to see,
A thing past credit, one poore man should be
The subject of so many cruelties.
A lumpe deform'd his mangled body lyes
So strangely slaughter'd, not disfigur'd more
Floates a torne shipwrackt carkasse to the shore
From the mid-Sea. The fruit of all your toile
Why doe you lose, and *Marius* face so spoile,
That none can now discerne him; t'were more need
Sylla should know him to applaud the deed.
(r) *Præneste's* fortune saw her men all dy
In one death's space, the flower of (s) Italy,
The onely youth of Latium sadly slaine
Did wretched Romes Ovilia distaine.
So many men to quell death at once
Oft Earthquakes, Shipwracks, or infections
Of Ayre or Earth, Famine, or War hath sent;
Never before a doome of punishment.
The Souldiers throng'd could scarcely wield at all
Their killing hands, the slaine could hardly fall
Supported so; but number did oppresse
The dying people, and dead carkasses
Encreas'd the slaughter, falling heavily
On living bodies; this strange cruelty
Secure and fearelesse *Sylla* from above
Beheld; nor could so many thousands move

His heart, by him commanded all to dye;
Ith' Tyrrhene gulfe their pil'd up bodies lye.
The first throwne in, under the water lay,
The last on bodies, strongest ships they stay,
And Tyber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enforc'd the waters course to Tybers flood.
Nor can the banks the River now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe.
Rowling at last into the Tyrrhene maine
On the blew wayes it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be stil'd
Happy, and (*t*) saviour, and in *Mars* his field
To be interr'd? but these black mischiefes are
To be indur'd againe; this cruell warre
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this warre mankind shall suffer more.
The exil'd *Marij* sought but to restore
Themselves againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither civill warre would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.
This terror strucke not noble *Brutus* heart,
Nor in this frightfull time was he apart
Of the lamentes; but as midnight he
(When now her waine *Parrhasius Helice*
Turn'd) at his uncles Cottage no large house,
Knocks; him he finds waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearfull man;
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus he began.
Banisht, and flying vertues onely hold,
And refuge, which no flames of Rome could

Ere

Ere reave thee of; guide thou this wauering hoast,
And to my thoughts a certaine strength impart.
At *Cæsar's* side, or *Pompey's* others stand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* shall command.
Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
Vnshaken stand? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this ciuill warre approue?
Others to this sad warre bad causes moue:
One his stain'd house in peace, and feare of Lawes,
Another fights for want, mingling that cause
With the worlds wracke; blind fury leades on none:
All drawne with gainfull hopes; but thee alone
The war it selfe affects. What bootes it thee
T'haue beene so long from the times vices free?
This onely meed of thy long vertue take,
The wars find others guilty, thee they make.
But let not wicked war haue power t'employ
These hands, O gods, let not thy Lavelin fly
'Mongst others in a thicke sky darkening cloud;
Let not such vertue be in vaine bestow'd.
The wars whole chance will cast it selfe on thee:
Who would not dy vpon that sword, and be
Cato's offence, though staine by another hand?
Thou might'st alone, and quiet better stand,
As starres in heaven still vnshaken are,
When lightnings, stormes and tempests rend the ayre
Nearer to earth: Winds rage, and Thunders spright
Plaine grounds must suffer, when *Olympus* height
Plac'd by the gods above the clouds, is free;
Small things inuite you, the great ones quiet be.
'Twill glad proud *Cæsar*, in this warre, to heare
So great a Captaine has deign'd t'appeare
Nor will it grieue him that great *Pompey's* side
Is chose, not his; 't will be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approu'd of ciuill warre.
Romes Senate, and both Consuls chose

Vnder a priuate man, and many moe
Of note and worth, to these adde *Cato* too
Vnder command of *Pompey*, none lives free
In all the world but *Cæsar*; but if we
Doe for our countries, Lawes, and freedome goe
To war; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *Pompey's*, but the Conquerors, who ere:
Thus *Brutus* spake; when from an inside cleare
These sacred words drew *Cato*; we confesse,
Brutus, that civill war's great wickednesse:
But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
Securely on; to make me guilty now
Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
To see the world dissolve, himselfe secure?
Who could looke on, when heaven should fall, earth
And the confus'd world perish, and not waile? (faile,
Shall unknowne Nations in our Roman war
Engage themselves? and forreigne Kings from far
Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
Farre be it, gods, the *Deci*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lye
Secure: as parents, when their children dye,
In person mourne, build up with their owne hands
The funerall pile, and light the fatall brands;
I will not leave thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and liberty, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
So let it goe; let th'angry Gods intend
A compleat Roman sacrifice; no bloods
Will we defraud the warres; would the gods
Of heaven, and *Styx* would now strike dead
For all our crimes this one condemned head,
Devoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
Me let both Roman hosts assault, and all
Rhines barbarous troopes; let me i'th middst receive
All darts, all wounds, that this sad war can give,

Let me redeeme the people: let my Fate
What ere Romes maners merit, expiate.
Why should the easily conquer'd people die,
That can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
Me with all swords, and Piles, that all in vaine
Our wronged lawes, and liberties maintaine:
This throat shall peace to Italy obtaine.
After my death, he that desires to raigne,
Neede not make warre: but now lets follow all
The common Ensignes, *Pompey* Generall,
Though he orecome, 'tis not yet knowne that he
Meanes to himselfe the worlds sole Monarchy.
Ile helpe him conquer, lest he should suppose
He conquers for himselfe. From this arose
Young *Brutus* courage: this grave speech too farre
Made the young man in love with civill warre.
Now *Phœbus* driving the cold darke away,
They heard a noyse at doore; (v.) chast *Martia*
Come from *Hortensius* tombe, stood knocking there;
Once given a Mayd in marriage happier:
But when the fruit, and price of wedlocke she
Three births had paid, another Family
To fill, was fruitfull *Martia* sent a Bride,
To joyne two houses by the Mothers side.
Now when *Hortensius* ashes urned rest,
She in her funerall robes, beating her breast
With often strokes, and tearing her loose haire,
Sprinkled with ashes from the Sepulchre,
To please sowre *Cato*, with a gesture sad
Thus speakes: Whilst blood, and childing strength I had,
Cato, I did thy will; two husbands tooke:
Now worne away, and with oft travell broke
I come, no more to part: grant now our old
Wedlocks untasted rites: grant me to hold
The emptie name of wife, and on my Tombe
Write *Cato's Martia*, lest in time to come

It may be ask'd whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord before he breathed.
Nor cease I now perfidiously to flame,
But to partake thy labours, and fad cause.
Let me attend the Campe; leave me not here
In peace, *Cæsar* to the war so move.
These speeches mov'd the man, though these times no
Visit for *Hymen*, when fate calls to war,
Without vaine pompe to tye a nuptiall love
In the gods patience, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage dooores were set me,
Nor linnen flyes did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers flame: no bed on high
With Ivory steps, and gold embroidery:
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread:
No yellow vaile cover'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride:
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gowne:
No Chaine adorn'd her necke; nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her nak'd armes displaid;
So as she was, funerall habited,
Even like her Servant, her Husband she embrac'd,
A funerall Robe above her purple plac'd.
The usuall Ieasts were spar'd: the husband wants,
After the Sabine use, his marriage tants.
None of their kinred met; the knot they tye
Silent: content with *Burras* auspicie.
His ore-growne haire hee from that sacred face
Shaves not, nor will in his sad lookes embrace
One joy (since first that wicked war begun
He lets his unbeseene hoary locks fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a fad beard to hide
His cheekes, for he alone from factions freed,
Or hate, had leasure for mankind to weepe)
Nor in his Bridall bed would *Cato* sleepe,

Ere

Even lawfull love could continence reject.
Theſe were his manners, this ſowre *Cato's* ſect,
To keepe a meane, hold faſt the end, and make
Nature his guide, dye for his Countreys ſake.
For all the world, not him, his life was lent
He thinks; his feaſts but hungers baniſhment;
His choiſeſt buildings were but fence for cold;
His beſt attire rough gownes, ſuch as of old
Was Romane weare; and nothing but deſire
Of progeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire:
Father, and husband both to Rome was hee,
Servant to Iuſtice, and ſtrict honeſtie:
For th'publike good, in none of *Catoes* acts
Creepes ſelfe-borne pleaſure, or her ſhare exacts.
Now with his fearefull troopes *Pompey* the great
To Trojan *Capua* fled, meant there to ſeat
The war: his ſcatter'd ſtrength there to unite,
And his aſpiring foes aſſaults to meet.
Where *Apenine* rais'd ſomewhat higher fills
The middſt of Italy with ſhady hills:
Then which no part of earth does ſwell more high
In any place, nor neerer meets the skie.
The mountaine twixt two ſeas extended ſtands
Th'upper, and lower ſea: on the right hand
Is *Piſe* ſeated on the Tyrrhene ſhore:
Ancona on the left vext evermore
With ſtormes and winds, that from Dalmatia blow.
Heere from vaſt fountaines doe great Rivers flow,
And into th'double ſeas divorced doe ſlide
In ſeverall channells; downe on the left ſide
Metaurus ſwift, and ſtrong Cruſtumium flow,
Iſapis joyn'd t'Iſaurus, Senna too
And Aufidus the Adriaticke beats:
Eridanus, then which no River gets
More ground; whole forreſts rowles; blobles ſea
Oreturn'd: and rolls of Rivers Italy.

They say that Poplars on this Rivers side
First grew, when *Phaeton* amisse did guide
The Day; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth: all Rivers then were drie
But this; whose streames did *Phebus* fires withstand,
Not lesse then Nile, if on plaine Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running every where
The streames that fall into all seas does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greet.
From springs, that downe the hils right side doe flow,
Rutuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayre infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine rivers, through
Maricaes wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salerne's fields; Macra whose Ford abides
No Ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where hee in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes France oversees)
To th'Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and does with woody armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaves hee Italy, before hee end
In the Scyllæan cavernes, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno*'s house his hill.
Longer hee was than Italy, untill
The sea divided him, and water forc'd
The land; then when two meeting seas divorc'd
What was conjoyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gave to *Peloris* in Sicilia.
Cæsar now mad of war loves not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Ioy'd that in Italy hee sees no foes,
No Countreys guarded from him, meets no blowes:
But counts his journey lost; desires to breake,
Not open ga[illegible]ind loves his march to make

y fire and ſword, not ſufferance; thinkes it ſhame
To tread permitted paths, and beare the name
Of Citizen. The Italian Cities are
Doubtfull which way to leane; and though when warre
Makes her firſt feard approach, all eaſily
Will yeeld: with Bulwarks yet they fortifie
Their walls, dig trenches round about below:
Vaſt ſtones and weapons from above to throwe
They get, and engines on their walles provide.
The People moſt encline to *Pompey's* ſide:
But faith with terrour fights: ſo when we ſee
The South-windes horrid blaſts poſſeſſe the Sea,
The waves all follow him, till by the ſtroake
Of *Aeolus* his Speare, the open'd Rocke
To the rough Seas lets out the Eaſterne winde:
They ſtill retaine, though newe aſſaults they finde,
The old, though th'Eaſt wind th'aire with darke ſtormes
The Ocean does the Southwinde challenge ſtill. (fill,
But peoples mindes feare changes eaſily,
And Fortune ſwaies their wavering loyaltie.
By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
And *Vmbria*, *Thermus* (*y*) gone, of freedome reft:
Sylla farre differing from his Fathers fame
In civill warre, flyes hearing *Cæſars* name.
Varus, (*z*) before the firſt aſſault, forſakes
Auximum's walles, and flight diſordered takes
Ore rockes and deſarts: *Lentulus* (*a*) is beate
From Aſculum: the Foes purſuing get
His men; that now alone the Captaine flies
With empty Standards reft of Companies.
Thou *Scipio* (*b*) leav'ſt the truſt committed thee
Lucceria's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
The valiantſt Youth, whom feare of Parthian warre
From *Cæſar* tooke; whom *Pompey* to repaire
His French loſſe, lent him; and while he thought good
Beſtow'd on *Cæſar* th'uſe of Romane blood.

But faire Corfinium's well-fenc'd walls containe
Thee, ſtout *Domitius*: (*o*) in thy Campe remaine
Thoſe that arraigned *Milo* did incloſe.
Hee, when a cloud of duſt from far aroſe,
And on bright Armes the Sunne reflecting ſhone,
And glittering ſwords, cries, run my Souldiers, run
Downe to the River, drowne the Bridge, and thou
Encreas'd from all thy empti'd fountaines now
Riſe ſwelling ſtreame: breake downe and beare away
This ſcatter'd Bridge: there let the war now ſtay:
Let thy bankes make our furious enemie
Linger a while: weele count it victorie,
That *Cæſar* firſt ſtayes heere. This ſaid, in vaine
He ſends ſwift Cohorts from the towne amaine.
For *Cæſar* firſt, when from the fields he ſpy'd
His paſſage loſt by Bridge, enraged cry'd,
Cannot your walls, bace cowards, ſhelter you
Enough, but that the fields and rivers too
Muſt helpe? Ile paſſe, though Ganges in my way
Rowl'd all his ſtrength; no ſtreame ſhall *Cæſar* ſtay,
Since Rubicon is paſt; goe winged Horſe,
Second bold Foot, the Bridge now falling force.
Thus ſpake hee: forth the winged Horſe-men ride,
And like a ſtorme of Haile on tother ſide
The water, their well-brandiſht lavelins light.
Cæſar then takes the River, puts to flight
The Souldiers all that were in ſtation
To guard the banke, and ſafe before the towne
Is come: when ſtraight up loftie works are throwne,
And Engines rais'd the walles to batter downe.
When loe (oh ſhame of war) opening the gate,
The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, and at
The feet of his proud Foe preſent: but hee
With looke not ſhaming high Nobilitie,
Offers his throat undaunted: *Cæſar* ſees
Death's ſought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replies,

Live

Live, though thou wouldst not, by our bounty live,
Enjoy this light, and to the conquer'd give
Good hope: th'example of our clemency
Be thou: or else againe warres fortunes try:
Nought for this pardon *Cæsar* from thy hands
Expects, if thou orecome: with that commands
T'unbinde him: had his death the Conquerour pleas'd,
How much a Romans blush had fortune eas'd.
For following Romes, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes,
Pardon t'a Roman was the worst of harmes.
He yet unfear'd, his anger doth retaine,
Speakes thus t'himselfe: Wilt thou, base man, againe
See Rome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
Rather into warres fury dying goe,
Rush boldly through the midst, fate end to make
Of this loath'd life, and *Cæsars* gift forsake.
Pompey, not knowing he was tane, provides
Forces, to strengthen with joyn'd power his sides;
Meaning his campe next morning to remove,
The Souldiers spirits before their march to prove
He thus with a Majesticke voice bespake
His silent troopes; guilt-punishers, that take
The better side, you onely Roman band
Arm'd By the State, no private mans command,
Feare not to fight: Italy's wasted all
By barbarous troopes: through the cold Alpes the Gaule
Is broken loose: blood has already dy'd
Cæsars polluted swords: the gods provide
Well that the misthiefe there begins, and we
First suffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
Take punishment: nor can you call it here
True warre, but our revenging countrye's ire:
Nor is this more a warre, then that wherein
Mad-brain'd *Cethegus*, and fierce *Catiline*
Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates.
Oh madnesse to be pittyed! when the Fates

Would

Would with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* joyne
Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst encline,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell under *Catulus*, *Carbo* by us
Beheaded then, that in Sicilia lies,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cæsar* shouldst be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee. Would from the Parthian War
Crassus had safe return'd, and Conquerer:
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend to us
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this heart
The blood is hot; know then not all that love
To live in peace, in war will cowards prove:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake: let an old Generall
Be in this Campe; in that old Souldiers be.
I have attain'd what ere a people free
Can give, and nothing but a Monarchie
Above me left: he that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no private state demands.
Here both Romes Consuls, here her Senate stands.
Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'art not quit shameless fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Does rebell France
So long a taming, and those warres advance
His thoughes so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a Sea
On the sought Britaines turn'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The Citie, hearing his fierce troopes are nigh?
Ah foole, they fly not thee, all follow me,
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean borne,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her waned horne,

All Pirates fled the Seas, and at my hand
Humbly crav'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
That ſtout King, that ſtay'd Romes growth did force
Flying along the Scythian Seas divorce,
(Which *Sylla* nere could bring to paſſe) to dye
By his owne hand; no land from me is free:
My Trophæs all that *Titan* ſees poſſeſſe.
Going from thence Phaſis cold river ſees
Me conquerour in the North: in the hot Zone
Knowne Ægypt, and Syene, that at noone
No ſhadow ſpreads: my Lawes the Weſt obeyes,
Bætis, that meets the fartheſt Weſterne Seas;
Me tam'd Arabia knowes, th'Æniochs bold,
And Colchos fam'd for her ſtolne fleece of gold.
The Cappadocians from my Colours flie,
And Iewes, that ſerve an unknowne Deitie:
Me ſoft Sophene feares, th'Armenians,
Taurus, and the ſubdu'd Cilicians:
What wars for him, but civill, doe I leave?
These words his Souldiers with no ſhout receive,
Nor are they eager of the fight: their feares
Great *Pompey* ſees, and backe his Standard beares,
Loath in ſo great a war to venture men
Orecome with fame of *Cæſar* yet not ſeene.
As a Bull heat in the firſt fight he tries,
Through th'empty fields, and deſart forreſts flies
Exil'd, and tries gainſt ev'ry tree his hornes,
Nor till his ſtrength be perfited, returnes
To paſture, then recovering his command,
Maugure the Heardſman, leads them to what land:
He liſt: ſo now as weakeſt, Italy
Does *Pompey* leave, and through Apulia flie,
Himſelfe immuring in Brunduſium's hold,
A towne by Cretan colonies of old
Poſſeſt, that in th'Athenian navy fled,
When lying ſailes reported *Theſeus* dead.

Hence

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her hornes t'encloſe the Adriatick ſea:
Nor yet could theſe straight ſhut up waters be
A haven, if high cliffes winds violence
Did not reſtraine, and the tir'd waters fence.
On both ſides, Nature, the winds tyranny
To ſtop, high cliffes oppoſes to the ſea;
That ſhips by trembling cables held may ſtand.
Hence all the maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We ſayle *Corcyra*, or our courſes bend
On the left hand, where *Epidamnus* tends
To the Ionian; thither Saylers fly
When th'Adrian's rough, and clouds obſcure the high
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent daſh
The foaming ſeas Calabrian Safon waſh.
When of forſaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the warre could paſſe
Into the Spaniſh coaſt, for t'wixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interpoſed ſtand;
Thus th'eldeſt of his noble progeny
Pompey beſpake: the worlds far Regions try,
Nile and Euphrates, whereſoere my name
Is ſpred: and all the Cities where Romes fame
I have advanc'd: bring backe into the ſeas
The now diſpers'd Cilician colonies.
The ſtrength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring:
Arme my *Tigranes*, and th'Egyptian King,
Thoſe that inhabit both Armenia's ore,
And the fierce nation by the Euxine Shore:
Riphæan bands, and thoſe, where Scythian carres
On his ſlow backe conjeal'd Meotis beares.
Why ſpeake I more? through all the Ball my Son
Carry this war; through every conquer'd towne
Ith'world: to us all triumph'd regions ſoyne.
But you, whoſe names the Latian ſtaffe doe ſigne,

To

To Epire saile with the first Northeast wind,
Through Greece and Macedon new strength to find
While winter gives us respite from the war.
To his commands they all obedient are,
And from th'Italian shore their anthors weigh.
Cæsar impatient of wars long delay,
Or rest, lest changing fates might ought withstand,
His flying Son in lavv pursues at hand.
So many townes at first assault surpriz'd,
And Forts disarmed others had suffic'd:
Rome the worlds head, wars greatest booty, lest
A prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
Thinking nought done, whilst ought undone remain'd,
Fiercely pursues, and though he have obtain'd
All Italy, and that great *Pompey* lives
In th'utmost edge, that both are there, he grieves;
Nor would he let his foes passe forth againe
By Sea, but seekes to stop the wanny maine,
And with vast hills dam up the Ocean;
But this great labour is bestow'd in vaine:
The Sea those mountaines svvallowes, mixing all
With sands belovve: so if high Erix fall
Into the middst of the Ægæan Sea,
No land above the water seene can be;
Or if the lofty Gaurus quite come downe
Were to the bottome of Avernus throwne.
But when no earth throwne in would firmely stand,
Then with a Bridge of fastned Ships the land
He joynes; each Galley doe foure anchors stay;
Once ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
Made by report, when joyn'd by bridge he saw
Sestos t'Abydos, Europe t'Asia;
And fearing not th'Eastwind, nor Vvests affront
Walk'd ore the curled hanks of Hellespont,
When ships their saylee round about Athos spred;
So novv this Haven's mouth Ships straightned,

On which their Bulwarks up apace they raiſe,
And lofty towres ſtand trembling on the Seas.
When *Pompey* ſaw that a new land oreſpread
The Ocean's face: care in his breaſt is bred
To ope the Sea, and carry forth the war.
Fill'd ſailes, and ſtretching ſhrowds the Ships oft beare
Againſt theſe works, breaking them downe made roome
Into the Sea for other Ships to come,
Oft well driven Engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires. When time for their ſtolne flight
Was come: he warnes his men, no Saylers noyſe
Might on the ſhore be heard: nor trumpets voice
Divide the houres: nor cornets ſound at all
The Marriners ſhould to their charges call.
Now neere her end *Virgo* began to be;
And *Libra* followes his firſt day to ſee.
The ſilent fleet departs: the anchors made
No noiſe, when from thick ſands their hookes are weigh'd
Silent, while they the ſayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine-maſt up the fearefull maſters are:
The Saylers ſoftly ſpread their ſayles, nor dare
Shake their ſtrong ſhrowds within the whizzing aire.
The Generall makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To give him leave t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it; but alas
The Fates will ſcarce graunt that: the waters flaſh,
And furrow'd with ſo many keeles at once
The ſtem-beat Sea with a vaſt murmure groanes.
The foes let in by gates, and up the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
Along the Havens ſtagge-like Hornes they run
Swiftly to ſhore, griev'd that the fleet was gone.
Is *Pompey's* flight ſo ſmall a victory?
A ſtraighter paſſage let him out to Sea,
Then where th'Eubœan channell Chalcis beats,
Here ſtuck two Ships, which faſt the Engine gets.

In

In sight, and neere the shore the skirmish try'd:
Here first the Sea with civill blood was dy'd.
The Fleet escap'd of those two ships bereft:
So when Thessalia *Iasons* Argo left
For Colchos bound, Cyanean Isles at Sea
Shot forth; the tayle-maim'd ship escap'd away
Amiddst the rocks: in vaine the Ilands beat:
The empty Sea: she comes a sayler yet.
Now that the Sun was neere the Easterne sky
Declar'd, palefac'd before his rosie dye:
The Pleiades grow dim, each neerer starr
Looses his light: *Bootes* lazy carre
Turnes to the plaine complexion of the skies,
And *Lucifer*, the great starres darkned, flies
From the hot day: and now wert thou at Sea
Pompey, not with such Fate, as when from thee
The fearefull Pirates through all Seas retir'd:
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tir'd:
Now with thy Country, Houshold gods, thy Son,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy sad death is sought a far,
Not that the gods envy thee Sepulcher
At home; but damn'd is Ægypt to that crime,
And Latium spar'd: that Fates in forreine clime
May hide this mischiefe, and the Roman land
Cleare from the bloud of her deare *Pompey* stand.

FINIS *Libri secundi.*

Annotations on the second Booke.

(a) *An old man to expresse the present calamity, repeats the whole course of the civill war, betweene* Marius *and* Sylla, *as it followes in this discourse.*

(b) Marius *had twice triumphed, once over* Iugur-

tha the King of Numidia, and afterward over the Cimbrians and Teutones; but afterwards envying the honour of Sylla, to whose hands Bocchas King of Mauritania had delivered Iugurtha, and endevouring by the ayde of Sulpitius Tribune of the people to hinder Sylla from his expedition against Mithridates King of Pontus, had incensed Sylla being then warring in Campania, so farre, that Sylla brought his army to Rome, and entring the Citie, subduing his adversaries, got them to be judged enemies by the Senates decree, and banished the citie; Marius escaping by flight, hid himselfe in the Fennes neere Minturnæ; but being there taken, hee was put in a dungeon at Minturnæ.

(c) Marius suffered before hand at Minturnæ for those cruelties, which he afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned, and was Consul the seventh time.

(d) The executioner of Minturnæ being a Cimbrian, entring the darke dungeon to kill Marius, saw fire sparkling out of Marius his eyes, and heard a voice saying, dareſt thou kill Cajus Marius? at which the Cimbrian affrighted fled away, and the men of Minturnæ moved with pity, and reverence of the man, that once had saved Italy, released Cajus Marius, and let him goe.

(e) Marius escaped from Minturnæ, tooke flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast upon the Ilands called Meninges, where he received some comfortes, and heard that his Son with Cethegus were gotten safe into Africk, to Hyempsall, he then sayled to the coast of Carthage, but being forbidden by the Lictor of Sextilius the Prætor, to set foot in Africk; Goe tell thy Prætor, quoth he, that thou hast seene Cajus Marius sitting in the ruines of Carthage: not unfitly comparing the ruin' d estate of that great City to his owne now decayed Fortunes.

(f) When Cajus Cinna the Consul appealed to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate at request

request of Sylla had judged enemies: a great contention arising, Cinna was expelled the City by his colleague Cneius Octavius, and flying, solicited the Cities of Italy to war: he armed slaves and prisoners, and joyning himself to Marius returning, they entred Rome in a threefold army. Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, and tyrannized over their adversaries.

(g) Marius *had given this token to his Souldiers, that they should kill all, whom he did not salute, and offer his hand to kisse.*

(h) Baebius *was torne in pieces by the Souldiers.*

(i) Marcus Antonius *an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent: at last his head being cut off, Anius the Tribune brought it to Marius, as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to be nailed to the Rostra.*

(k) Fimbria *a cruell Souldier of* Marius *killed the two* Graffi, *Father and Son, in each others sight.*

(l) *That place of the prison, from whence offenders used to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the blood of Licinius the Tribune, whose office was sacred.*

(m) Mucius Scævola *the high Priest, an old man, embracing the Altar of Vesta, was there slaine.*

(n) C. Marius *entring his seventh Consulship, within thirteene dayes after dyed mad of a disease in his side, being seventy yeares old, having tasted the extremities of prosperity, and adversity.*

(o) *At Sacriportum, not far from Praeneste,* Sylla *overthrew* Cajus Marius *the Son of old* C. Marius, *who fled to Praeneste;* Sylla *sent* Lucretius Ofella *to besiege him there; but* Marius *offring to escape through a Mine made under ground, and being discovered there killed himself; Sylla then not ten furlongs from* Porta Collina *overthrew* Lamponius, *and* Telesinus, *two Captaines of the Samnites, who came to raise* Ofella's *siege. At these two places* Sylla *slew above seventy thousand men.*

(p) Marius *had promised the Samnites, who had beene of his party, that hee would translate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subjecting the Romans more than once they did* ad Furcas Caudinas, *where the Romans under the conduct of* Titus Veturius, *and* Spurius Posthumius *received a disgracefull overthrow.*

(q) Quintus Luctatius Catulus, *which had beene Colleague with* C. Marius, *and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that* Marius *was determined to put him to death, entring his chamber, voluntarily choaked himselfe. In revenge of which, his brother* Catulus *obtained of* Sylla, *that* Marius *the brother of* C. Marius *might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding his armes, thighes, and legs, he cut off his nose, and eares, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live a while, that he might die in paine of every limme.*

(r) Lucretius Offella *by* Sylla's *command having taken Præneste, had killed, or cast in prison, all the Senators, that he found there of* Marius *faction: but* Sylla *comming thither, commanded five thousand men of Præneste, who in hope of mercie had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselves upon the ground, to be all slaine.*

(s) Sylla *commanded foure whole Legions, which had been of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of* Mars.

(t) Sylla *called himselfe* Felix: *hee named his Son* Faustus, *and his Daughter* Fausta; *leaving his Dictatorship, he lived privately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice, his Funeralls were kept with great honour in the field of* Mars.

(u) Martia *being a virgin was married to* Cato, *by whom shee had three children, and then his friend* Hortensius *desiring to have her, and wanting children, Cato bestowed her upon him, being then great with child: after*

Hortensius

Hortensius *his death, she returned then to* Cato.

(x) Cornelia *the Daughter of* Lucius Scipio, *and widdow of* Publius Crassus, *was married to* Pompey *after* Iulia's *death.*

(y) *At the fame of* Cæsars *approch, the Governors throw Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him; or maintaine any Forts against him; many of those are here named: First* Scribonius Libo *leaves his charge at Hetruria, and* Thermus *forsakes Vmbria:* Faustus Sylla, *sonne to* Sylla *the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spirit, and fortune in civill warre, fled at the name of* Cæsar.

(z) Atius Varus, *when hee perceived that the chiefe Citizens of Auximum favoured* Cæsar, *took his Garison from thence, and fled.*

(a) Lentulus Spinther, *with ten cohorts, kept the Towne of Asculum, who hearing of* Cæsars *comming, fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohorts, but was forsaken by most of his souldiers.*

(b) Lucius Scipio, *father in law to* Pompey *the great, fled from Luceria, although hee had two strong Legions.* Marcellus *to diminish the strength of* Cæsar, *counselled the Senate to make a decree, that* Cæsar *should deliver one Legion, and* Pompey *another to* Bibulus, *whom they pretended to send to the Parthian warre:* Cæsar, *according to the Senates decree, delivered to him one Legion for himselfe, and another Legion which hee had borrowed of* Pompey *for a present supply, after the great losse received by his two Prætors,* Teturius, *and* Cotta; *both these Legions* Cæsar *delivered, and they were now in* Scipio's *Campe.*

(c) Lu. Domitius Ænobarbus *with twenty cohorts was in Corfinium: hee had with him those souldiers of* Pompey's *who had incloſed the Forum, when* Milo *was arraigned for* Clodius *death. Hee sent five cohorts to breake downe the bridge of the River which was three miles from the Towne; but those cohorts meeting the*

overrunner of Cæsars army, were beaten backe againe.

(d) *Spartacus a Thracian Fencer fled with seventie companions of his, from* Lentulus *his games at Capua, and gathering slaves to his party; and arming them, made up an army of 70000. but overcome many Romish Prætors, and Consuls, at last he was vanquished and slaine by* Marcus Crassus.

(e) *Cæsar having wasted Germany with fire and sword, after eighteene dayes returned into France, cutting downe the Bridge behinde him, that it should not be usefull to the Germans; which* Pompey *deridingly calls a flight.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Third Booke.

The Argument.

Faire Iulia's *Ghoſt a dreame to* Pompey *ſhowes.*
Curio *for Corne into Sicilia goes.*
To Rome comes Cæſar *with unarmed Bands,*
Where, though Metellus *all in vaine withſtands,*
He robs the Treaſury. Each Nations name
That to the Warre in aid of Pompey *came.*
Cæſar *thence haſts to Spaine, and by the way*
Layes cruell Siedge to true Maſſilia,
But ſtaies not there himſelfe: Brutus *maintaines*
The ſiedge, and Cæſars *firſt Sea-conqueſt gaines.*

THe wind ſtaff'd ſailes had forth the Navy ſent
Into the maine, the Sailers lookes were bent
Vpon th' Ionian waves: but *Pompey's* eye
Was nere turn'd backe from his deare Italy,
His native coaſt, and that beloved ſhore,
Which Fate ordaines he nere ſhall viſit more,
Till the high cliffes no more for cloudes he ſees,
And the hilles leſſening vaniſh from his eyes;
Sweet ſleepe did then his weary limbes compoſe,
When *Iulia's* Ghoſt through the cleft ground aroſe

In wofull wise, and with a funerall brand,
Seem'd Fury-like before his face to ſtand.
From the bleſt ſoules abode, th'Elizian field,
To Stygian darkneſſe, and damn'd Ghoſts exil'd
Since this ſad war, I ſaw the Furies fire
Their brands (quoth ſhee) to move your wicked ire.
Charon prepares more boates for ſoules to come,
And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
Three Siſters ſpeedy hands cannot ſuffice,
For breaking threads has tyr'd the Deſtinies,
Pompey, whileſt mine, a life triumphant led:
Thy Fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by Deſtinie
To ruine her great Lords, could marry thee,
My funerall fire ſcarſe out. Let her in flight
Attend thee now, and through this civill fight
Follow thy Standard, whilſt I ſtill have power
To breake your reſt at every ſleepy hower.
No howre gives freedome to your loves delight;
The day holds *Cæſar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not mee forget
Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
That I ſhould follow thee; through both the hoſts
Ile ruſh, while thou art fighting: *Iulias* ghoſt
Shall tell thee ſtill whoſe Sonne in law thou art;
Thinke not that warre ſhall this alliance part:
This warre ſhall make us meete againe. This ſed
She through her fearefull Lords embraces fled.
He, though the gods by ghoſts doe threaten, ſtill
Madder of warre, with ſure preſage of ill,
Why are we fear'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
Either no ſenſe doth after death remaine,
Or death is nothing. Now the ſetting Sunne
To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begun,
As the Moone wanes, when after full ſhe wanes,
Or growes neere full. *Dyrrachium* entertaines

His Navie now; the Saylers make to shore,
Pull downe the Sayles, and labour at the Oare.
Cæsar perceiving all the Ships were gone
Past sight with prosperous winds, and he alone
Left Lord in Italy, no joy receiv'd
In th' honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but griev'd
His foes fled safe along the Ocean;
No fortune could suffice this eager man,
Deferring of the war to him seem'd more
Than this small conquest; but he now gives ore
Warres care awhile, intent on peace againe,
And knowing how the peoples loves to gaine,
That corne most stirres their hate, most drawes their loves,
That onely famine to rebellion moves
Cities, and feare is bought, where great men feed
The sloathfull Commons; nought starv'd people dread.
Curio is sent to the Sicilian Townes,
Where once the violent Sea did either drowne,
Or cut the land, and made it selfe a shore
In the mid-land, the waters ever roare,
And struggle there, lest the two hills should close.
Part of the war into Sardinia goes:
Both famous Ilands for rich fruitfull fields,
No land to Italy more harvest yeelds,
Nor with more Corne the Roman Garners fills:
Not Lybia these, as Granaries, excells,
When *Boreas* blasts (the Southwinds ceasing) teare
The showring clouds, and make a fruitfull yeare.
These things provided thus, with peacefull showes,
And Troopes unarm'd to Rome the Conqueror goes.
Oh had hee but come home with victory
Onely of *Britaine*, *France* and *Germany*,
What long triumphant pompe, what honour than,
What stories had he brought? How th' Ocean,
And the Rhine both his Conquests bridled,
The noble *Gaules*, and yellow *Britaines* led

Behind

Behind his lofty Charriot; winning more,
He loft thoſe triumphs were deſerv'd before.
No flockes of people now his comming greet
With joy; all feare his lookes, none ſtand to meet
His troopes; yet proud is he ſuch feare to moove,
And would not change it for the peoples love.
Now Anxurs ſteepeſt hills he had orepaſt,
Where a moiſt path ore Pontine fennes is plac'd;
Where the high wood does Scythian Diana ſhow:
Where to long Albas feaſts the Conſuls goe.
From an high rocke he viewes the towne a farre
Not ſeene before in all his Northern warre.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he ſpake,
Could men not forc'd by any fight forſake
Thee the gods ſeate? What Citie will they dare
To fight for? here the gods their loves declare,
That not the furious Eaſterne nations,
Pannonians, or ſwift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes invade thee: Fortune ſpares
Thee Rome in this, to ſend thee civill wars
Having ſo faint a chiefe. Then fearefull Rome
He enters with his Troopes, they thinke him come
To fire and ſacke the Citie, not to ſpare
The gods themſelves; This meaſure had their feare.
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can; no ſongs,
No ſhouts they counterfeit in joyfull throngs;
They ſcarſe have time to hate; the fathers meet
In Phœbus temple by no lawfull right
Of convocation, from their houſes fet,
And lurking holes: the Conſuls ſacred ſeat
Was not ſuppli'd; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but empty ſtand thoſe honor'd Sells.
Cæſar was all; the Senate ſit to beare
Witneſſe of private power, and grant what ere
He pleaſe to aske; Crowne, Temples, their owne blood,
Or baniſhment; fortune in this was good:

He

He bluſht more to command, then Rome t'obay,
But libertie in this durſt make aſſay
By one, if law could overmaſter force;
Metellus ſeeing the vaſt maſſie doores
Of *Saturn's* Temple ready to fly ope;
Running enrag'd, breaking through Cæſars troope,
Before the yet unopen'd doore he ſtay'd.
(Onely the love of gold is not afraid
Of Death and threatning ſwords; the lawes are gone
And broke without one conflict: wealth alone
The worſt of things had power this jarre to make)
Staying the rapine thus the Tribune ſpake
Aloud to *Cæſar*; Through this breaſt of mine
The Temple opes; no treaſure ſhalt thou finde,
Robber, but what thou buy'ſt with ſacred blood;
This office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
A Tribunes curſe purſuing *Craſſus*, made
A fatall Parthian warre; but draw thy blade:
Let not the peoples eyes ſcare thee from this
Thy wickednеſſe; the Towne forſaken is:
No wicked Souldiers from our treaſuries
Shall pay himſelfe; finde other enemies
To ſpoyle, and conquer, other townes to give.
No neede can thee to this foule rapine drive;
In me alone, *Cæſar*, thou findſt a warre:
Theſe words incens'd the angry Conquerer;
In vaine, *Metellus*, hop'ſt thou to obtaine
A noble death (quoth he) we ſcorne to ſtaine
Our hand in ſuch a throat; no dignitie
Makes thee worth *Cæſars* ire; muſt libertie
Be ſav'd by thee? the Fates confound not ſo
All things, but that the lawes, rather then owe
To thee their preſervation, would be broke,
And tane away by *Cæſar*; thus he ſpoke;
But when the Temple doores the Tribune ſtour
Left not, more angry growne, he lookes about

On his keene ſwords, to play the gowne-man now
Hee had forgot; when *Cotta* gan to wooe
Metellus to give ore his enterpriſe;
The freedome of men ſubjugated dies
By freedomes ſelfe (quoth hee) whoſe ſhadow thou
Shalt keepe, if all his proud commands thou doe.
So many unjuſt things have conquer'd we
Already ſuffer'd, and this now muſt be
Th'excuſe t'our ſhame, and moſt degenerate feare,
That nought can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence theſe ſeeds of wicked warre.
Loſſe hurts thoſe people that in freedome are.
Worſt to the Lord is ſerving povertie,
Metellus is remov'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noiſe the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeare
Had not beene toucht, which Carthage warres to us,
And the two Kings, *Philip* and *Perſeus*
Both conquer'd brought, is ranſackt; gold they reave
Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leave,
For which *Fabritius* would no traytor be.
What ere the vertuous frugality
Of our forefathers had yet kept unſpent,
And Aſia's wealthy tributaries ſent.
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the ſeas from Cyprus *Cato* fet.
The ſpoiles of all the Eaſt, and treaſures proud
Of captive Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs ſhow'd.
This temples impious robbing brought to paſſe
That Rome then firſt then *Cæſar* poorer was.
Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from all
The world ſtrong nations with himſelfe to fall.
Aid to the warre ſo neere firſt Gracia lends,
And Cyrrha on the Rocke; Amphiſſa ſends

Her Phocian bands, Parnaſſus learned hill
From both her tops ſends men, Bæotians fill
The campe, neere whom th'oraculous waters flow
Of ſwift Cephiſſus: men from Piſa too,
And Theban Dirce, and where under ſea
Alphæus ſends his ſtreames to Sicily.
Th'Arcadians leave their Mænalus, and from
Herculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
The Theſprots came, and their now ſilent oake
Th'Epirots neere Chaonia forſooke.
Athens, though waſted now with muſters quite,
Yet levies men, and to this civill fight
Three Saliminian ſhips ſends from her fleet
To *Phœbus* dedicated: *Iove*-lov'd Creete
From Gnoſſus, and Gortina ſends to'th field
Archers, that need not to the Parthians yield:
Souldiers from out Dardanian Oricum,
From Athamas, and from Encheleæ come,
Fam'd for transformed *Cadmus* funeralls:
From Colchos, where *Abſyrtus* foaming falls
Into the Adrian: thoſe where Peneus flowes:
He that Iolchos in Theſſalia plowes:
Thence was the ſea firſt try'd, when Argo bore
Thoſe that firſt ſayled to a forreine ſhore,
And firſt of all commited fraile mankind
To mercie of the raging ſea and wind:
That ſhip taught men a way unknowne to die:
From Thracian Æmus, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centaures, and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
From barbarous Cone, where into the ſeas
Sixe headed Iſter does one channell eaſe
At Peuce, ſouldiers come: the Myſian,
And cold Caicus-waſht Idalian,
Barren Arisbe helpes, and Pitane:
Celenæ by *Apolloes* victory

Con-

Condemn'd, that curst *Minervaes* fatall gift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Marsyas swift
Falling, there mingled backe againe does flow;
The land, that from gold Mines lets Hermus goe,
And rich Pactolus; those of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæsars* pedegree
Drawne from *Illus* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe,
Windy Damascus, happy Minos too;
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Instable Tyre, Sidon, whom purple fames:
These ships bound to the war, the Cynosure
Guides straight along the Sea, to none more sure;
Phænicians, that (if fame we dare believe)
To humane speech first characters did give.
The rivers yet had not with paper serv'd
Ægypt; but carv'd, beasts, birds, and stones preserv'd
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forsaken is; Tarsus, where *Perseus* stood,
From Coricus, digg'd from an hallow rocke,
Mallos, and Ægæ, the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a just war prest.
Fame of this war had stirr'd the farthest East
Where Ganges is, that onely crosse does run
Of all earth's Rivers to the rising Sun,
And roules his waves against the Easterne wind.
Philips great Son, there stay'd, was taught to find
The world more large, then his ambitious mind
Conceiv'd it: and where double channel'd Inde
Feeles not Hydaspes mixture: Indians,
That sucke sweet liquor from their sugar canes;
And those, whose haire with saffron is bedy'd,
Whose garments loose with colour'd gems are ty'd;
Those that alive their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping t'effect

Fates

Fates worke; what glory 'tis, content to live
No more, the remnant to the gods to give;
Fierce Cappadocians, th'hardy Nations
Neere to Ammanus, the Armenians
Neere ſtrong Niphates; the Coaſtræ from
Their lofty woods, and the Arabians come
Into an unknowne world, wondring to ſee
Shadowes of woods on the right hand to be.
Fartheſt Oloſtrians come to Roman war;
Carmanian Captaines too; who Southward far
See not the ſet of the whole Northern Beare;
By night but little ſhines *Bootes* there.
The Æthiopian land not ſeene at all
By any of the ſignes Septentrionall
But crooked Taurus hooſe, thoſe people too
Whence great Euphrates, and ſwift Tygris flow,
From one ſpring Perſis ſends them; 'tis unknowne
What name, ſhould thoſe two Channels meet in one,
They'd beare: Euphrates flowing on the fields,
That profit there, that Nile in Ægypt yields.
But Tygris ſwallow'd by the gaping earth
Long hides his courſe: but at his ſecond birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both Campes fierce Parthians neuters ſtood,
Content that they alone had cauſ'd this war.
With poyſon'd arrowes wandring Scythians far
Come to the Campe, whom Bactros ycie flood
Encloſes, and Hyrcania's deſert wood.
The valiant Heniochian Horſemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: Sarmatians neere
To the fierce Moſchi, where cold Phaſis glides,
And Colchos richeſt paſture fields divides.
Where Halys fatall to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that drawes his ſpring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth divide
Europe from Aſia, giving to each ſide

The name of severall worlds, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that increase he lends.
Where flow Mœotis driven into the seas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the Gades alone
Admit the sea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant Arians, Arimaspians
With gold-deck't locks, and swift Gelonians.
The Massegets, their thirst that satisfie
With the same horses bloods, whereon they fly.
Not *Cyrus* leading th'Eastern troopes, nor when,
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to fet
His brothers ravisht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many kings brought under their commands
So many nations drawne from severall lands,
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did fortune bring so many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obsequies at *Pompeys* funerall.
Marmarick troopes the horned Ammon prest,
And all scorcht Affricke from the farthest West
To th'Eastern shore, send ayde, as far as ly
The Syrtes gulfes; lest *Cæsar* severally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharsalia brings to be subdu'd at once.
Cæsar now leaving fearfull Rome in haste
With his swift troopes the cloudy Alpes orepast:
But though his fame all people else affright
Phocian Massilia (*f*) dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and far from Greekish levity
The cause, the lawes, not fortune followes she:
But first of all they labour to assuage
With peacefull parley his uncurbed rage,
And stubborne mind; and to their foe now nigh
They send an Olive-bearing Embassy.

As *Latiums* annals can true mention make,
Maſſilia ſtill was ready to partake
The fate of Rome in any forraine warre:
And now if triumphs over nations farre,
Cæſar, thou ſeeke, to ſuch a conflict take
Theſe hands, and lives of ours; but if you make
Sad civill warre, then give us leave to bend
To neither ſide, and naught but teares to ſpend.
Let not our hands in wounds ſo ſacred be:
If th'heavenly Gods had civill enmitie,
Or earth-borne Giants ſhould aſſault the ſky,
No ayde to *Iove* durſt humane pietie
By armes or prayers lend; their ſtates above
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Iove*
Has thunder ſtill; beſides how many from
All nations now doe voluntaries come?
The ſlothfull world is not from vice ſo far
That you ſhould need forc'd ſword to civill war.
Would ev'ry people would this cauſe refuſe,
And this ſad war no hands, but Roman uſe.
Some hands would falter at their fathers ſight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainſt brothers fight.
The war will ſoone have end, if forreine ſtates
You uſe not t'exerciſe their ancient hates.
Our humble ſuite is, that within our wall
Thou'ldſt truſt thy ſelfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let us this obtaine
To ſhut out war, and *Cæſar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt ſafely receive
Thy ſelfe and *Pompey*, if fates pleaſe to give
Peace to unconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did invite
Thy wars to Spaine, turn'dſt thou to us aſide?
We are of no availe to turne the tide
Of your great wars; our armes have proved ſtill
Vnfortunate; when fortune did exile

Vs from our first plantation, here we sate,
And Phocis sackt towers hither did translate:
Here in a forreine coast, and weake wall'd towne
Safe have wee liv'd; our Faith is our renowne.
If thou intend siege to our walles to lay,
Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way,
In the defence we are resolv'd to dye,
And fury of the sword, and fire to try.
If thou divert our waters course, the ground
Weele dig, and licke the puddle we have found:
If food should faile, flesh of our children slaine
(Fearefull to touch or see) our jawes should staine:
For liberrie to suffer weele not feare
What once Saguntum, when besieg'd, could beare
In Carthage war: our babes in vaine that strive
To sucke their Mothers dry'd up breasts, weele give
Freely to th' fire; a wife shall sue for death
At her deare husbands hand: a brothers breath
A brothers hand shall stop; this civill war
Weele choose o'th two, so spoke th' Embassador.
But Cæsar's troubled looke his anger speakes
Before his words; but this at last; these Greekes
Vaine hope of our departure has possest;
Though we were marching to the farthest West,
Yet have we time to sacke Massilia.
Souldiers rejoyce, Fate meets us in the way
With war; as winds in th'emptie ayre doe lose
Their force, unlesse some strong growne oake oppose;
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes breeds our calamitie.
Our strength were lost unlesse some durst stand out
To be subdu'd: but if I come without
My armes, they will receive mee; they desire
Not to exclude, but take mee prisoner.
But they (forsooth) would faine that guilt eschew
That followes civill war; Ile make them rue

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then warre to those serve under me.
Then on hee marches; the towne fearlesse shut
Their gates, and souldiers on the Rampiers put.
Not farr off from the walls a hill there stood,
Whose top was like a field levell and broad;
Which *Cæsar* in surveying judg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fit to fortifie:
The townes neer'st part did an high castle raise
Æquall to th'hill; in midst a valley was.
Cæsar resolves on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but first to shut up quite the towne
By land, from both sides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the sea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all convoyes from the towne.
This was a thing for ever to renowne
This Greekish towne, to stay the violent course
Of this hot warre, not tane by suddaine force,
Or feare; when *Cæsar* all the rest orerunne,
This Cities conquest ask'd him time alone:
'Twas much to stay his fates: fortune in hast
To make him lord of all the world did waste
Time at this siege: now round about the towne
The lofty woods are fell'd, large Okes hew'n downe,
To fortifie with posts the bulwarkes side.
Least earth too brittle of it selfe should slide
Away, not able the tow'rs weight to beare.
A wood untoucht of old was growing there
Of thicke set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire
Meeting obscured the incosed aire,
And made darke shades exiling *Phœbus* rayes,
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Sylvan playes;
No Nymph disports, but cruell Deities
Claim barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice:

Each trees defil'd with humane blood: if wee
Believe traditions of antiquity,
No bird dares light upon those hallowed bowes:
No beasts make there their dens: no wind there blowes,
No lightning falls: a sad religious awe
The quiet trees unstirr'd by wind doe draw.
Blacke water currents from darke fountaines flow:
The gods unpolisht images doe know
No art, but plaine and formelesse trunkes they are.
Their mosse, and mouldinesse procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not so fear'd: not knowing what God 'tis
Makes him more awfull: by relation
The shaken earths darke cavernes oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselves would rise:
With seeming fire oft flam'd th'unburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold okes imbrace:
None give neere worship to that balefull place;
The people leave it to the gods alone.
When blacke night reignes, or *Phœbus* gilds the noone,
The Priest himselfe trembles, afrayd to spie
Or finde this woods tutelar Deitie.
This wood he bids them fell: not standing far
From off their worke: untoucht in former war,
Among the other bared hils it stands
Of a thicke growth; the Souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike, moov'd with the majestie,
And thinke the axe from off the sacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound:
Th'amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himselfe an hatchet tooke,
And first of all assaults a lofty oake,
And having wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* beare.
The souldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

But ballancing the gods, and *Cæsars* frowne.
The knotty Holmes, the tall wild Ashes downe,
Ioves sacred Oake, ship-building Alder falls,
And Cypresse worne at great mens funeralls,
Then first cut downe, admit the sight of day;
The falling trees so thicke each other stay.
The Gaules lament to see the woods destroy'd:
But the besieged townesmen all orejoy'd
Hope that the wronged gods will vengeance take;
But gods oft spare the guilti'st men, and make
Poore wretches onely feele their vengefull hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From every part, plowmen their seasons lose,
Whilst in this worke souldiers their teames dispose.
But weary in this (g) lingring war to stay
Before the walls, *Cæsar* goes farre away
To meet his troopes in Spaine; his army stayes
Before the towne: there lofty forts they raise,
And bulwarks equalling the height o'th towne,
Which had in earth no fixt foundation,
But rowled to and fro the cause unknowne,
The townesmen viewing this strange motion,
Thought it some earthquake, where the strugling wind
From the earths cavernes could no passage find:
But much they wonder their owne walls stand fast:
From thence against the towne their Piles they cast;
But the Greeks missill weapons did more harme
To *Cæsars* men, sent from no feeble arme,
But mighty engines with a whirlewinds might;
These not content one breast alone to split,
Through many bodies, bones and armours cleave,
Not loosing in one wound their strength, and leave
Behind them many deaths; but when they throw
Great massie stones, the mortall force is so
As from a mountaines top a falling rocke,
Which the winds force, and running time has broke;

Not onely kills what man ſoe're it daſh,
But every dim does into pieces paſh.
But when with fence of ſhields conjoyned all
The ſheltred ſouldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all cover'd like a ſiſhes ſhell,
Thoſe darts, and ſtones flew over them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at ſuch ſmall diſtance could not throw,
Nor th'Engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roule downe heavie ſtone:
But while the fence did laſt, hurtleſſe did all
Their ſtones, and darts, like haile on houſes fall;
Vntill the towneſmens ceaſed valour broke
(When *Cæſar's* men were tir'd with often ſtroke)
The fence, and did their joyned ſhields divide:
Then did a thin earth cover'd worke proceed;
Vnder whoſe covert thoſe that lay did fall
To worke in undermining of the wall,
Sometimes the back-forc'd ram did ſtrongly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to rive.
But from above with fires, with often ſtrokes
Of broken bars, ſtakes, and fire harden'd oaks,
They force the fence; the work broke downe and vaine,
The ſouldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe.
The Greeks then ſally forth, nor ſatisfi'd
That their walls ſafely ſtand, and fire works hide
(*b*) Vnder their armes, no mortall bow nor ſpeare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with ſwift wings into the Roman trench
The ſtrong winds carry: nought has power to quench
Or ſlacken it, the wood though greene diſſolves,
And in blacke clouds of ſmoake the ayre involves,
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but ſtones, and rocks doe crack,
And moulder into aſhes: greater now
The falling bulwarks in their ruines ſhow.

The

The conquer'd now looſing all hope by land
Reſolve the hazard of ſea-fight to ſtand,
Their ſhips fore-deck no gilded names adorne;
But timber plaine, ſuch as the woods had borne
Growing, make ſtations firme for Navall fight,
Now downe the ſtreame of Rodanus the fleet
From Stæchas comes to ſea, and there attends
Brutus Prætorian ſhips: Maſſilia ſends
Her utmoſt ſtrength to triall of the war;
Old men, and beardleſſe boyes all armed are.
The fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worne ſhips repair'd againe.
Now when the ſky is cleare, and his bright rayes
On the calme ſea the riſing Sun diſplayes:
The North and Southern winds their fury ſpare,
And leave the calmed Ocean fit for war:
Both nations rowing from their ſtations meet,
Here the Cæſarian, there the Græcian fleet.
With oft and luſty ſtrokes of Rowers from
The havens trembling the great Gallies come.
The hornes of *Cæſar's* fleet Gallies that bore
Three Oares a ſide, and ſome that went with foure
Or more did make, themſelves oppoſing ſo
In front, behind them ſmaller veſſels goe,
Liburnian Gallies with two Oares content.
Conjoyn'd in forme of an halfe Moone they went.
Brutus Prætorian galley ſwept the ſea
Like a vaſt houſe, then th' reſt more high was ſhe,
And row'd with ſixe ſtrong Oares on a ſide.
But when ſo little ſea-roome did divide
Both fleets, as that one ſtroke would make them meet,
Numberleſſe voyces the vaſt ayre did greet
Of thoſe that plow'd the ſeas loud-ſhouts quite drown'd
The noiſe of rowing, and ſhrill trumpets ſound.
Then ſweepe they the blew waves: the rowers ſeat (fet;
Themſelves, and 'gainſt their breaſts ſtrong ſtrokes they

Ships againſt ſhips, beakes meeting beakes reſound,
And run aſterne, the ayre is darkned round
With flying dares, which falling th'Ocean hide.
Then turning their forecaſtles far more wide,
They make their hornes t'engirt the adverſe fleet.
As when ſtrong winds with tides repugnant meet,
One way the Sea, the waves another go,
The ſhips upon the furrow'd Ocean ſo
Make different tracts, and waves upon the maine,
Which oares rais'd, the ſea beats downe againe.
But the Greeke veſſels were more nimble far
Either to flye, or turne about the war,
They could without long tedious turning wield
Themſelves, and quickly to the ſterne could yield.
The Roman ſhips ſlow keel'd would firmely ſtand,
And lend ſure footing like a fight by land.
The maſter then of his Prætorian ſhip
Brutus beſpake, why doſt thou let them ſlip?
Leave thy Sea-tricks and joyne the battels cloſe,
'Gainſt the Phocaicke ſtems our ſhips oppoſe:
He ſtraight obeyes, and turnes his owne broad ſide
Againſt their ſtems; what ſhip ſoere then tride
T'encounter her, with her owne ſtroke orecome
Stickes faſt, and is ſurpris'd; they hooke in ſome,
With oares ſome, ſome they with chaines hold faſt:
On the ſeas cover'd face the war is plac'd.
No brandiſht Iavelins manage now the war,
No darted ſteele beſtowing wounds from far:
Hands joyne with hands, and in this Navall fight
The ſword acts all: in their owne ſhips upright
They face their foes prone ſtrokes, ſome fall downe ſlaine
In their owne ſhips; dy'd is the Ocean,
And the waves ſtiffer'd with congealed blood:
Ships hook't together could not meet, withſtood
By falling carkaſſes; ſome halfe dead ſinke,
And their owne bloud mixt with ſalt water drinke:

Some

Some, that desire their
Fall in the ruines of the
Iavelins, that mist the
Fall in the sea, and finish
Finding their bodies to
A Roman ship by Gre
Fights stiffely still, on le
Maintaining long 'gainst
Vpon whose lofty decke
Strived a seazed Græcian
Two darts together sent
His breast and backe, and
The blood not knowing
Makes stand, but out at
He in two wounds his
Hither his ship whilst
Then whom none better on a boystrous sea
Could guide a ship, none better knew then he
To morrow's weather, if the Sun he spi'd,
Or Moone, and could for future stormes provide.
He with his stem a Roman ship had broke,
But through his heart a trembling Iavelin stroke;
The ship turnes off following his dying hand;
Gyareus leaping to his friends command
Straight with a Roman Iavelin strongly slung
Was slaine, and to the ship fast nailed hung.
Two twins stand up, their fruitfull mothers fame,
That from one wombe with fates far different came,
(Death parts them: their sad parents reft of one
Without mistaking know their living son,
Whose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe,
And make his friends for his slaine brother weepe.)
One of those twins from his Greeke ship was bold
Vpon a Roman keele to lay strong hold:
But from above a stroke cut off his hand,
Which in the place did still fast bended stand,

And kept the hold; the nerves more ſtiffe became
By death, his courage by this noble maime
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand 'gainſt his foes he bent,
And ruſhes on his loſt right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another ſword did fetch
Off by the ſhoulder: now both hands were gone,
Nor ſword, nor target could he wield; yet down
He did not ſinke, but naked breaſted ſtood
Formoſt to ſave his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds that were ord'in'd
For many deaths one dying breaſt contain'd;
And then his ſoule ſtreaming ſo many wayes
He recollects, and in his tir'd limbs ſtayes
That little ſtrength, and blood was left, to skip
Before his death into the Roman ſhip
His enemies by weight alone t'oppreſſe:
For now the ſhip laden with carkaſſes,
And full of blood bor'd through the ſide had beene,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd up to the hatches, ſinking than
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean:
The waters to the ſinking ſhip gave way,
And in her roome clos'd up againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.

An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Vpon a ſhip, on *Lycidas* did light:
Drown'd had he beene, but his friends hinder'd it,
And in his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood ſpin flow
As from a wound, but guſhing in one ſpout
From all his broken vaines at once let out:
Into the ſea falls his life carrying blood.
Never ſo great a paſſage open ſtood
To let out any ſoule, life ſtraight forſakes
His lower halfe, ſince vitall parts it lacks;

But

But in his upper halfe (since in that part
Lay the soft lunges, and life sustaining heart)
Death stayes awhile, and findes repugnancie,
Nor at one time could all his members die.
The men that mann'd one ship, eager of fight
All pressing to one side leave empty quite
The other side: whose weight oreturn'd the ship,
Which topsie turvie sinking downe did keep
The Saylers vnder water; all of them
Were drownd, nor could their arms have roome to swim.
One horrid kinde of death that day was seene,
A young man swimming was, whose brest betweene
Two meeting ships sharpe stemmes was bored through.
The brazen stemmes through bones and flesh did goe,
And made a noise; his squeezed belly sent
Vp through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
But when the Ships divide themselves againe,
The body throwne into the Ocean,
The water through his bored bosome came:
Now in the sea ship-wrackt Massilians swame
Towards their fellowes ship to save their lives,
But that already over-burden'd strives
To keep her friends (though thus distressed) out,
And from above with swords the souldiers cut
Their armes, when hold upon the ship they lay;
Then downe againe into the sea fall they
Leaving their hands behind, the Ocean
Can now no longer their maim'd trunkes sustaine.
But now when all the souldiers darts were gone,
Fury findes weapons, Oares by some are throwne
Against their foes, with a strong arme. The mast
Do some teare downe, and in their fury cast;
Some teare the Sailers seats, boords from the decke
Some throw: for weapons they their ships doe breake:
Some wanting swords, their friends dead bodies spoile;
From his owne brest one drawes the mortall Pile,

With

But

With the left hand holding the wound, ſo long
To keep in blood and ſtrength, till he had flung
The jawelin at his foe, then lets it run.
But nothing wrought ſo much deſtruction
At ſea, as ſeas oppoſed element
The fire, which wrapt in unctious ſtuffe was ſent,
And ſulphur balls, the ſhips apt fuell were,
Their pitch and melting waxe tooke eaſily fire;
Nor now could water quench th'unruly flame,
Fragments of broken ſhips ſtill burning ſwame:
Into the ſea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ſhips
Another cleaves: that death, that was moſt neare,
Among a thouſand deaths they moſt did feare.
Nor did their ſhip-wrackt valour idly live:
Darts floating on the waves they take and give
Their fellowes in the ſhip, or on the ſeas
Themſelves thoſe darts (though feebly) exerciſe.
When weapons want, the ſeas their weapons be;
Foes graſping foes together gladly die.
But in that fight one *Phocian* did excell,
To ſearch the ſeas he under water well
Could keepe his breath, dive to the loweſt ſands,
And looſen faſtend anchors with his hands.
He grapling with a foe downe in the maine
Had ſunke and drown'd him, and himſelfe againe
Safe, and a conquerer roſe; but riſing found
Ships in his way, and ſo at laſt was drown'd.
Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To ſtay their flight: deare as they could they ſold
Their lives; ſome wounded, to keep off the blowes
From their friends ſhips, their bodies interpoſe.
Tyrrhenus ſtanding on the deck aloft
Lygdamus with a Baleatricke ſhaft
Wounded: the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow ſeat forſooke,

The opticke nerves, and ligaments were broke:
He now ſtarke blind, amazed at the ſtroake
Thinkes this to be deaths darkeneſſe: finding than
That all his lims their perfect ſtrength retaine,
Fellowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
A pile, and plant me as you uſe to doe
Engines of war: this little life that now
Remaines, *Tyrrenus*, on all hazzards throw;
This body, though in part already dead,
Will ſerve for warlike uſes, and inſtead
Of men alive take wounds; Thus having ſpoke
In his blind aimleſſe hand a Pile he ſhooke,
And threw it not in vaine, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* hit,
Whoſe weight now falling made it further glide.
Argus unhappy Sire on t'other ſide
The beaten ſhip then ſtood (to none would he,
When he was young, in feats of ſouldiery
Give place, his ſtrength is now by age decay'd,
And he no ſouldier, but a patterne made)
Hee ſeeing his ſon fall, with trembling ſtep
Stumbling along came to that ſide the ſhip,
And finding there the body panting yet,
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat
His wofull breſt; his hands now ſtiffe were growne,
And all his joints cold numneſſe ſeizes on:
A ſudden darkneſſe cloſes up his eyes,
That he diſcernes not *Argus*, whom he ſees.
Argus his dying head began to reare,
And feeble necke ſeeing his father there
Speechleſſe, yet ſeem'd in ſilence to demand
A kiſſe, and to invite his fathers hand
To cloſe his dying eyes; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody griefe began
To recollect his ſtrength, I will not loſe
That time (quoth he) that angry fate beſtowes.

Pardon

Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy laſt imbrace I flee;
Thy wounds warme blood yet ſignes of life doe give,
Th'art but halfe dead, and yet awhile mayſt live:
Ile goe before thee Sonne: theſe words expreſt,
And with a bloody ſword piercing his breſt,
He leapt into the ſea, haſting to death
Before his deareſt Sonne: his flitting breath
Vnto one ſingle kinde of deſtiny
He durſt not truſt. Now great commanders dye:
And now no longer doubtfull is the fight;
Some of the Greekes are ſunke, by hafty flight
Some get into the haven; others beare
(Changing their load) the Romane Conqueror.
But now ſad Parents mournings fill the towne:
The ſhore with mothers lamentation
Did ring; in ſtead of her deare husbands face,
A weeping wife miſtaking did imbrace
A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to give
About their Sonnes deformed bodies ſtrive.
But *Brutus* Conquerer on the Ocean,
To *Ceſar's* ſide firſt naval honour wan.

FINIS Libri tertij.

Annotations on the third Booke:

(a) *The uſuall time of mourning among the Romanes, for the loſſe of husband or wife, was ten moneths; within which ſpace of time it was accounted infamous to marry; and therefore* Cornelia, *Daughter to* Lucius Scipio, *and Widow of* Pub. Crassus, *who was married to* Pompey *the great within that time, is here ſtiled by* Iulia *a ſtrumpet.*

(b) Cæſar

(b) Cæſar, *although it much concerned him to purſue* Pompey, *and overtake him before his ſtrength were too much encreaſed by forreine ayde, yet partly for want of ſhips, and partly fearing leſt in his abſence there might happen ſome new commotion in* Italy, *and withall fearing the* Pompeyan *army that was then in* Spaine *under the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petreius, *hee reſolved firſt to goe and ſettle things at Rome, and afterwards to goe fight againſt thoſe armies in* Spaine.

(c) Valerius *was ſent into* Sardinia *to fetch Corne, and* Curio *into* Sicily, *as Propretor with three legions, thoſe Countreyes were two the greateſt Granaries of the Romane Empire.*

(d) Cæſar *aſſembled the Senators into* Apolloes *temple, and there with courteous language excuſed himſelfe concerning this war, as a thing undertaken onely to preſerve his owne dignitie againſt the envie and injury of a few, hee entreateth them to take care of the Commonwealth, and joyne with him in it: likewiſe to ſend Embaſſadors to* Pompey, *and the Conſuls concerning peace.*

(e) *The Tribunitiall power was held ſo ſacred, that whoſoever did offer any violence unto it, they thought the gods would take revenge, and conceived the reaſon of that great and miſerable overthrow, which* Marcus Craſſus *received in Parthia, to be becauſe* Arteius *the Tribune had curſed him as he whent away.*

(f) Cæſar *paſſing through the further Gallia, and underſtanding that* Domitius, *whom hee had lately taken priſoner at Corfinium, and releaſed againe, was come into Maſſylia, a Citie that favoured* Pompey's *faction, he called out ſome of the chiefe of the Citie, and admoniſhed them not too much to obey one man, and ſo draw a warre upon themſeleves; they ſhut the gates againſt* Cæſar, *but requeſted him gently to paſſe by them, hoping by that meanes to have kept themſelves in ſafetie, and to have remained as neuters in the Warre, but that drew this heavy ſiedge*

upon

upon them. Vnhappy Massilia (*saith* Florus) *which desiring too much to preserve her peace, for feare of warr fell into a warr.*

(g) Cæsar *had sent* Caius Fabius *his Lieutenant with three legions into Spaine, to dislodge* Afranius *a Lieutenant of* Pompey's *in the* Pyrenæan *straights: and now himselfe leaving* Caius Trebonius *to besiege Massilia by land, and* Decius Brutus *to besiege it by sea, goes with nine hundred horsemen into Spaine to* Fabius *his campe.*

(h) *The story in the place concerning the firing of those workes which* Cæsars *Souldiers had raised, and the actions of the Massilians is not rightly related by* Lucan; *but differs much from the relation of true Historie.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fourth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Spaine neere high Herdaes walls
Encampes 'gainst two Pompeian Generalls.
By suddaine floods his Campe endanger'd is.
Cæsar *divides the streame of Sicoris;*
Oretakes Petreius *flight, who bloodily*
Breaks off his Souldiers new-made amitie;
But by extremitie of thirst compell'd
Afranius, *and himselfe to Cæsar yield.*
Famish'd Antonius *yields t'his enemy.*
Vulteius, *and his valiant cohort dye*
By their owne swords. Curio *on Libyan sands*
Is slaine by Iubaes *Mauritanian hands.*

BVt now Iterne *Cæsar* in Spaines farthest coast
Makes warre: on which, though little blood
(a) coast,
The fortunes of both Generalls much did
stand.
Affranius (b) and *Petreius* did command
Those campes with equall power, but concord made
Their government more firme: their men obay'd

Alternally both Generalls commands.
Heere besides Romans both *Asturian* bands,
Light *Vessones*, and *Celtæ* (*c*) were, that came
From *France*, and with th' *Iberi* mixt their name.
A little hill not steepe of fertile lands
Swells up, on which the old Ilerda stands;
Before the towne flowes Sicoris soft streame,
Among *Spaines* Rivers of no small esteeme,
On which a Bridge of stone high arched stood
T'endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeyans* campe did beare,
Æquall to which *Cæsar* his tents did reare.
The River in the midst both campes divides,
From whence the champion fields upon both sides
Extend themselves beyond the ken of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them, that to th' Ocean
Carries no name, (*d*) Iber, where you two joyne,
That gives the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd from fight was free:
The Captaines stood each others strength to see,
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damne their rage, and hold their fury in;
One poore dayes respite to their countrey they
And broke lawes gave; but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd, did with a suddaine trench enclose
His campe about, and to deceive the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the worke; and when the morne drew on,
He sends swift troopes the next hill to surprise,
That twixt the foes campe, and Ilerda lies;
Thither the foes with shame and terrour make,
And by a neerer way the hill they take.
The fight growes there; on sword, and valour one
Relyes, the other on possession.
Laden with armes march *Cæsar's* souldiers up
'Gainst the steepe hill: their following fellowes prop
Their

Their backes with targets up, to keep them so
From falling backe; their Pikes against the foe
They could not use, Pikes guide their faltring steps;
Hold, as they climbe, they catch on shrubs and slips;
Their swords serve not to fight, but cut their way.
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheele charging in flanke the foe,
And all his foot retreat in safety so.
The skirmish ended thus, and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus farre fighting try'd.
What other fates were added to this warre
Grew from th'unconstant motions of the aire,
For by cold winters dry North-winds the raine
The clouds congealed bowells did containe.
Snowes on the hills, and tops of mountaines lie,
And frosts that at the Sunnes appearance flie.
All lands within those Westerne climates are
Hardned by winters dry congealing aire.
But when the Sunne now wexed warmer came
To take possession of the heav'nly Ram,
Making the Æquinoctiall againe,
When day t'exceed the night in length beganne,
When *Cynthia* from the Sunne's conjunction
But newly come could hardly yet be knowne;
Boreas th'excludes, and fire from *Eurus* takes;
He all the clouds that his whole quarter makes
Throwes to the West with Nabathæan blasts,
The fogs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and growne under the rising Sun,
Sky-darkning Corus exhalation,
Which cooles the Indian aire, now blowne away
From thence make hot the Easterne country's day.
Nor could the loads of those thicke clouds fall downe
On the mid world, strong tempests drive them on
From North and South; alone does Calpe ground
Drinke the moyst aire, the farthest Westerne bound,

Where heavens bow'd hinge does with the Ocean meet:
The clouds driv'n thither could no further get:
Their vaſtneſſe hardly could involved be
In ſuch ſtraight roome, as 'twixt that earth and skie.
Thoſe clouds then cruſht together by the Pole
Contract in th'aire, and downe amaine they role
In guſhing ſhowres; lightnings though thick retaine
No flaſhing fire, extinguiſht by the raine.
Iris no colours can diſtinctly ſhow
Circling the aire with an imperfect bow;
She drinkes the ſea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waves fall from the sky again.
The Pyrænean ſnowes, which *Titan* yet
Could never melt, flow downe: the rockes are wet
With broken ice: rivers their wonted way
Forſake; as channels the whole fields diſplay
Themſelves: and now as ſhip-wrackt on the ſeas
Flote *Cæſars* tents, and drenched companies;
The ſtreame breakes downe his campe: rivers oreflow
His trench and workes, nor can the ſouldiers goe
To forrage: the drown'd fields no vittaile leave:
The wayes by water cover'd all deceive
The fetchers of proviſion; then came on
A famine ſtill the ſad companion
Of other woes: the ſouldiers by no foes
Beſieg'd, are pin'd; one his whole wealth beſtowes
Vpon a cruſt of bread not dearly ſold:
(Oh meagre thirſt of gaine) for ready gold
An hungry ſeller is not wanting there.
The waters now have all, no hills appeare;
The joyning rivers like ore-ſpreading fennes
Cover high rockes; tranſported are the dennes
Of beaſts; the ſtreame carries the ſtrugling horſe
Not touching ground, and as of greater force
Then th'Ocean repells the Oceans tide.
The dark'ned Pole does *Phœbus* luſtre hide,

And the black skies all colours doe confound.
So lyes the fartheſt part of the worlds ground,
Which the cold zone, and froſts perpetuall
Cover: thoſe countries ſee no ſtars at all:
Their barren yce breeds nothing: good alone
To temper with their cold the torrid zone.
So let it be, great *Iove*, ſo let it be
Neptune, whoſe three fork'd ſcepter rules the ſea.
Thou, *Iove*, with ſtormes perpetuall fill the ayre;
Thou, *Neptune*, let no rivers home repaire,
Let no ſtreames find prone paſſage to the maine,
But with the Oceans tide turne backe againe.
Make the ſtrooke earth to deluge pervious:
Theſe fields let Rhine oreflow, and Rhodanus.
Hither their courſe let all great rivers bend:
Hither Riphæan ſnowes, lakes, fountaines ſend;
Hither all ſtanding pooles from far command,
And ſave from civill war this wretched land.
But *Cæſars* fortune, with this little feare
Of his content, returnes greater then ere:
The gods gan favour, and deſerv'd t'obtaine
Pardon: the clouded ayre clear'd up againe:
The maſter'd waters *Sol* in fleeces ſpred:
The night, preſaging a faire morne, look'd red;
Things keepe their place; moyſture the skie forſakes;
Water (late high) her owne low center takes;
Trees, and emergent hills t'appeare began:
The fields at ſight of day grow dry againe.
When *Sicoris* to his owne bankes reſtor'd
Had left the field, of twigs, and willow boord
They made ſmall botes cover'd with bullocks hide,
In which they reacht the rivers further ſide.
So ſaile the Veneti if Padus flow,
The Britaines ſaile on their calme Ocean ſo.
So the Ægyptians ſaile with woven boats
Of papery tuſhes in their Nilus floats.

The army in theſe boats tranſported now
Build up a bridge, and fearing th'overflow
Of the fierce ſtreame, their work they doe not end
Vpon the banke, but ore the fields extend.
And leſt againe Sicoris ſhould oreflow,
In ſeverall channels cut, he ſuffers now
For his firſt crime: but when *Petreius* ſpi'd,
That *Cæſars* fortune did all actions guide,
Ilerda he forſakes, truſting no more
The ſtrength of that knowne world, but ſeeking for
Vntamed nations fierce with wars dire love,
(e) To that worlds end the battell to remove.
When *Cæſar* ſaw the hills and campe forſooke,
He bids his men take armes, and never looke
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy armes
Swim ore the ſtreame: the Souldiers his alarmes
Obey with ſpeed, and ruſhing on to fight
Venture thoſe wayes, that they would feare in flight,
Then taking armes cheriſh their bodies wet,
And their benummed joynts with running heat,
Till noone made ſhadowes ſhort, the horſemen then
Oretake the hindmoſt of *Petreius* men,
Who doubtfull are whither to fight or fly.
Two rocky hills lift their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath: above the ground
Is joyn'd: below ſafe paſſages are found
Through windings darke: which ſtraights if once the foe
Had in poſſeſſion, *Cæſar* well did know
He might from thence carry the war as far
As Spaines remote, and barbarous nations are,
Run without ranke (quoth he) purſue your foes;
Turne backe the war, that by their flight you loſe:
Make them turne face to face: though they would fly,
Give not the cowards leave baſely to dy,
But on their breaſts let them receive our blowes;
This ſaid, with ſwiftneſſe they prevent their foes

Flight

Plight to the hils, encamping close beside.
A narrow trench did both the campes divide,
And of so little distance was the place,
They might distinctly know each others face.
There finding fathers, brothers, sons, they see
The wickednesse of civill enmity.
And first for feare standing a little mute
With nods, and swords lift up friends friends salute;
But when deare love conquer'd the law of wars,
Over the trenches leape the souldiers
T'embrace each other: some their old hosts meet,
Some their schoolefellows, some their kinsmen greet;
He was no Roman that no enemy knew:
Sighs breake their kisses, teares their armes bedew,
And though no act of blood were yet begun,
They feare the mischiefe that they might have done.
Why mourn'st thou foole? why dost thou beat thy brest,
And weepe in vaine? why hast thou now confest
Thou 'gainst thy will to wicked war dost goe?
Stand'st thou in such great feare of him whom thou
Thy selfe mak'st dreadfull? let his trumpets sound,
Neglect the cruell noise, let none be found
To beare his Eagles, and the war there ends;
Cæsar and *Pompey* private men are friends.
Now concord come, that all things doest enfold
In thy white armes, and the worlds safety hold,
The earths blest love: future impieties
Our age may feare; the ignorance heere dies
Of their misdeeds; and from excuse does bar
Their guilt, they know their foes their kinsmen are.
Sinister fates, that will by this short peace
Their future vices, and wickednesse increase.
'Twas peace, and in both campes mixt souldiers strow'd,
And on the grasse their friendly banquets made;
By the same fire together *Bacchus* rites
They celebrate, and spend the watchfull nights

In stories of the war as lovingly
Together they in joyning lodgings ly.
Where first they did encampe, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boast of every valiant deed.
Denying much they grant the wish of Fate,
And love the wretched Souldiers renovate.
This love their future wickednesse increast,
For when *Petreius* saw their friendly feast,
Thinking himselfe and campe to sale betray'd
He armes his houshold servants to invade
Dire war: and guarded with a troope of those
Out of his campe th'unarm'd Cæsarians throws.
The sword, as in embraces joyn'd they stood,
Divides them, and disturbes the peace with blood.
Then wrath these war provoking speeches gave,
Souldiers unmindfull of the cause you have,
Though *Cæsars* conquest you cannot bestow
Vpon the Senates cause, this you can doe
Fight till you are orecome: whilst you have hands,
And blood, and whilst the war yet doubtfull stands,
Will you goe serve, and traiterous Eagles take?
And beg of *Cæsar* he no odds would make
Betweene his slaves, and at his hands desire
Your Captaines lives? our safeties treasons hire
Shall never be; nor make we civill war
To live: by name of peace betray'd we are.
People for veines of brasse, which deep-hid ly
Would never seeke, nor townes would fortify:
No stately horses to the war should goe,
No towre-like ships the Oceans face should plow,
If liberty for peace were ere well sold.
Shall *Cæsars* Souldiers damn'd obedience hold
Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
Your faith, because in a good cause you fight?
But pardon's hop'd, oh thames dire funerall,
Not knowing this, great *Pompey*, thou ore all

The world art muſtring, and each fartheſt King
Bringing to fight, whilſt we are articling
Baſely about thy ſafety. This fierce ſpeech
Turn'd backe their minds, and ſtirr'd wars wicked itch;
As when wild beaſts wean'd from the woods, and ſhut
Vp cloſe to tame, have off their wildneſſe put,
And learn'd t'endure a man, if blood once ſtaine
Their jawes, their wildneſſe ſtraight returnes againe,
Their jawes grow hot, and their new boyling rage
The trembling keeper hardly can aſſwage.
They run on wickedneſſe, and what might ſeeme
In a blind war the gods or fortunes crime,
Deceived truſt makes ours; at bord, and bed
The late embraced breaſts are murthered;
And though unwillingly at firſt they draw,
Yet when their wicked ſwords drawne out they ſaw,
And ſtriking were, their friends they truly hate,
And with the ſtroke themſelves they animate.
Petreius campe is with ſtrange tumult fill'd,
And horrid murther: ſons their fathers kill'd:
And as if hidden miſchiefe loſt ſhould be,
They boaſt their guilt, and let their Captaines ſee.
Cæſar, though robbed of thy men, yet ſee
The gods high favour: not ſo much for thee
On Ægypt, or Maſſilias ſeas is done,
Nor ſo much honour in Pharſalia won.
(*f*) For this ſole crime of civill war does make
That thou at length the better cauſe ſhalt take.
The Generals now their blood-ſtain'd Souldier
No more dare truſt within the campe ſo neere.
But by ſwift flight toward Ilerda make,
From whom all paſſage *Cæſars* horſmen take,
And there in thoſe dry hils ſhut up their foes,
Whom *Cæſar* ſtrives with a deepe trench t'encloſe
Cutting all water off, he lets them take
No ſprings, nor tents neere to the river make.

They

They seeing the way of death, convert their feare
To rage; their horses, that unusefull were
To men besieg'd, they kill, and since in flight
There's naine to hope, addresse themselves to fight.
Cæsar perceives them comming, and well knowes
That death is sought by his devoted foes:
Containe your pyles, and swords, souldiers (quoth he)
Ile take no blood to get this victorie.
That foe, that meets the swood, neve gratis dies;
Hating their lives, and cheap in their owne eyes
They came to make our losses with their death;
They'l feele no wounds, but joy in losse of breath.
But let this heate forsake um, this mad fit,
They'l lose their wish of death. *Cæsar* the fight
Forbids, and lets their choller spend in vaine
Till *Sol* descended to the Ocean,
And starres appear'd; then when no hope's at all
Of fight, their fiercenesse does by little fall,
Their mindes grow cold. So is most courage found
In late hot men, whil'st freshnesse of the wound,
And the blood hot gives nimble motion
To every nerve, and muscles guide the bone:
If the wound-giver hold his hand and stay,
Then a cold numnesse (strength being tane away)
Seizes the minde, and the stiffe members eyes,
The wound growne cold (the blood congealing) dries.
The souldiers wanting water through each creeke
Of the digg'd earth for hidden fountaines seeke.
Not onely now the mattocke and the spade,
But swords earth-digging instruments are made.
Downe from the tops of mountaines as profound
They goe, as lies the lowest marish ground.
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Dives now the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought rivers hidden course is shown;
No springs soft gliding on the Punnice stone:

Among

Among the gravell no coole veine at all
Is found: no drops from ſweating cavernes fall.
Weary with digging then the ſweating men
Are from thoſe rocky pits drawne out agen:
And this vaine ſearch of water the dry ayre
Makes them leſſe able to indure, nor dare
They feed their weary bodies, eating nought,
As medicine againſt thirſt is hunger ſought.
If the ſoft earth doe moiſture yield, they bring
The clods, and ore their mouths with both hands wring.
The blacke unſtirred mud, that ev'ry ſinke
Affords, by ſtrife the greedy ſouldiers drinke.
And what to ſave their lives they would have ſtucke
To take, now dying drinke; like beaſts ſome ſucke
Beaſts dugs, and when milke failes with greedy jaw
Meere blood from their exhauſted udders draw.
Herbs, and greene leaves they wring: bedewed twigs
They licke, and juice of bleeding vines: ſmall ſprigs
Of trees they for their tender ſap doe ſqueeze.
Oh happy men, whom barbarous enemies
Flying by (e) poyſoning all the rivers kill'd!
But, *Cæſar*, though theſe rivers ſhould be fill'd
With poyſons, carriens, and pale Aconite
Growing on Cretan rockes; yet knowing it
Theſe Romans then would drinke, their bowells nowe
Are ſcorcht, their mouths & tongues dry'd roughes grow,
Their veines ſhrinke up, their lungs in this diſtreſſe
Not moiſt contract the breathing paſſages.
Breathings hard drawne their ſlow'd palats reare;
They ope their thirſty mouths to drinke nights aire,
And wiſh ſuch ſhowres, as all did lately drowne,
And the dry clouds their lookes are fixt upon.
But that which moſt increas'd their miſery,
They were encamp'd not on dry *Meroe*,
Nor where the naked Garamantes plow
Hot *Cancers* tropick, but betweene the flow

Of ſwift Iberus, and full Sicoris:
The thirſtie campe two neighbouring rivers ſees.
Now both the Generalls yeeld; *Afranius* layes
Downe armes, and peace (become a ſuppliant) prayes.
Into the enemies campe his ſtarved bands
Drawing, before the Conquerors feet he ſtands:
And begging pardon with a careleſſe breaſt,
He loſt no Majeſtie; but twixt his laſt,
And former ſtate he bore himſelfe in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a Generall.
Had I fall'n under a baſe enemie,
I had not lack'd an hand my ſelfe to free:
Know then the cauſe that now I beg to live,
I thinke thee, *Cæſar*, worthy life to give.
For no fides favour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take armes, both Generalls were we
Before this civill war, and have maintain'd
The former cauſe: now wee'l not fate withſtand.
Spaine we deliver up, and ope the Eaſt:
Of all the world behind thou now maiſt reſt
Secure: nor has much bloods effuſion,
Sharpe ſwords, or weari'd armes this conqueſt won:
Onely thy foes, that thou haſt conquered,
Forgive: nor beg we much, grant us to lead
Vnarm'd thoſe lives, that thou haſt now beſtow'd:
Suppoſe that all our ſlaughtred troopes lay ſtrow'd
Over the fields: to mixe unfortunate
With happy armes, and we participate
Thy triumphs were unfit: our fates we know:
(*b*) Compell us not with thee to conquer now.
But *Cæſar* gently, and with ſmiling cheare
Both pardons, and diſmiſſes them from war.
But when the league was firmly 'greed upon
The Souldiers to th' unguarded rivers run,
Fall on the banks, troubling the granted ſtreame.
But long continued draughts in many of them

Not ſuffring aire through th'empty veines to flie,
Shut up their lives: nor could they eaſily
Ceaſe this dry plague; but though their guts they fill,
The covetous diſeaſe is craving ſtill.
At laſt their nerves and ſtrength againe it brings.
Oh luxury too prodigall of things,
Content with no proviſion eaſily brought;
Ambitious hunger for things dearely ſought
Ore land, and ſea, pride of a ſumptuous table:
See what ſmall ſtore to cheriſh life is able,
And nature pleaſe: theſe ſouldiers fainting ſoules
No unknowne Conſulls noble wine in boles
Of mirrhe, and gold reſtores: from fountaines pure
Water and bread their fleeting lives aſſure.
Wretches that follow warres, theſe ſouldiers
Being now diſarm'd are made ſecure, from cares
Exempt, and innocent returne againe
To their owne townes. When peace they did obtaine,
How much they griev'd that ever they had caſt
One pile, or ſuffer'd thirſt, or ever askt
The gods in vaine to grant them proſp'rous warrs?
For to the happier fighting ſouldiers,
What toiles through all the world, what doubtfull fields
Remaine to fight? Though fortune alwayes yields
Happy ſucceſſe, yet muſt they oftentimes
Conquer, ſpill blood throughout all lands, and climes,
And follow *Cæſar* through all fates of his.
When the worlds ruine's neare, he happy is
That knowes his ſettled place. Their weary armes
No war calls forth: their ſleeps no loud alarmes
Diſturbe: their wives, children, and houſes they,
And lands (though no deducted colony)
Injoy; by fortune from this burden freed;
No favour does their mindes diſquiet breed:
One generall ſav'd their lives; th'other their owne
Commander was. Thus happy they alone

Free'd

Freed from desires the civill warres behold.
But through the world this fortune did not hold;
She durst act somewhat against *Cæsars* side.
Where long (*f*) Salonæ's beaten with the tide
Of th'Adriaticke sea, where Zephyre blowes
Vpon the warme Iader's gentle flowes,
Antonius there trafficking the warlike bands
Of his Curetes, whose environ'd lands
The Adriaticke sea incircles round,
Was straight beseiged in the utmost bound,
Safe from warres reach, if famine, that alone
Conquers the strongest fortresses, were gone:
The ground no pasture for their horses yields,
Nor yellow Ceres cloathes the fallow'd fields.
The men eat grasse, and when the fields grow bare,
The grasse from off their camps dry turfes they teare.
But when their friends on th'adverse shore they spy'd,
And *Basilus* the admirall, they try'd
New wayes of flight by sea; for their sterne end
They did not hoist, nor did their keele extend
(As custome was) but with unusuall sleight
Firme timber botes to beare a mighty weight
They made. These empty boats on every side
Susteine the ship; whose double ranke was ty'd
With chaines acrosse; nor were the oares dispos'd
On th'open front to the foes dares expos'd:
Onely that sea, that was inclosed round
By those conjoyned boats, their oares did wound.
A miracle of silent flight is show'd;
She bore no sailes, or sea discoverd row'd.
Now they observe the tides, till th'ebbing seas
Leave the sands bare, and make the shore increase.
Then from above into the ocean prone
The ship falls by two galleyes wayted on;
Ore which a lofty threatning tower was rear'd,
Where spires and trembling pinnacles appear'd.

Octavius

Flavius keeper of th'Illyrian sea
Would not assault this ship too suddainly:
But his swift vessells thought it good to stay
Till th'easie passage might encrease his prey,
And farther on to sea by peace invites
His rashly enter'd foes; such are the slights
Of huntsmen, when their toyles they have dispos'd:
And fearefull Deere in plumed nets enclos'd:
Their dogs of Crete and Sparta they containe,
And their wide mouth'd Molossians restraine:
No dog is trusted in the wood, but hee,
That can upon a full sent silent be,
And never open when hee finds the game,
Content alone to signifie the same
By wagging of the string: then presently
The souldiers leave the Ile, and eagerly
They come aboord the ship, when day's last light
Gave place to the approach of duskie night.
But the Cilicians of great *Pompey's* side
According to their old Sea-craft, had ty'd
Chaines through the midst o'th sea, of which no signe
Appear'd above, but loosely let them slowe:
The chaine was fasten'd to th'Illyrian shore.
The first, and second ships not staid got ore:
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rocke by a drawne rope was cast.
The rocke hangs ore the sea (a wonder tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) stands, with trees
Making a shade: hither the sea by tides
Oft drives: and in those darksome cavernes hides
Ships broke by Aquilon, and drowned men:
Which hidden store the rocke restores againe;
And when the cavernes belch it up, in heat
Sicilian Charybdis cannot get
Preheminence. Heere did the great ship stand,
That was with valiant Opimius mann'd

Her

Her from all havens did all ships encloſe:
Some from the rocke, ſome from the ſhore oppoſe.
Vulteius found this under-water traine
(The Captaine of the ſhip) who all in vaine
Striving to cut the chaines, did then deſire
Without all hope, to fight: where to retire,
Or how to conquer is not ſeene: but here
As much as ſnared valour could appeare,
It did: againſt ſo many thouſand wights,
That did encloſe, ſcarſe one full Cohort fights,
Not long indeed, for night in her blacke ſhade
Shut up the day, and peace the darkneſſe made.

Then ſtout *Vulteius* thus gan animate
The cohort fearing ſad enſuing fate.
Young men, that but for one ſhort night are free,
Provide in time for fates extremitie:
There's no mans life is ſhort, that does allow
Him time to ſeeke his death: nor thinke it now
Leſſe glorious that we meet a fate at hand.
The times of future life none underſtand.
Tis æquall praiſe of mind to give away
Our lives laſt moment, and the hoped ſtay
Of many yeares, ſo wee the actors be:
No man can be compell'd to wiſh to dye.
No way for flight is left: at every hand
Bent 'gainſt our throats the ſterne Cilicians ſtand.
Let feare be baniſht then: reſolve to dye,
And let your wiſhes meet neceſſitie.
Nor ſhall we fall in a blind cloud of war,
As when two battels joyn'd in darkneſſe are,
When heapes of carcaſes beſtrow the field,
Valour lies buried, all are æquall held,
But in a ſhip the gods have placed us,
Both to our friends and foes conſpicuous.
The Ile, the Continent, the Seas allow
Witneſſes to us, and two parties now

From

From divers ſhores behold us: in our ends
What great, and rare example Fate intends
I know not. What ere Chronicles afford
Of truſt, of Souldiers faith maintain'd by ſword,
We ſhall excell: 'tis a ſmall thing to dye
Vpon our ſwords, *Cæſar*, we know for thee:
But greater pledges in this ſad diſtreſſe
We want, our great affections to expreſſe,
And envious Fates us of much praiſes barre
That not our Parents, nor our children are
Here with us. Let our foes our valour find,
And feare our force, and death-contemning minde:
Let them be glad that no more ſhips were caught,
Perchance they'll try by leagues what can be wrought
Proffering baſe life: would they would promiſe us
Pardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
Leſt when we fall our killing ſwords upon
Our foes ſhould call it deſperation.
Much valour muſt deſerve that *Cæſar* may
Account the loſſe of us a fatall day
Among ſo many thouſand. Should fate give
Egreſſe from hence, I would not wiſh to live;
I have already caſt away my breath,
Drawen by the ſweetneſſe of approaching death:
A fury 'tis, which none but they can know,
To whom nere Fates ſuch knowledge doe allow;
The Gods deaths ſweetneſſe doe conceale to make
Men live. A noble courage ſtraight did take
The young mens minds, though all with weeping eyes
(Before the Captaines ſpeech) had view'd the skies,
And fear'd to ſee the turne of *Charles* his waine:
But now their valiant minds wiſh day againe
After this ſpeech; nor was day ſlow t'appeare:
Sol leaving *Gemini*, and drawning neere
His height in *Cancer*, when the ſhorteſt night
Vrg'd the Theſſalian Archer. Day growne light

Discover'd warlike Istrians on the land,
The fierce Liburnians, and Greeke fleet, that stand
Covering the seas. They first suspending fight,
Strive to orecome by covenants, and invite
The ship to yeeld by granting life; but they
Devoted, scorning life, stand in aray,
Secure in sight, resolv'd what end to take:
No stormes their strong resolved minds could shake:
And though but few, by land, and sea they fought
(Such confidence deaths resolution brought)
Against innumerable hands, but when
Warre had drawne blood enough, their fury then
Turn'd from their foes. The Captaine first of all
Vulteius offring his bare throat gan call
Seeking for death, Is there no Souldier here
Worthy to shed my blood? let him appeare;
And killing me, shew that himselfe dares bleed.
With that of life his wounded breast was free'd
By many swords; *Vulteius* thankes bestow'd
On all; but dying, him to whom he ow'd
His first kind wound, he thankfully againe
Requites with death. Thus meeting, all were slaine,
And on one side the warres whole mischiefe hung.
So the serpentine brood by *Cadmus* sprung
Fell by each others hand, a dire presage
Of the ensuing Theban brothers rage.
So those of waking Dragons teeth once fram'd
In Colchos fields, by Magicke spells inflam'd,
With kindred blood the fields plow'd furrowes dy'd;
Which mischiefe wrought by hearbs before untry'd
Medea fear'd her selfe. So fell these men
By bargain'd fate, and in the death of them
To dye was the least valour: they both fall,
And kill at once: no right hand mist at all,
Though at the point of death: nor to their blades
Ow'd they their wounds: a breast the sword invades,

Their throats invade their hands; and if blind chance
A brothers ſword 'gainſt brother did advance,
Or ſonnes 'gainſt father, with undanted hand,
And all their ſtrength they ſtrike; in this did ſtand
Their piety alone, that at one blow
They would diſpatch them; on the hatches now
Halfe dead they draw their bowells, and much blood
Stream'd downe into the ſea; it did them good
To ſee the ſcorned day, death to preferre,
And with proud looks deſpiſe the conquerer.
Now on the ſhip the heaps of bodies ſhow'd
The ſlaughter made: on which the foes beſtow'd
Fit funeralls, admiring much to ſee
To any Captaine ſuch fidelitie.
Fame flying through the world did never raiſe
Any one ſhip with ſuch reſounding praiſe.
Yet will not coward nations, ſince ſuch brave
Examples, learne to know, that death to ſave
Their liberty is not a price ſo deare;
But kingdomes arm'd with power of ſword they feare:
Liberty can uſe armes, and ſwords ſhould be
(As men ſhould know) to keep their liberty.
Oh that the fates would let the fearfull live,
That valour only death to men might give.
Nor was that warre that did in Libya grow
Leſſe terrible then this: bold *(g) Curio*
By a mild Northern wind was wafted ore
From Lilybæum to that well known ſhore,
Where Clupea ſeated is, and where he ſees
Great Carthages halfe ruin'd edifice:
And pitching his firſt tents far from the maine,
Where Bagrada furrowes the ſandy plaine,
Thoſe hills, and eaten rockes goes to behold,
Which were *Antæus* kingdome call'd of old;
Asking the cauſe of this old name, a clowne
Thus tells the tale by long tradition knowne.

For Giants births Earth yet not barren made
In Libyan caves a feared issue had,
Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
As *Typhon*, *Tityus*, and *Briareus* name.
'Twas good for heav'n *Anteus* was not borne
At Phlegra; but this gift did more adorne
His mighty strength: into his limbs (though tir'd)
His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
This cave his dwelling was, this mountaine here
He lurkt about, his food slaine lions were:
His bed no leaves of trees, no skin of beasts:
His strength by sleeping on the ground increast.
By him th'inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd.
His strength (not using a long time to fall)
Needed not earths rich gift; too strong for all
He was though standing up: at length through fame
Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
Whose hand both sea and land from monsters freed,
And for th'encounter each put off his weed,
One's Nemean, tother's Libyan lions skin:
Hercules oiles his limbs ere he begin
According to th'Olympicke rites: but he
Rubb'd ore his limbes with sand: it could not be
Enough to touch his mother with his feet.
They grapple then, and armes armes folded meet.
Striving each others necke with heavie hand
To bend; yet both fixt and unbended stand.
Both wonder much to meet their match at length:
But *Hercules* us'd not his utmost strength
At the first bout, but weary'd out his foe,
Which his oft blowing, and cold sweats did show.
His shaking necke, nor brest could firmely stand:
His bending hammes yield to *Alcides* hand:
Alcides then about his short ribs cast
His conqu'ring armes, and grip'd his yielding waist,

Then

Then tripping up his legs he fairely layes
His foe ſtretch'd out upon the ſand; earth ſtayes
His ſweat, and fills with freſh blood every vaine,
His armes grow brawny, his joynts ſtiffe againe,
And his freſh limbs unclaſpe the others hands.
Amaz'd at this new ſtrength *Alcides* ſtands.
Nor fear'd he *Hydra* ſo in Lerna lakes
Fruitfull by loſſe of her reviving ſnakes,
Though then but young; Now both were equall grown,
One in earths ſtrength, the other in his owne.
Nere had ſterne *Iuno* more encouragement
To hope; ſhe ſees his limbs with ſweating ſpent,
And his neck dry'd, as when he did ſuſtaine
The heavens: but when he claſp'd his foe againe,
Anteus ſtaying not till he be throwne,
Falls of himſelfe, and riſes ſtronger growne:
His mother earth to his tir'd members gives
What ſpirit ſhe has, and labours when he ſtrives.
But when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
Strengthning to him, now thou ſhalt ſtand (quoth he)
No more thou fall'ſt, nor will we truſt againe
The ground: this breaſt ſhall thy cruſht limbs ſuſteine;
Hither, *Anteus*, ſhalt thou fall: this ſpoke,
Him ſtriving to fall downe aloft he tooke,
And graſp'd his middle faſt: earth could not lend
Strength to her dying Son, nor ſuccour ſend.
But till his foes breaſt ſtarke and cold he found
Alcides durſt not truſt him on the ground.
From hence ſelfe-lov'd antiquity, and fame
Old times recorder, gave this place a name.
But to theſe hils a nobler name gave he,
That drew the Punick foe from Italy.
Scipio arriving on our Libya, here
Pitch'd his firſt campe: the ruines yet appeare
Of that old trench; this place of all the reſt
Was firſt by Roman victory poſſeſt.

Curio as if the place were fortunate,
And ſtill retain'd thoſe former Captaines fate.
In war, rejoyc'd, and in this lucky place
Pitch'd his unlucky tents, which did deface
The places Omen: and provok'd fierne foes
With ſtrength unequall; Africk all that owes
Obedience to the Roman Eagles, then
Was under *Varus*, who, (though ſtrong in men
Of Italy) ayde from the Libyan King
Requires, to whom the worlds far regions bring
Their force with *Iuba*; no one King alone
Was maſter of ſuch large dominion;
In length th'extent of his great Kingdomes ground
Gades neighbouring Atlas, and *ioyes* Ammon bound
Neere Thera; but in breadth the torrid zone,
Betwixt the ſea and it, it coaſts upon.
So many people to his army preſſe,
Th'Autolodes, and wandring Nomades:
Getulians hors'd without capariſon:
The Mauritanians of complexion
Like Indians: poore Naſamonians,
Scorcht Garamantes, ſwift Marmaricans:
Maſſylians, that without ſaddles ride,
And with a wand their bridleſſe horſes guide:
Mazacian darts, that Median ſhafts excell;
Thoſe that in empty cottages doe dwell;
African hunters, that all darts refuſe,
And their looſe coates 'gainſt angry Lions uſe.
Nor did the cauſe of civill war alone,
But private anger bring King *Iuba* on.
Curio that yeare, wherein he did deſile
Divine, and human lawes, ſtriv'd to exile
By tribunitiall law from Libya's throne
This King, and bar him his forefathers crowne,
Whilſt he would make thee, Rome, a monarchy.
He mindfull of the wrong thinks this to be

The greateſt gift his ſcepter could beſtow.
This *Iuba's* fame affrighted *Curio*:
Beſides no ſouldiers firme to *Ceſars* ſide
Were in his army, none that had beene tri'd
In Germany; but at Corſinium tane
Falſe to new Lords did to their firſt remaine
Doubtfull, and thought both ſides indifferent were.
But when he ſaw all ſlacke through ſlaviſh feare,
That the night-guards their trenches did forſake,
With a diſtracted ſpirit thus he ſpake:
Daring conceales great feare, Ile firſt aſſay
The fight, and put my ſouldiers in array
While they are mine: doubt growes from reſt alone:
Fight ſhall prevent their conſultation:
When ſwords whet their dire wills, and helmets hide
Their bluſhes, who can then compare the ſide,
Or weigh the cauſe? they favour as they ſtand:
As no old hate does on the ſtage command
Sword-players to meet: they hate by faction.
This ſaid, in open field he leads them on;
Whom the wars fortune, meaning to deceive
After, at firſt does proſperouſly receive.
For *Varus* he defeated, following on
Their flying backs in execution
Even to the campe. When *Iuba* firſt did know
Of this ſad field, and *Varus* overthrow,
Glad that the glory of the vvar did ſtay
For him, by ſtealth he leads his troopes avvay:
And vvithout noiſe (commanding ſilence) goes,
Fearing he ſhould be feared of his foes.
Sabura next in honour to the King
With a ſmall troope is ſent before to bring
Curio on by provocation,
As if the vvar vvere left to him alone:
Himſelfe vvith all his kingdomes ſtrength belovv
Keepes in the valley. The Ichneumon ſo

Provoking by his tailes deceitfull ſhade
Th'Ægyptian Aſpe, does at the laſt invade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The ſerpents throat ſtretch'd out in vaine to meet
A flying ſhade: out the loſt poyſon goes,
And all about the Aſpes jawes vainly flowes.
Fortune aſſiſts this fraud: fierce *Curio*
Deſcrying not the ſtrength of his hid foe,
Injoynes his horſmen all to iſſue out
By night, and rarge the unknowne fields about:
And after them himſelfe by breake of day
With all his Enſignes ſpread marches away,
Much (but in vaine) intreated to ſuſpect
Libyan deceit, and frauds that ſtill infect
The Punick wars: but to his funerall,
Fate gave him up, and civill war did call
Her author on: ore rocks and mountaines high
They march; when on the hill from far they ſpy
The foe: who cunning, ſeemes to fly away
Till he have ſet his battels in array
Vnder the hill: this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conqueror now
Brings forth his troopes into the open plaine;
Then firſt diſcover'd they this guilefull traine:
The ſeeming fled Numidians they eſpy'd
On the hils tops encloſing every ſide:
Curio, and his loſt troopes aſtoniſht quite;
The fearfull could not fly, the valiant fight:
The horſes now not fierce at trumpets ſound
Chaw not their foaming bits, beat not the ground;
Spread not their manes, nor doe their eares advance,
Nor with their wonted ſpright curvet and prance:
Their ſweating ſhoulders fum'd, their tir'd necks hung
And their dry'd mouth thruſt out their weary tongue:
Their breaſts, and throats hoarſe with oft blowing grew:
Their heavie pulſe far their ſpent bowels drew:

The foamings dry and hot grew hard upon
The bloody bits: no ſtrokes could force them on,
Nor often ſpurrings make them mend their ſpeed;
Wounds make them goe: to haſten on the ſteed
Boots not the rider, for the weary horſe
In comming on wants courage, ſtrength and force;
He onely brings his Rider to the foes,
And does his breaſt to all their ſpeares expoſe.
But when the Libyan horſe came courſing nigh,
The ground did ſhake, and clouds of duſt did fly
(As great as Thracian whirlewinds blow about)
Ore the skies cover'd face, and darkneſſe wrought.
But when wars miſerable fate did fall
Vpon the foot, no doubtfull field at all
Was fought: the battell in that time was done
That men could die: for forth they could not run
To make their flight, enclos'd on every ſide.
From far by darts directly throwne they dy'd,
Oblikely neere: nor wounds alone they feele
Orewhelm'd with ſtormes of darts, and weight of ſteele:
Pent up in a ſtraight roome the armi's kept:
Thoſe that for feare neer'ſt to the middle crept,
Amongſt their fellowes ſwords are nor ſecure,
For the forefront not able to endure
The foes aſſault, ſtept back, and ſtraighter made
The Globe: no roome to wield their armes they had:
Their crowded lims are preſt: one armed breaſt
Againſt another driven to death is preſt.
The conquering Mauritanian could not have
So glad a ſpectacle as fortune gave;
He ſaw no bodies fall: no ſtreames of blood;
Kept ſo by crowd upright the bodies ſtood.
Let fortune this newe parentation make
For hated Carthages dire ſpirits ſake:
Let bloody *Hannibal*, and Punick ghoſts
Of this ſad Roman expiation boaſt.

Let not in Libya, gods, a Roman's fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Vs rather for her selfe let Africa
Conquer: his men orethrowne when *Curio* farr,
For the dust lay'd with blood gave leave to see,
Scorning t'out-live such a calamity,
Or hope in flight, he meets his death, to dy
Forward, and valiant by necessity.
What now availes thy place, and troubled bars,
From whence a Tribune to seditious wars
Thou stirr'dst the people, and the Senates right
Betrayd'st, and couldst to civill war incite
The son, and father in law? thy death is wrought
Before these Lords have in Pharsalia fought.
To see that field is not permitted thee.
This satisfaction in your bloods give ye
Great ones to wretched Rome, and pay for war;
Oh happy Rome, and Romans happier far
Would but the gods above as carefull be
To keepe, as to revenge our liberty.
Vnburied *Curio's* noble flesh is food
For Libyan birds: but (since 'twill doe no good
To conceale that, which from times injury
Fame still will vindicate) wee'l give to thee
The praise that to thy life does appertaine.
Rome never nurtur'd a more able man,
Nor one to whom (whilst good) the lawes ow'd more:
But vice then hurt our citie, when the store
Of Wealth, Ambition, Riot had declin'd
To the worst part his yet unsetled mind,
And changed *Curio* the states fate controul'd
Brib'd by the spoyles of France, and *Cæsars* gold.
Though potent *Sylla*, and fierce *Marius*,
Cinna, and *Cæsars* line got rule ore us
By sword: to whom did such power ever fall?
This man sold Rome, the other bought it all.

FINIS Libri quarti.

Annotations

Annotations on the fourth Booke.

(a) *For this conqueſt much availed* Cæſar, *having quieted Spaine hee might ſecurely proſecute the reſt of the war, having debarr'd* Pompey *of thoſe legions on which he muſt relyed, this conqueſt coſt little blood, for* Afranius *and* Petreius *forced by famine yielded to* Cæſar.

(b) Afranius *and* Petreius *with equall power, with mutuall love and care governed five legions for* Pompey *in Spaine, and choſe Herda by the appointment of* Pompey *as a convenient ſeat for the warre.*

(c) *The Celtæ leaving France and paſſing the Pyreneam mountaines ſeated themſelves by the river Iberus, and were called Celtiberi.*

(d) *Cinga falling into Iber loſes his name to Iber, which alſo gives name to all Spaine.*

(e) Afranius *and* Petreius, *when* Cæſars *horſemen had ſtopped their wayes of forraging and ſerching in Corne, and withall frighted, becauſe many cities in that part had revolted to* Cæſar, *and the reſt were like to follow their example, reſolved to transferre the warre into Celtiberia, which remained yet in the friendſhip of* Pompey, *as having received great benefits from him in the Sertorian warre; beſides they ſuppoſed that the fame of* Cæſar *was yet more obſcure among thoſe barbarous people: therefore at the third watch they ſecretly diſlodged, and paſſing over the river Sicoris they marched with ſpeede toward Iberus. When* Cæſar *by his ſcouts underſtood this, and hearing that beyond there were mountainous, ſtyle, and rugged paſſages, which if the enemy ſhould firſt enter, they might with eaſe keepe him backe, and carry the warre into Celtiberia, and thoſe farre countreyes, hee commanded his horſemen with ſpeede to prevent them, and himſelfe marching through devious and rough wayes, arrived firſt at thoſe places, and encamped himſelfe betweene* Afranius *and the river Iberus. The two campes were here ſeverſyed ſo neere to*

each

each other, that the ſouldiers diſtinctly knew each other faces, and talked with their kindred, and ancient acquaintance.

(f) *In this appeared a ſtrange clemencie of* Cæſar, *that after hee had heard the cruelty of* Petreius *towards his ſouldiers, how taking them from their friends company, (that had upon promiſe ſecured them) hee cauſed them to be murthered (as the Poet relates plainly)* Cæſar *notwithſtanding ſeeking out* Petreius *his ſouldierr in his campe, ſpared their lives all, and ſuffered as many of them as would to depart: but many Tribunes, Centurions, and others would not returne, but ſtayed and ſerved after under* Cæſar.

(g) *It was a policie had often beene uſed by barbarous enemies againſt the purſuing armies of the Romanes, to poyſon all their rivers: It was done by* Iugurtha *King of Numidia,* Mithridates *King of Pontus, and* Iuba *King of Mauritania.*

(h) *Theſe two Generalls,* Afranius *and* Petreius, *though they were here pardoned by* Cæſar, *upon promiſe to ſerve no more againſt him, did notwithſtanding afterwards in the African warre follow* Scipio *againſt* Cæſar, *where they were againe overthrowne.* Afranius *was taken priſoner, and by* Cæſars *command was ſlaine.* Petreius *deſpairing of pardon (as is afterwards ſhowne) ſlew himſelfe upon King* Iuba's *ſword.*

(i) *Fortune yet preſumed to doe ſomewhat againſt* Cæſar *in his abſence about Illyrium, for* Dolabella *and* Antonius *commanded by* Cæſar *to poſſeſſe the Straights of the Adriaticke ſea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the other on the Corcyræan ſhore.* Pompey *farre and neere was maſter of the ſeas, whoſe Lieutenants* Octavius *and* Libo *with great ſtrength of ſhipping beſieged* Antonius, *and by famine forced him to yield.* Baſilus *from the other ſhore ſent ſhips to ayde* Antonius, *which were caught by the Pompeians in a ſtrange ſnare, caſting ropes croſſe the ſea under water not to be ſpyed. Two of the ſhips eſcaped,*

and

and got over the ropes, the third which carryed the men of Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opitergians in that place left an example memorable to all posterity; for being scarse a thousand men, they endured from morning to night the assaults of a great Armie round about them, and at last when valour could not possibly release them, rather then yield themselves into their enemies hands, by the exhortation of their Captain Vulteius, *all killd themselves.*

(k) *In Africa also the side of* Cæsar *enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour.* Curio *sent by* Cæsar *to winne Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight* Varus, *was enclosed on the suddaine by the unexpected horsemen and armie of* Iuba *King of Mauritania.* Curio *might have fled when hee saw the day lost, but much ashamed, and scorning to returne to* Cæsar *after the losse of his legions, hee dyed with all his men.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fifth Booke.

The Argument.

Romes flying Senate met at Epire, chose
Great Pompey *Generall, faint* Appius *goes*
To Delphos Oracle to seeke advise,
Which his owne death obscurely signifies.
Cæsar return'd from Spaine with victorie
Quiets his Souldiers dangerous mutinie:
Dictator then, and Consull both at Rome
Hee makes himselfe, sayles from Brundusium
To Greece: but vex'd with Anthony's *delayes,*
In a small Boat himselfe alone assayes
By night the stormie Sea, and crosses ore.
His Legions all met on the Grecian shore
Addresse themselves for triall of the day.
Pompey *to Lesbos sends his wife away.*

THus Fortune kept (mixing her good with ill)
The two (a) war-wounded Generalls equall still
For Macedonia; when with Winter's snow
The Pleiades did Oemus top bestrow:

And

And when the times new-naming day drew neere
Old *Ianus* feast beginner of the yeare;
Then both the Consuls at the utmost date
Of their expiring honour convocate
To Epire the fled fathers; where a plaine
And forraine seat Rome's Nobles did containe:
A borrowed court in forraine land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a campe, where all Romes Fasces were,
And axes borne? The reverend order there
Taught all the people 'twas not *Pompey's* side,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.
Silence possessing the sad Senate than,
From an high seat thus *Lentulus* began:
If you retaine a strength of minde as good
As Roman spirits, and your ancient blood
Befitts; then thinke not in what land you are
As banisht, from surprised Rome how farre:
But know the face of your owne company:
Fathers, that governe all, this first decree,
Which yet all kingdomes, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carry us under the frozen waine
Of *Vrsa major*, or where daies remaine
Æquall in length with nights, the totrid zone,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow us. When Rome by *Gaules* was fir'd,
And that to Vey *Camillus* was retir'd,
There then was Rome; this order never lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Onely of mourning walls possession,
And judgment seates by sad vacation
Shut up, and silenc'd, empty mansions.
That court those fathers onely sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht; of that ranke, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.

We

We that long peacefull, free from guilt have ſtood;
At warres firſt fury vvere diſpers'd abroad:
Now to his place each part returnes againe;
And for the loſſe of Italy and Spaine,
The gods the ſtrength of all the world beſtow.
Th' Illyrian Sea has overwhelm'd one foe:
And Libyan fields does ſlaughtred *Curio*
No little part of *Cæſar's* Senate ſtrow.
Advance your Eagles, follow fate, and grant
The gods your hope: doe not that courage want
In this good fortune, vvhich when firſt you fled,
Your cauſe ſtirr'd up. The yeare has finiſhed
Our power: you fathers, vvhoſe authorities
No time ſhall end, for th' publike good adviſe:
Command great *Pompey* to be Generall;
His name with joyfull cries the Senate all
Receive, impoſing upon *Pompey* ſtraight
His countrey's, and his owne moſt vvretched fate.
Then faithfull Kings, and Nations had their praiſe:
Phœbus ſea-powerfull Rhodes rewarded vvas,
And Spartans rough; praiſ'd were th' Athenians:
(b) *Phocis* made free with her Maſſylians.
Faithfull (c) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (d) *Gatyr*, and (e) *Rhaſipolis*
Of Macedon vvere prays'd; *Iuba* to thee
The Senate gives all Libya by decree;
And (oh ſad fate) ignoble *Ptolomy*,
Worthy of treacherous ſubjects, unto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes ſhame,
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tyrants ſword over thy Nation
Thou tak'ſt, proud boy, would 'twere ore them alone;
Ore (f) *Pompey's* throat it is; thy ſiſters crovvne
Thou tak'ſt, and *Cæſar's* impious action.
The Senate now broke up, the troopes all take
Their armes: the people, and the captaines make

For warres uncertaine preparation.
But (g) *Appius* feares warres doubtfull chance alone
Soliciting the gods th'events to heare,
And *Phœbus* Temple that for many a yeare
Had beene shut up at Delphos, opens he.
Parnassus with two tops reaching the sky
Twixt East, and West æqually distant lyes,
To *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*'s deityes
Sacred: to whom in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wives at Delphos solemnize
Their Trieterickes; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the world was overflowne,
And stood as middle twixt the sea and skie.
One top, Parnassus, then contented thee:
For one alone did above water shew.
Young *Phœbus* there with shafts unused slew
The speckled Python, that in wayt long lay
His banisht mother great with child to slay;
Themis the kingdome then, and *Tripos* held.
But when (h) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
T'inspire oraculous truth, and further findes
The gaping earth exhale prophetick windes:
Downe in that sacred cave himselfe he hides,
And now turn'd Prophet there *Apollo* bides.
Which of the gods lurkes here? what Deitie
Shot downe from heaven vouchsafes to dignifie
This cave? what heavenly god dwells heere belowe,
That does the Fates eternall courses knowe,
And things to come? and telling people sure
Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure?
Whether this powerfull god barely relate
The fates, or his relation makes them fate?
Perchance that spirit, that all the world maintaines,
And the poyz'd earth in emptie ayre sustaines,
Through these Cirrhæan caves does passage get,
Striving with his æthereall part to meet.

This spirit once entered the virgins breast,
Striking her humane soule, sounds forth expresse
With hideous noise, so raging flames combust
Sicilian Ætna's overhead'ned mouthe:
Typhæus so throwes up his stones abroad
Prest with *Inarime's* eternall load.
This god expos'd to all, deny'd to none
Is freed from bearing humane crimes alone.
To him no mast whispers unlawfull prayers;
For he things fast unchangeable declares,
Forbidding men to crush: and graciously
Gives just meand wishings, though whole townes they be;
As once to *Cyre*, he teaches us wars slight,
As to th'Athenians in their navall fight
At Salamine; he cleares, the causes shovne,
Earths barrennesse, and fires infection.
Our age no falsifi'd behaviours more then his
Of Delphos oracle, which silent is
Since kings desir'd to have their fates exprest,
Forbid the gods to speake; nor is the Priest
Of Delphos for the gods long silence sad:
This Oracles cessation makes them glad.
For to that brest, where ere he doe inspire,
Vntimely death is punishment or hire
Of his reception, the fits vnchomdnce
Too much orecomes the strength of humane sense;
And their fraile soules the god's high motion shakes.
Appius, whilst too too neere a search he makes
To know Rooines fate, to thunder'd Tripodes,
And silent dwellers does his steps addresse,
The Priest commanded vpon that dire ill fear,
And for the god a prophetesse to get,
Findes young *Phemonoe*, as she careless roves
'Mongst the Castalian springs, and silent groves,
And makes day breake vpon the temple doores.
To stand in that most hainous place afraid

Thought by a vaine deceipt *Appius* to bring
From his desire of knowing future things.
Why hop'st thou, Roman, truth should here be shownc?
The hill (quoth she) is mute, the god is gone,
Whether the spirit have left these cavernes quite,
And to the worlds faire regions tane his flight:
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* up
Did with the ashes fill this hole, and stop
Great *Phebus* way: or that the gods decree
Make *Cirrha* mute, thinking it prophecie
Enough that *Sibyll's* bookes among you live:
Or *Phebus* wont from out his temple drive
All wicked persons, now no mouth have found
Worthy enough his Oracles to sound.
The mayds deceipt appear'd; her feare imply'd
She falsly had the present gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet tyes her lockes behind
With Delphian bayes; and wreathed garlands bind
Her haire before. The Priest thrusts on the mayd,
Who fearfull still about the entrance stayd,
And durst no neerer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmost roome.
There counterfeiting that she was possessed
She utters from an undisturbed breast
Feign'd words with no confused murmure flowing,
Nor the least signe of divine fury showing.
Her words so deeply could not *Appius* wound
As great *Apollo's* truth; no trembling sound
That broke her speech there was, no voice so shrill
As all the caves capacious throat might fill:
Her lawrell fell not from her frighted haire;
The temple and the wood unshaken were.
These signes betrayd her fearfull to receive
The gods; when angry *Appius* did perceive
That 'twas no oracle, Thou wretch, quoth he,
Both I, and these abused gods will be

Reveng

...s long'd for this, unleſſe thou ſtraight deſcend,
And truly tell what all theſe ſtirs portend
To the affrighted world; with that the maid
Deſcends downe to the Oracle afraid,
And ſtanding ore the vault, the god poſſeſt
With a full ſpirit her unaccuſtom'd breſt.
The rocks ſo many yeeres unwaſted ſpirit
He fills her with, and comming to inherit
A Delphian breaſt, nere fill'd he Propheteſſe
Fuller: her former mind he baniſhes,
And bids all woman from her breſt be gone.
She raging beares in this diſtraction
Not her owne necke, her haire upright throwes downe
The ſacred ornaments, and *Phœbus* crowne:
Her necke turnes wildly round: and downe ſhe throwes
All Tripodes ſhee meets with as ſhe goes.
And with an inward fire ſhe burnes, which ſhewes
Thee, *Phœbus* wrath: nor doſt thou only uſe
Thy pricks, thy flames, and incitations now,
But bridles too, the Propheteſſe ſhall know
More then ſhe muſt reveale; all times are heapt
Vp in one heape, and many ages crept
Into her wretched breaſt; things orders too,
And all contend out into light to goe.
The Fates deſiring utterance ſtrive within:
When the world ends, and when it ſhall begin
The Propheteſſe can tell, and underſtands
The oceans depth, and number of the ſands.
As the Cumæan *Sibyll* in a ſcorne
Her prophecies ſhould ſerve all nations turne,
From the vaſt heape of univerſall Fate,
With a proud hand cull'd out the Roman ſtate.
So now the *Phœbus*-fill'd *Phemonoe*
Strives, obſcure *Appius*, where to find out thee
Mongſt all the Delphian inſpirations:
Then firſt from her mad mouth the foaming runs,

And in the horrid caye were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings and sad groanes.
At last these words fall from the maid orecome:
Great threats of war thou only freed from
Shalt in Eubœa's pleasant valleyes rest.
And there she stopt: *Phœbus* her speech suppresst.
Ye Tripodes keepers of fate, that know
All the world's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whom the gods conceale
No future times, why fear'st thou to reveale
That action, that our Empire's ruine brings,
Great Captaines deaths, and funeralls of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleed?
Have not the gods this mischiefe yet decreed?
Or stay those fates, whilst planets are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our liberties revenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy againe? then the maids breast
Shov'd ope the temple doores, and out she prest.
Her mad fit holds, nor had she all explain'd,
Part of the god within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandring eyes she rowl'd;
Nor does her face one constant posture hold;
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearfull 'pears;
Sometimes a fiery red her count'nance dies;
Sometimes her pallid cheekes anger expresst,
Not feare; nor can her wearied heart find rest;
But as a while after the winds are ceas'd
The Ocean murmurs; so oft sobbings eas'd
The maidens breast. But twixt this inspir'd light,
And her plaine humane understandings sight
A darknesse came; *Phœbus* oblivion sent;
Then from her breast the gods high secrets went,
And divinations to the Tripodes
Return'd againe. But when her fit gan cease

She

She falls. Nor didst thou, beguil'd (i) *Appius*, feare
From doubtfull Oracles thy death so neare;
But in that tottering world with hopes most vaine
Thought quietly Euboea to retaine.
Ah foole what god but death could set thee free
Out of the world's generall calamity,
And war? there shall thy hearse entombed ly,
And so possesse Euboea quietly,
Where th'sea by marble-fam'd Carystos is
Straighten'd, and pride revenging Nemesis
Rhamnus adores; a straighten'd current strong
That channell holds, and Eurypus along
Beares ships by violence, changing oft his tide,
From Chalcis to ill harbouring Aulis side.
By this time *Cæsar* come from conquer'd Spaine
With his victorious Eagles was againe
Marching (k) another way; when fate almost
The prosperous course of this whole war had crost:
For conquer'd in no fight, the generall
In his owne campe gan feare the losse of all
His treason's fruit, those hands that faithfull still
Had serv'd his wars, now glutted with the fill
Of blood, began to quit their generall.
Th'alarmes tragick sounds not heard at all
A while, and cold sheath'd swords their thirst of war
Had cool'd; or else the greedy souldier
Damning for gaine both cause and generall,
Would set his blood-stain'd sword at higher sale.
Cæsar not more in any danger try'd
How tottering and unfirme a prop his pride
Had lean'd upon, and well might stagger, rest
Of all those souldiers hands, and almost left
To his owne swords, he that so many lands
Had drawne to war, knowes now the souldiers hands,
Not his must doe the deed. Their plaints now be
Not dumbe, nor timorous is their mutiny.

That cause, that does suspitious minds restraine,
Whilst each one feares, where he is fear'd againe,
And thinks that he himselfe distasts alone
His rulers tyranny, in this was gone.
Their number to secure their feare is able.
Where all offend, the crime's unpunishable.
They poure out threats; now *Cæsar* let us cease
From wicked war; thou seek'st by land and seas
Swords for these throats, and upon any foe
Wouldst our too cheap-esteemed lives bestow:
Some of us slaine in war in Gallia ly,
In Spaine ly some, and some in Italy;
Ore all the world thy army's slaughtered
While thou orecom'st, what boots our blood that's shed
'Gainst Gaules and Germans in the North so far?
For all thou pay'st us with a civill war.
When Rome we tooke and made the Senate fly,
What spoyles from men or Temples gathered we?
Guilty in swords and hands, all villany
We goe upon; vertuous in poverty
Alone: what end is there of war at all,
Or what can be enough, if Rome too small?
See our gray haires, weake hands, and bloodlesse armes,
Our use of life is gone; in wars alarmes
Our age consum'd; send us now old at least
To chose our deaths, this is our bad request:
Our dying limbs on hard ground not to lay,
Nor strike steele helmets till our dying day:
To seeke some friends to close our eyes in death;
To get our proper Piles, our last to breath
In our wives armes; let sickneſſe end our dayes;
Let's under *Cæsar* find some other wayes
Of death then sword; why hoodwinkt leadst thou us
With a vaine hope on acts portentuous?
As if in civill war we were not able
To know what reason is most profitable?

Our

Our wars have taught him nothing, if not this,
What we can doe; nor is this enterprise
Forbid by law; he was our generall
In th'German wars; here we are fellowes all:
Whom treason foyles, it makes of equall state.
Besides in this unthankfull estimate
Our valour's lost, and whatsoere we doe
Is call'd his fortune; but let *Cæsar* know
We are his fate. Though friended by the gods,
Cæsar is nothing if with us at ods.
This said, about his tent they muster all
With angry lookes seeking their generall.
So let it goe, ye gods, since piety
Forsakes us, and our hopes on vice rely,
Let discord make an end of civill war.
What generall would not such a tumult fear?
But *Cæsar*, that the fates still sudden tries,
And loves through greatest danger t'exercise
His fortunes, comes; nor till their rage abate
Stayes he, but meets the fury of their hate.
Cities, and Temples spoyles to them he nere
Deny'd, though *Iove's* Trapeian house it were,
Senators wives and daughters to deflower.
All villanies would *Cæsar* from his power
Have them aske freely, and wars guerdon love:
And nothing feares, but that his men should prove
Honest. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
That civill war by thine owne souldiers damn'd
Should be allow'd by thee? shall they first be
Weary of blood, and hate impiety, (right?
Whilst thou runn'st headlong on through wrong and
Give ore, and learne to live out of a fight;
Give thy guilt leave to end. Why to these wars
Dost thou enforce unwilling souldiers?
The civill war flies from thee; on the top
Of a turfe mount stands *Cæsar* fearlesse up,

Deserving

Deſerving feare by his undaunted looke;
And thus, as anger prompted him, he ſpoke:
Whom you with hands and lookes did abſent brave
Souldiers, unarm'd, and preſent now you have.
Here ſheath your ſwords, if you would end the warre.
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Faint hearted fooles, and flying ſpirits declares,
Tir'd with their matchleſſe Captaines conquering ſtate.
But goe; leave me to war with mine owne fate:
Theſe weapons will find hands, when I caſhiere
All you, as many men, as ſwords are here,
Will fortune ſend me; ſhall all Italy
In ſuch a fleet with vanisht *Pompey* fly?
And ſhall my conqueſts not bring men to ſhare
The wealthy ſpoyles of this neere finiſht warre,
Reaping the profit of your toyle, and ſo
Vnwounded with my lattell'd chariot goe?
You an old worne, and bloodleſſe company
(Then Rome's Plebeians) ſhall my triumphs ſee.
Can *Ceſars* fortune feele the loſſe of you?
If all the ſtreames, that into th'Ocean flow,
Should threaten to withdraw themſelves, the ſeas
Would by the loſſe of them no more decreaſe
Then now they fill. Thinke you that ſuch as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be?
The gods care never will ſo low deſcend
That fates your deaths or ſafeties ſhould attend;
The fates attend on great mens actions:
Mankind lives for a few; and you, whom once
Spaine fear'd, and all the North, whilſt under me,
If *Pompey* were your generall, would fly,
Whilſt *Labienus* did with *Ceſar* ſtay.
He was a man; now a baſe runaway
Flies with his choſen chiefs ore ſea and land.
Nor ſhall your faith in my opinion ſtand

Better,

Better, though me ye make nor enemy
Nor generall; he that revolts from me,
And does not *Pompey's* faction straight maintaine,
He never will my souldier be againe.
The gods themselves over my campe have care,
And would not venture me in such a warre
Ere I have chang'd my men. A burden maine
Has fortune from my weary shoulders tane;
I may disarme those hands now lawfully,
Whose boundlesse hopes earth could not satisfie.
Out of my campe; Ile for my selfe make warre:
Resigne those Eagles up to souldiers
Base citizens: but those that authors were
Of this sedition punishment shall here
Detaine, not *Cæsar* fall upon the ground,
Yield your disloyall heads and necks to wound;
And you, which now my campes sole strength shall be,
Young souldiers, learne to strike, and learne to die
Viewing their death; the foolish people than
Can tremble at his anger; and one man
Made them all feare, who had it in their hand
To ruine him, as if he could command
The swords themselves, and without souldiers make
His warres; but in this punishment to lacke
Assisting swords he feares: they patient all
Exceed the hope of their fierne generall;
Not onely swords, but throats they offer; he
Feares nought but abatement of their cruelty.
A (*t*) coy'nant dire this quarrell does decide,
With punishment the armie's pacify'd.
In ten dayes march to reach Brundusium
He bids them straight, and call all shipping home,
That on crookt Hidrus, and old Taras then,
Leucas close shores, and the Salapanian fen
Dispersed were, and Sypus, ore which stands
Fruitfull Garganus on Italian lands

Reaching

Reaching the Adriaticke, and there tasts
Dalmatian North, Calabrian Southerne blasts.
Cæsar without his troops goes safe alone
To trembling Rome, now taught to serve a gowne,
And (kind forsooth) yields at the peoples prayer
To be Dictator (*m*) honours highest staire,
And joyfull Calenders, being Consul, made.
For all those words (*n*) then their beginning had,
With which ere since our Emperours we claw.
But *Cæsar*, that his power might want no law,
Falsely the name of Magistrate purlomes,
And to his swords the Roman axes joynes,
Fasces t'his Eagles, and with fitting shame
Signes the sad times; for by what Consuls name
Will the Pharsalian yeare be better knowne?
A feign'd assembly in the field is (*o*) showne;
The people give their suffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th'urnes are held,
The tribes are cited, voices throwne in vaine
Into the urne; th'Augurs deafe remaine
Though loud in thunder, and are forc'd to sweare
That birds auspicious, though sad owles, appeare.
Thence that orick honour'd power her dignitie
First lost, but lest the times unnam'd should be,
Our Calenders doe (*p*) monthly Consuls fill.
That god that dwells on Trojan Alba's hill
Though not deserving (Latium conquer'd) sees
The Consuls solemne nighdy sacrifice.
Cæsar departing thence runnes forward right
Swifter then whelp-robb'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightning ore Apulia, where the field
Vnplowd no corne, but slothfull grasse does yield.
And come to Cretan crooke Brundusium findes
The sea unsailable for dangerous windes,
And the fleet fearfull of cold winters face.
He thinkes it shame thus to delay the space

Of

Of war, and keep the haven, when the sea
Lies ope to men lesse fortunate then he,
And thus perswades his men to try the seas:
The Northerne winds more constantly possesse
Both aire and ocean, when they once begin,
Then those which the unconstant spring brings in.
We have no turnings different shores upon,
Our way's forth right; the North wind serves alone,
Would he would stuffe our sailes, bending our masts,
And force us upon Greece with furious blasts.
Lest *Pompey's* galleyes from Dyrrachium meet
With their swift oares our becalmed fleet.
Then cut the cables that our fleet doe stay,
We lose the stormes, these clouds will passe away.
Now in the sea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
And starres appeard, the Moone her shadowes spread:
The fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out
The sailes at length, which straight they turn'd about.
To the ships length and spread the topsailes too
To lose no gust of wind what ever blow.
When a soft gale had made the sailes to swell,
For a short space, downe to the mast they fell
Againe; that wind that put them from the shore
Was able now to follow them no more.
The seas flat face now all becalmed lies;
Like standing pooles; no waves, no billowes rise.
So bridled is the Euxine sea, whose course
Ister, nor Thracian Bosphorus can force;
The frozen sea less gets those ships no more,
That once it takes; the horses trample ore
Safely where ships have sail'd; the Bessians
Furrow Maeotis frozen backe with waines.
This cruell calme does the sad ocean make
(As if the seas their nature did forsake)
Like standing pooles, the sea observes no more
His ancient course; he had forgot to rore.

No

No tides flow to and fro, nor ſcience the Sun
To dance upon the waters motion:
To many dangers this becalmed fleet
Is ſubject; on one ſide they feare to meet
Pompey's ſwift galleyes; on the other ſide
Detain'd at ſea a famine to abide.
From theſe new feares aroſe a new deſire:
They wiſh the Ocean would collect his ire,
And all the windes would wraſtle, ſo it were
No calme; but no ſuch ſignes, no clouds appeare:
The skies and ſeas conſpire to take away
All hope of this wiſh'd calme; but th'inſuing day
All clouded ore did comfortable prove:
Waves from th'ſeas bottom roſe; hills ſeem'd to move;
The ſhips were borne away, and as they ſwim
The waves in crooked furrowes follow them:
With proſperous windes, and ſoone they reach the land;
And anchor caſt upon Paleſties ſandy ſtrand.

The place, where firſt both generalls camps did pitch
Neere to each other, was that region, which
Swift Genuſus, and gentle Apſus round
Encompaſſe; Apſus, becauſe leſſe profound,
And navigable is the other ſtreame
(Encreaſt by ſnowes, and ſuddaine ſhowres) more
More ſwift; both channells are but ſhort, not farre
From ſea the ſprings of both the ſtreames are:
Here fortune firſt theſe two ſtout heroes brought
Together; the vaſt roaming world had thought
The generalls now ſo farther off removed
This wicked warre would to ſo have diſapproved
Each others face they ſaw, and well might heare
Each others voice; ah *Pompey*, many a yeare
Not neerer did thy once lov'd ſonne in law,
Since that deare pledge the death of Iulia
And her young ſonne, ſee thee; all drain'd with gore
He ſaw thy face on Egypts cuſtod ſhore.

But part of *Cæsar's* (r) forces left behind
Made him protract the battell, though his mind
Were fierce on fight; those bold (s) *Antonius* led,
In civill warres now under *Cæsar* bred
For *Leucas* fight; whom making long delay
With threats, and prayers thus *Cæsar* calls away:
Thou mischiefe of the world, why dost thou waste
The gods, and fates good will? my prosperous hast
Has done all hitherto; fortune from thee
Requires the last hand to this speedily
Successefull war; doe Libya's quicksands lye,
Or her devouring gulfes twixt thee and me,
Have I committed thee to unknowne seas,
Or sent thee on untryed casualties?
Cæsar commands thee not, coward, to goe,
But follow him; my selfe here, where the foe
Encamped lyes, am first arrived now:
Fear'st thou my Campe? we lose what fates bestowe
And to the winds, and seas I bposelesse plaine,
My forward souldiers doe not thou detaine,
That would take any seas, if I judge right,
They'd come through shipwracke under me to fight,
Now I must speake in griefe, the world I see
Is not divided twixt us equally,
In Epire *Cæsar*, and th' whole Senate rests,
Thou art alone of fealy possest,
But having often us'd such words as those,
They still delaying, *Cæsar* gan suppose
The gods not favouring unto him, but he
To them? and rashly did resolve to the
By night those seas, which they for feare forbore
Although commanded, finding evermore
Bold actions thrive, and hopes in (t) shall bore
T'orecome those warres whole injuries vow'd
Now weary night were to reforme were did end
Poore men under rest, when sleepe alone would lend

Their

Their breasts sound sleepe; the campe all silent proov'd,
When the third houre the second watch had moov'd.
With carefull steps through this vast silence then
Cæsar, what not the meanest of his men
Would doe, entends; leaves all, and goes alone
With none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, he finds
All fast asleepe, complaining in his minde
That he could passe; but at the water side
Hee found a Boat with a small cable ty'd
Fast to a rocke: the man that ow'd, and kept
This Boat, not far from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of no timber trees,
But woven reeds, and barren bulrushes
Built up: a boat's turn'd bottome did suffice
To fence his wall. There *Cæsar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand, that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bed of sedge *Amyclas* wak'd.
What shipwracke man, quoth he, knocks there, or whom
Has fortune driven to my poore house to come
For shelter? speaking thus he rose from bed,
And his fir'd match with better fuell fed;
Secure from fear of warre; such houses are
(Full well he knowes) no spoyle for civill war.
Oh safe blest poore mans life, oh gift of all
The gods, not yet well knowne: what Citie, wall,
What temple had not fear'd at *Cæsar's* stroke?
But when the doore was ope, thus *Cæsar* spoke:
Enlarge thy hopes, poore man, expect to have
More wealth from me then modesty can crave:
Only transport me to th' Italian shore,
This trade of living thou shalt need no more,
No more shalt labour thy poore age sustaine,
Yeeld to thy fates, a god is come to raine
Downe showres of wealth thy little house upon.
Thus *Cæsar*, though disguis'd, forgets the one

Of private men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) disswade
My minde from trusting of the Seas to night.
The Sunne set pale, his beames dispers'd, whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimly shin'd,
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
With dulled hornes did the pale Moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part she had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First red betokning windes, then pale she was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmure of the woods,
The Dolphins playing up and downe the floods
With course uncertaine I mislike, no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skies with lofty flying;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Dives downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To use my skill I will not be afraid;
Either the winds, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This said, loosing his vessell he puts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not onely th'usuall falling starres did make
In the darke ayre a long and fiery tracke,
But even those starres, which make their fixt abode
In th'highest Sphæres, did seeme to shake and nod.
The Seas blacke-face a terrour does diffuse,
The threatning waves in trackes voluminous
Rolls up; the Seas by blasts uncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception.
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the Sea teemes withall: as yet

Vncertaine tis what vvind rough East or West
Shall come; the Barke's on every side distrest
With severall vvaves, the clouds and skies expresse
The Southwinds rage: the murmure of the seas
The Northwestwind: in such a storme to shore
Not safe, nor shipvvracke can vve ere get ore,
No course but one of safetie does remaine,
Hopelesse to steere our courses backe againe.
Let's set our danger'd Barke a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeeld to him; Contemne, quoth he, the threat
Of raging seas, spread sayles, and if the skie
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee; the just cause why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st:
Him whom the gods never forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it injury to come
After his wish, breake through the waves; alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skies,
Not of our barke: this barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect; nor long shall this
Storme last: but happy for the Ocean tis
This barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Nor thinke upon Epire's adjoyning land;
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arrive,
Since no land else to me can safetie give.
Alas thou knowest not why these terrours rise;
In all these tumults of the seas and skies
Does fortune strive to pleasure me. No more
He spoke; when straight a furious whirlwind tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flung
The sailes, that on the trembling Mainemast hung.
The joyne-dissolved vessell sounds, when loe
Winds full of danger from all quarters blow:

Firſt from th'Atlanticke Ocean *Caurus* blowes
Rowling the waves, and raiſed billowes throwes
With violence againſt the rockes amaine:
Him *Boreas* meets, and turnes them backe againe;
The ſea ſtands doubtfull to what winde to yield;
But Scythian *Boreas* fury winnes the field:
But though high waves he from the bottome reare,
Yet to the ſhore thoſe waves he cannot beare;
They meet with thoſe that *Caurus* brings, and breake.
The ſeas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meet themſelves. Nor muſt you now ſurmiſe
Eurus is ſtill, or ſhowre-blacke *Notus* lies
Impriſond cloſe in *Æol's* rocky cave.
They from their ſeverall quarters ruſh to ſave
With furious blaſts their lands from being drown'd,
And keep the ſea within his proper bound.
For oft (they ſay) ſmall ſeas by violent winde
Have beene tranſported: ſo th'Ægæan joyn'd
With the Tyrrhene: ſo with th'Ionian
The Adriatick met. How oft in vaine
That day the ſea ſeem'd mountaines tops t'oreflow,
And yielding earth that deluge t'undergoe.
But ſuch high waves on no ſhore raiſed be,
But from the worlds far part, and the maine ſea
They rowle; the earth embracing waters bring
Their monſtrous waves, ſo when the heavens high king
Helpd his fir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To *Neptunes* kingdome, when the ſea confounded
All lands, and *Tethys* by no ſhore was bounded,
Contented with no limit but the ſkies.
Then alſo would thoſe ſwelling ſeas ariſe
Vp to the ſtarres, had not great *Ioves* kept downe
Their waves with clouds, nor ſprung that night alone.
From naturall cauſes, the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the dampes of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy ſtormes, waves from the maine
Fly to the clouds, and fall like ſhowres againe.
The lightnings light is loſt; it ſhines not cleare,
But ſhoots obſcurely through nights ſtormy aire.
The heavens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Reſounded, when his hinges moved were.
Nature then fear'd the old confuſion:
The elementall concord ſeem'd undone;
And night, that mixt th'æthereall deities
With the infernall, ſeem'd againe to riſe;
Their hope of ſafety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not periſht yet.
As farre as you from Leucas top may ſee
The quiet ſea, ſo farre could they deſcry
From waves high tops the troubled Ocean;
But when the ſwelling billowes fall againe,
The main-maſt top ſcarſe above water ſtands:
The topſailes touch the clouds, the keele the ſands.
For ground is ſeene from whence the ſeas ariſe
In hills; in waves the ſeas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the maſter does not know
Which wave to breake, which wave to yield unto.
But the ſeas diſcord onely ayds them now;
The barke one billow cannot overthrow
Let by anothers force, which ſtill ſuſteines
The yielding ſide; the barke uptight mainteines
Her courſe, ſupported by all winds, no more
Low Saſons gulfes, Theſſalia's crooked ſhore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear'd,
But ore the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billowes; *Cæſar* thinks it now to be
A danger worthy of his deſtinie;
Are the Gods troubled ſo to ruine me,
Whom ſitting here in a ſmall barke (quoth he)
They have aſſaulted with a ſtorme ſo lowd?
If on the ſeas, not warres, they have beſtow'd

The glory of my death, fearleſſe I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doome:
Though this too haſty fate great acts breake off,
I have already done things great enough;
The Northern nations I have tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes; Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honour ſtaid
From me in war, the people fore'd have paid,
All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the ſhades below
I both Romes Conſul, and Dictator goe)
I dy a private death, ô gods I crave
No funerall; let the ſeas inmoſt wave
Keepe my torne carkaſſe; let me want a tombe,
And funerall pile, whilſt looke for ſtill to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd.
Thus having ſpoke (moſt ſtrange) the tenth wave rear'd
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes top
Did ſhe fall downe, kept by the water up,
Till on the rocky ſhore ſhe ſtood at laſt.
His fortune, and ſo many kingdomes (caſt
On ſhore) and townes againe he did receive.
Cæſars returne next morne could not deceive
His ſouldiers ſo, as his ſtolne flight had done;
About their generall flock they every one
Aſſaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accuſations;
Whither did thy raſh valour carry thee
Too cruell *Cæſar*? to what deſtiny
Didſt thou leave us poore ſoules, venturing upon
Th'unwilling ſeas, and ſtormes thy ſelfe alone?
In thee to ſeeke for death was cruelty,
When all the world eſteemes thy head ſo high,
And on thy life ſo many lives of ours
Depend; did none of us deſerve t'have power

Not to ſurvive thee? ſleepe did his deſtaine,
While thou wert toſt upon the watry maine.
Was this the cauſe thou went'ſt to Italy?
(Alaſſe it ſhames us) it was cruelty
To venture any man on ſuch a ſea;
For the laſt act of things ſuch hazards be.
Why doſt thou tire the gods ſo much to goe,
And venture the worlds greateſt Captaine ſo,
From fortunes worke, and favour thus? have ſent
Thee ſafe a ſhore to us, be confident
Of the wars iſſue. This uſe doſt thou make
Of the gods favour to eſcape a wrack,
Rather then gaine the worlds ſole ſovraignty?
Thus while they talke, night paſt, the Sun they ſee,
And a cleare day: his waves the tired maine
(By the winds leave) compos'd, and ſmooth'd againe.
The Captaines alſo on th'Italian ſide
When the tir'd Ocean free from waves they ſpy'd
By the pure Northwinds riſing, thence convay'd
Their ſhips, which their skill'd Marriners had ſtay'd
So long for feare while winds auſpicious fail'd,
Like a land army their joyn'd navy ſail'd
On the broad ſea; but the chang'd winds by night
Fill'd not their ſailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in winter Strymon's cold forſake
To drinke warme Nile, and in their firſt flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
When their ſpread wings are by the violent ſtormes
Of ſtrong South-winds aſſailed, by and by
In a confuſed globe all mingled fly:
The letter's loſt in their diſtranked wings.
But the next morne when riſing Titan brings
A ſtronger wind to drive the navie ore,
They paſſe the vaine-attempted Liſſus ſhore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds, that blove,
The haven on them (the Northwinds fled) bellowe.

When

VVhen *Cæsars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne so neere
To his owne campe, he thinkes best to provide
For his wives safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee, faire *Cornelia*, from the noise of war.
Alas in just and noble minds how far
Prevailes true love? true love alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke.
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yields to sweet delayes; from fate steales time.
But when th'approaching morne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
Clasping, from her averted husband seeks
A loving kisse, wondring to feele his cheeks
Moistned with teares, the hidden cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: Oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That sad day's come which too too much have we,
Yet not enough differ'd. *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not intreat me sweet; I have deny'd
It to my selfe; nor absent long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be;
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy love deceives me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
With thee (this war begun) and from mine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* cattle
Sad with no losse to fields a rest were stirred.

Nor ſhall thy husbands fortune altogether
Oppreſſe thee farre remov'd ſafer then either
People or king. And ſhould the gods contrive
My death, let *Pompey's* better part ſurvive,
And a place be, whither I may deſire,
If fate and *Cæſar* vanquiſh, to retire.
Her weakneſſe could not ſuch great griefe containe,
Her ſenſes fled, ſhe did amaz'd remaine.
At length when ſad complaints theſe words could frame,
My Lord, quoth ſhe, I have no cauſe to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods above:
No death, no funerall divides our love:
Wee part the common, and Plebeian way,
For feare of war *Cornelia* muſt not ſtay.
Let's be divorc'd to gratifie the foe,
Since hee's at hand. *Pompey* eſteem'ſt thou ſo
My faith, or think'ſt thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Depend not we
Vpon one chance? canſt cruell thou command
Thy abſent wife this ruines ſhocke to ſtand?
Or think'ſt thou it a happy ſtate for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull ſtand) to dye
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till ſad fame the newes can ſend
So far, I ſhall be forced to ſurvive.
Beſides thou will accuſtome me to grieve,
And beare ſo great a ſorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confeſſe) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I laſt of all the happy newes ſhall know.
I on the rocks, when thou art conquerer,
Shall carefull ſit, and even that ſhip ſhall feare,
That brings the happy newes: nor will my feare
Have end, ſo ſoone as I thy conqueſt heare;
So far remov'd from thee, that *Cæſar* may
(Though flying) ſeize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My

My baniſhment will Lesbos ſhore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompeys* wife abides. My laſt requeſt
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought reſt
To ſave thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather then that turne thy unhappy way.
Vpon my ſhore thou wilt be ſurely ſought.
This ſaid, from bed ſhe leapt with griefe diſtraught,
Her woes with no delayes to interlace;
Nor could ſhe then her Lords ſad breaſt embrace,
Nor hang about his neck; the laſt fruit's gone
Of ſo long love: their griefes they haſten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To ſay farewell. Never ſo ſad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their minds by cuſtome hardned could compoſe.
She fainting falls, and in her ſervants hands
Lifted is borne to ſea; but on the ſands
Shee falls, as if that ſhore ſhe faine would keepe,
At laſt perforce ſhe's carry'd to the ſhip.
From her deare country's ſhore not ſo diſtreſt,
Fled ſhe, when *Cæſar* Italy poſſeſt.
With *Pompey* then ſhe went: now all alone
VVanting that guide, ſhe from her Lord is gone.
Sleepleſſe ſhe ſpent in her now widdow'd bed
Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
That ſide that naked us'd not to be left,
Is of a husbands company bereft.
Oft would ſhe, when her ſleepy armes ſhe ſpread,
VVith hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her flight ſhe would forget;
For, though loves flame fed on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed ſhe would not tumbling ſpread,
Fearing to miſſe her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not ſo well ordaine,
The howr's at hand that brings her Lord againe.

FINIS *Libri quarti.* Annotations

Annotations on the fift Booke.

(a) Pompey's *losses, as wee saw before in the 2, 3, and 4, Bookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driven from thence; Massilia sacke: all Spaine lost, together with his army under the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petreius. Cæsars *losses a cohort of Opitergians, which killed themselves on the Illyrian sea with their Captaine* Vulteius, *and* Curio *killed by king* Iuba.

(b) *Phocis was then made free aswell as Massilia her colony, which* Cæsar *besieged.*

(c) Deiotarus *king of Galatia brought to the army of* Pompey *fiue hundred horsemen.*

(d) Cotys *king of Thracia sent to the Army fiue hundred horsmen under the conduct of his son* Sadalis.

(e) Rhasipolis *brought from Macedonia two hundred horsmen.*

(f) Ptolemy *defeated his Sister* Cleopatra *of her shaire in the kingdome, and in killing* Pompey, *saued* Cæsar *the doing of that impious act.*

(g) Appius *the Gouernour of Achaia desirous to know the event of the ciuill war, compelled the chiefe Priest of Delphos to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time beene vsed.*

(h) *In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a wind, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury, so that they instantly prophesied of things to come.*

(i) Appius *thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that countrey which lyeth betweene Rhamnus, and Carystes called Cela Eubœa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he dyed of a disease, and was there buried, and so possessed quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.*

(k) Cæsar

(k) Cæsar *was now returned to Placentia from Spaine, where hee had conquered* Afranius *and* Petreius *two of* Pompey's *Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Epire and Macedonia against* Pompey; *in the meane time this mutiny happened.*

(l) Cæsar *cashiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers received them againe, but not without taking punishment of the chiefe mutiniers.*

(m) Cæsar *made himselfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Consul; but eleven dayes after hee left his Dictatorship, having made himselfe and* Publius Servilius *Consuls.*

(n) *Then beganne all those names of flattery, which they afterwards used to their Emperours, as* Divus, *Ever* Augustus, *Father of his Country, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.*

(o) *After all government was in the hands of* Cæsar *alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of* Mars, *the tribes were cited, but were not admitted distinctly; and in the true forme to give their suffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom hee would have Consul, or else designed him, and chose him himselfe; their Augury also was abused, and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.*

(p) *Under the Emperors Consuls were oft chosen for halfe a yeare for 1. 2. or 3 moneths.*

(q) *Pompey was then in Candavia, but when hee heard that* Cæsar *was come, and was possest of Oricum, and Apollonia, hee hasted to Dyrachium.* Cæsar *pitched his tents at one side of the river Apsus, and* Pompey *at the other.*

(r) Cæsar

(r) Cæsar *having landed his men the same night sent backe the ships to Brundusium for* Antonius *to transport the rest of his Legions, and his horsemen, whose slow comming made* Cæsar *deferre the fight.*

(s) *This* Marcus Antonius *after the death of* Iulius Cæsar *had warre with* Augustus, *by whom hee was vanquished in a sea fight neere Leucas.*

(t) *When part of the army for want of ships stayd at Brundusium, under* Antonius, Gabinius, *and* Galenus, Cæsar *impatient of delay resolved to goe himselfe as a messenger to call them in a stormy night, and a little vessel, some say a boat that would beare twelve oares; but unknowne to all his army hee past in a disguised habit through all the courts of guard, and went to sea.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Sixth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar inclosing Pompey *with a fence,*
And trenches of a vast circumference,
Endures a famine, Pompey *pestilence,*
Who breaking through escapes a conquerer thence.
Brave Scæva's valour, and admired fight.
Into Thessalia Cæsar takes his flight;
Great Pompey *followes: the description,*
And Poets tales, that Thessaly renowme.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus *goes*
This fatall warres sad issue to disclose:
She quickens a dead carcasse, which relates
To Sextus *eare, his, and his fathers fates,*
And craving then deaths freedome to obtaine
Is by a magicke spell dissolv'd againe.

WHen on neere (*a*) hills both Generalls fierce (*b*) of fight
Had pitcht their tents, and drawn their troops in sight
And the gods saw their match: *Cæsar* in Greece
Scornes to take townes, or owe the Destinies

For

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sad house, that to a triall drawes
This warres maine chance, he wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hills his battaile hee array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that he would never wanting be
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
No provocations could his son in law
(Who close intrenched lay) to battaile draw,
From thence (c) he marchd by woody passages,
And close to take Dyrrachiums fortresses.
Thither a neerer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore, and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No humane labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though more so lofty) fade
By force of warre, or eating time oretaken.
A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
Her site, and nature give, the sea profound,
And steep wave-breaking rockes inclose it round;
But for one little hill on Iland's sweere:
Ship-threatning rockes sustaine the walls, and there
Th'Ionian sea rais'd by the South winds blasts
Her temples shakes, and from by foamings casts
Ore houses tops. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiv'd (d) a cruell hope, spreading his men
Round on the hills from every side t'inclose
With joyned trenches his unwary foes;
And all the ground surveying with his eye
Is not contene alone to fortifie
His works with brittle earth, but weighty stone
From quarries digs, vast rocks, houses torne downe,
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
Able the ramm's assaulting violence,

And

And all warres furious engines to withſtand;
Hills levell'd, valleys rais'd make even land
In *Cæſars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd,
And towred Caſtles on the hills diſpos'd.
With a vaſt circuite he takes in the ground,
About the paſtures, woods, and ſhelters round
As't were for Deere, ſpreading a wide-ſtretch'd toyle.
Pompey no roome, nor paſture wants; for while
He thus enclos'd by *Cæſars* trenches is,
He remooves campes; (ſo many rivers riſe,
And their whole courſe within this circuit run)
And *Cæſar*, tir'd going to looke upon
His workes, makes often ſtayes. Let ancient tales
To the gods worke adſcribe the Trojan walls;
Let flying Parthians ſtill admire alone
The brittle earth-built walls of Babylon,
As far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
As the Aſſyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the Eaſt, a ſudden worke of warre
Encloſes heere. Leſt thoſe great labours are.
So many hands would to Abydos put
Seſtos: fill up the Helleſpont: and cut
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the ſeas
Take long Males for the Sailers eaſe:
Or mend ſome part (though Nature ſhould deny)
Of the worlds ſtructure. Here warres quarters lye:
Here feeds that blood that in all lands muſt flow,
The Libyan, and Theſſalian overthrow.
Warres civill fury boyles kept ſtraitly in.
The works firſt ſtructure *Pompey* had not ſeene.
As who in middſt of Sicily ſafe dwell,
When rough Pelorus barkes, can never tell:
As Northren Britaines cannot heare the rore
Of flowing ſeas againſt the Kentiſh ſhore.
But when himſelfe begirt ſo far he knew
By a vaſt trench, he from ſafe Petra drew

His troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so
To keepe the rankes of his besieging foe
More thin: and tooke of the inclosed ground
As much in length, as is true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th'Aricinian wood,
Where Scythian Dians ador'd image stood:
As farre as Tybers streame from Romes walls ends
By straight accounts, not as the river bends.
No Trumpets sound: piles uncommanded flye:
Mischiefes oft done as they their javelins trv.
Both chiefes are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture fields are bare;
The ground he had, by horse oretrampled was,
Whose horny hooses trode downe the springing grasse.
The war-like steed weary'd in those bar'd fields,
When the full racke provinder farre brought yields,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, faild by his trembling thighes.
Their bodies wait by dire consumption;
The unstirr'd ayre drawes moyst contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud; such breath
Nasis exhales from her duke caves beneath;
Such poison'd ayre, where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the Army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
With costiveneese torments the bowels aking:
Dries their discolour'd skin: their blood-swolne eyes
Doe breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heavy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne:
Twixt life and death the sickeneese has no roome;
But death doth with the first faint symptomes come.
By Carcasses, which all unburied lye,
Among the living growes mortality.
Twas all the Souldiers burial to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last

By

By blaſts of ſtrong aire-ſtirring Northern winde,
Ships fraught with Corne, the ſhore and ſea behinde.
But *Cæſar* free vpon the ſpacious hills,
No peſtilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if ſtraight beſeig'd) a famine ſtrong
Is forc'd to ſuffer: corne as yet not ſprong
To the full height: his wretched men he ſees
Fall to beaſts food, eate graſſe and rob the trees
Of leaves, and tender twigs: and vent'ring more,
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they tore.
What ever they could bite, ſoften with heat,
Or through their wounded palats downe could get,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, beſidg'd (*c*) their full fed foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
He ſeekes not th' obſcure time of dusky night,
Scorning to ſteale a paſſage free from fight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts, and paſſe, where ruine leades him on,
Through ſwords and ſlaughter to enforce his way.
That part of the neere trench moſt fitly lay
Minutius caſtle call'd; trees thickly ſet
Making a groue obſcure oreſhadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no duſt betray'd
He led, and ſuddenly the walls aſſay'd.
So many Roman Eagles gliſter round
The field at once, ſo many trumpets ſound,
That now to ſwords the victory nought owes:
Feare had diſcomfited th' aſtoniſht foes.
Yet (wherein valour only could be ſhow'd)
That ground, where firſt they ſtood, they dying ſtrow'd.
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to ſlay:
Whole ſhowers of Piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vp in pitchy ſtuffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the ſhaken turrets bow,

Threatning a fall, the batt'red bulwarks grone
Beat by the rammes impetous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Roman liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strength of *Cæsar* could surprise,
One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
Denying *pompey's* conquest, whilest he weares
A sword and liues: His name was *Scæua*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That serv'd in Gallia: then Centurion,
By blood promoted, to all mischiefe prone,
And one that knew not in a civill war
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
He when he saw his fellowes leaving fight,
And seeking out safe places for their flight,
Whither (quoth he) base slaues, and beasts, does feare
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Cæsar* beare)
Driue you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to be found
Among the heape of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (me thinks) should make you fight alone.
We are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; let this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Cæsars* sight: but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your brests and throats vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust far off is seene, this ruines crake
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
We conquer, fellowes; *Cæsar* straight appeares
To challenge (though we dye) this fort; his voice
More then th'alarums first inciting noise
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers ran

To ſee if valour diſadvantag'd ſo,
Surpris'd by place and number could beſtow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, firſt throwes dead bodies downe
From the full towre to overwhelme the foes.
The poſts, the walls, ſlaughter it ſelfe beſtowes
Weapons on him, threatning himſelfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thruſt off from the wall
The breſts of skaling foes with poles and ſtakes,
And with his ſword cuts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarks top; and with vaſt ſtones
Paſhes their heads in pieces, breakes their bones,
And daſhes out their weakly-fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face he raines
Pitch fir'd, the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd up carcaſſes gan riſe
To equall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the midſt of *Pompey's* armed men
Sceva leaps downe from thence, as Libbards fierce
Breake thorow the beſetting huntſ-mens ſpeares.
Then *Sceva* wedg'd in round, and by th'whole warre
Inclos'd, yet where he ſtrikes is conquerer.
His ſwords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; nor does it pierce, but bruiſe his foes,
His ſword has loſt the uſe, and without wound
It breakes mens limbes. The foes incircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and javelins rightly fall:
There fortune a ſtrange match beholds, one man
'Gainſt a whole warre. His ſtrong ſhield ſounded than
With often ſtrokes: his broken helmet beat
Downe to his temples, wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing elſe protects his vitall parts
But th'outſide of his fleſh ſtucke full of darts.
Why with light darts and arrowes doe you ſtrive
(Vaine fooles) ſuch wounds, as cannot kill, to give?

Let the Phalaricke ſtrong her wild-fire throw,
Or maſſy walls of ſtone 'gainſt ſuch a foe:
Let batt'ring rammes, and wars vaſt engins all
Remove him thence: he ſtands for *Cæſars* wall
'Gainſt *Pompey's* courſe. His breſt no armes now hide,
Scorning to uſe a ſhield, leſt his left ſide
Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to live
By his owne fault, what wounds the war can give
He takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts upon his breſt, now wearyed ſtood
Chuſing what foe to fall on; ſo at ſea
Doe whales, and monſtrous beaſts of Libya,
So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round all ſhafts from his thick skin
Beats back, and breaks: or moving it ſhakes off
The ſticking darts (his bowells ſafe enough)
And through thoſe wounds no bloud he loſes; ſo
So many ſhafts and darts cannot beſtow
One death. At laſt a Cretan bow let flie
A ſure Gortyan ſhaft: in the left eye
Of *Sceva* ſtuck the ſhaft; he voyd of feares,
The ligaments, and optick ſinewes teares,
That th'arrowes forked iron head did ſtay,
And kickt the ſhaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Libyan looped javelin pierce
The ſide of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, ſhe wheeles her ſelfe about,
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which ſtill turnes with her, *Sceva's* lookes now bore
No fierceneſſe, all his face deform'd with gore.
A ſhout that reacht the skie, the Conquerers raiſe;
So little bloud (though drawne from *Cæſars* face)
Could not have joy'd them more. But *Sceva* now
In his great heart ſuppreſſing this deep woe,
With a mild looke that did no valour ſhow,
Hold Countrey men (quoth he) forbeare me now;

Wounds

Wounds further not my death, nor now need I
Moe weapons in, but theſe pull'd out to dy.
Into the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
Do't for your generals ſake, let *Scæva* be
Rather th'example now of *Cæſar* left,
Then of a noble death. *Aulus* beleeft
Theſe feigned words of his unhappily:
And did not the ſwords point againſt him ſee;
But as to ſeize him, and his armes he ventures,
His throat the lightning ſword of *Scæva* enters.
His valour then by this one's death renew'd
Wax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæva* ſubdu'd,
Thus let him rue (quoth he) if from this ſteele
Pompey ſeek peace, let him to *Cæſar* kneele.
Thought you me like your ſelves, fearefull, and baſe?
You love not *Pompey*, and the Senates cauſe,
As I love death. With that the duſt rais'd high
Gave them all notice *Cæſars* troopes were nigh,
And from wars ſhame did the Pompeians free,
Leſt a whole troope ſhould have beene thought to flee
From *Scæva* onely. When the fight was done
He fell, and dy'd; for fight (when blood was gone)
Lent ſtrength. His friends taking him, as he falls,
Vpon their ſhoulders to his funeralls,
Are proud to beare him, and that breaſt adore,
As if ſome ſacred deity it bore,
Or valours glorious image there did live.
Then all from his transfixed members ſtrive
To pluck the Piles: and therewithall they dreſt
The gods themſelves: on *Mars* his naked breaſt,
Scæva, they put thy armes. How great indeed
Had beene thine honour, if thoſe men that fled;
Had beene the warlike Celteberians.
Germans long arm'd, or ſhort Cantabrians.
No triumphs now; no ſpoyles of this ſad war
Can decke the temple of the thunderer.

With how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* ly immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulse, no more then th'Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by strong Eastерne blast
'Gainst the repelling rocks, but eates at last
The rocks hard side, making, though late, a way
Assaulting then (*f*) the fort that neerest lay
To th'sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spread his men over the fields a far,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus swells above the bound
Of his safe banks, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill of water, yield: that it orerunne,
Opening t'it selfe unknowne dominions.
Some owners must of force their lands foregoe,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice from the fight:
The dust now lay'd, he sees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fury stirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsars* losse should sleepe.
Resolving (though to his owne losse) to goe
On, and disturbe the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who descries
Assoone his comming, as the sayler spies
Th'approach of a Circæan storme, and takes
Downe all his sailes, when once the maine mast shakes.
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To stand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) first trenches works *Cæsar* was gone,
When *Pompey* from the hills above sent downe
All his whole troops upon th'enclosed foe.
Th'inhabitants neere Ætna feare not so

Encela-

Enceladus, when the fierce Southwind blows,
And Ætna from her fiery cavernes throws
Her ſcalding entrailes forth: as *Cæſars* men
By the rais'd duſt orecome ere they begin
To fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
Flying they meet their foes; terrour does beare
Them to their fate. Then might have beene let out
The civill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
Pompey himſelfe their furious ſwords reſtrain'd,
Oh happy, Rome, ſtill free hadſt thou remain'd
With all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd; tis, and ſtill ſhall be
Cæſar, our griefe, thy worſt of wicked deeds
(To fight with a good ſon in law) ſucceeds.
Oh luckleſſe fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
Spaine had not wept, Africk for *Vtica*;
Nor had Nile borne, her ſtreame diſcolouring,
A carkaſſe (*h*) nobler then th' Ægyptian King;
Nor *Iuba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan ſands had dy'd,
Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacifi'd
Carthage dire ghoſts; nor mens ſociety
Had loſt good *Cato*. That day, Rome to thee
Had beene the laſt of ills; *Pharſalias* day
In midſt of fate had vaniſhed away.
Cæſar this ill poſſeſſed place forſakes,
And with his mangled (*k*) troops t' Æmathia makes.
Pompey purſues his flying father in law.
Whom from that purpoſe his friends ſtrive to draw,
Perſwading him to turne to Italy
Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
Will I like *Cæſar* to my countrey come,
Nor never more unleſſe with peace, ſhall Rome
See my returne. In Italy I could
Have ſtay'd at the beginning, if I would
Before Romes temples this ſad war have brought,
And in the midſt o'th market place have fought.

To draw the war from home, to th'torrid zone,
Or Scythiaes fartheſt cold I would be gone,
Shall I a conquerour now rob Rome of reſt,
Who fled, leſt ſhe ſhould be with war oppreſt?
Let *Cæſar* thinke Rome his, rather then ſhe
Should ſuffer from this war. Then Eaſterly
He turnes his courſe, paths devious marching over,
Where regions vaſt Candavia does diſcover,
And to Theſſalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordain'd. Theſſalia bounded is
By the hill Oſſa on the Northeaſt ſide;
Pelio, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His ſhade oppoſes 'gainſt *Sols* riſing rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The ſcorching Lyons heat; Pindus his hight
Keepes off the Weſterne winds, and haſtens night
By hiding the Suns ſet; thoſe men nere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwinds rage, nor all night long can ſee
The ſhining of the Beare. The fields, that lye
A vale betwixt thoſe hills, were heretofore
A ſtanding poole with water cover'd ore.
The fields kept in the rivers; Tempe then
Had no vent to the ſea: to fill the fen
Was all the rivers courſe. But when of yore
Alcides Oſſa from *Olimpus* tore,
And Peneus ſuddenly the ſea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had ſtill
Beene better under water) firſt was ſhowne;
And *Phylace*, that landed firſt upon
The Troian ſhore her ſhip; and *Dorion*
For the nine Muſes anger woe-begone;
Pteloes, and *Trachis*, *Melibœa* proud
Of great *Alcides* ſhafts on her beſtow'd,
Baſe hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Over the once renowned Argos plow:

Lariſſa

Lariſſa potent once: and where old tales
Deſcribe the Echionian Theban walls;
Thither *Agave* baniſht, there the head,
And necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
Griev'd ſhe had torne no moe lims from her ſon.
The fens thus broke in many rivers run.
On the Weſt ſide into th'Ionian ſea
Cleare, but ſmall, Æas runs: as ſmall as he
Runs the Ægyptian Iſis fathers flood:
And Acheloüs, whoſe thicke ſtreame with mud
Soiles the Echinades: Euenus ore
Meleagers Calydon ſtain'd with the gore
Of Neſſus runs: Sperchios ſwiftly ſlides
Into the Maliacke ſea, whoſe channell glides
Purely along Amphryſus paſture fields,
Where *Phœbus* ſerv'd: Anauros, that nere yields
Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation:
And what ere river by it ſelfe not knowne
To th'ſea, his waves on Peneus beſtowes:
Apidanos in a ſwift torrent flowes:
Enipeus never ſwift unleſſe combin'd:
Melas: and Phœnix with Aſopus joyn'd;
Alone his ſtreame pure Titareſus keepes,
Though in a different-named flood he creepes:
And uſing Peneus as his ground, he flowes
Above: from Styx (they ſay) this river roſe:
Who (mindfull of his ſpring) ſcornes with baſe floods
To mixe, but keepes the reverence of the gods.
When firſt, theſe rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
Fat furrowes the Bœbician plowſhares rear'd:
Th'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
Her fertile breaſt; the skill'd Magnetians
In horſmanſhip: the ſea fam'd Minyans.
In Pelethronian dens t'Ixion there
A fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wild Centaures beare:

Thee,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
Breake hardest rocks: and furious, *Rhecus*, thee,
That up by th'rootes could strong wild ashes teare
On Oeta's mount, which *Boreas* blasts would beare;
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Ravishing *Nessus* on the river slaine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'invade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:

Fierce wars first seeds did from his country grow;
Here the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident stroke;
To chew on the steele bit he not disdain'd,
And foam'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortals show'd.
Ixonus first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot mettalls bring;
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coynes impresse
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of mony first arise,
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Here was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skin the Delphian Tripos covered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought.
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought;
When Ossa on high Pelions top was set,
And the Celestiall orbes swift motion let.

When both the generalls in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the wars ensuing state
Fills all presaging minds, all saw at hand
That hower, on which this wars last cast should stand.
Cowards now trembled that wars fate so neere
Was drawne, and fear'd the worst; both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout.
But one (alas) among the fearfull rout

Was

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* moſt unworthy ſon;
Who afterward a baniſht man upon
Sicilian ſeas, turn'd Pirate, and there ſtain'd
The fam'd ſea-triumphs his great father gain'd.
He brooking no delay, but weak to beare
A doubtfull ſtate, endeavors, urg'd by feare,
To finde fates future courſe. Nor does he crave
From Delphian *Phœbus*, from the Pythian cave,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in akehornes, where
Joves mouth gives anſwer, this event to heare:
Nor ſeekes advice from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beaſts entrailes, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Aſtrologer,
Nor any ſecret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods above,
And her deteſted ſecrets ſeeks to prove,
Ayd from the ghoſts, and fiends below to crave,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods ſmall knowledge have.
The place it ſelfe this vaine dire madneſſe helpt,
Neere to the campe th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no invented monſters can excell;
Their art's what ere's incredible to tell.
Beſides Theſſalia's fields and rockes doe beare
Strange killing herbs, and plants, and ſtones that heare
The charming witches murmurs: there ariſe
Plants, that have pow'r to force the deities.
Medea there a ſtranger in thoſe fields
Gatherd worſe herbs then any Colchos yields.
Thoſe wretches impious charmes turne the gods eares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers:
Their voice alone beares through the inmoſt skies
Commands to the unwilling deities,
Which not their care of heavens high motions
Can turne away; when thoſe dire murmurs once
Enter the skie, though the Ægyptians wiſe,
And Babylonians their deep myſteries

Should

Should utter all, th' Æmonian witch still beares
From all their Altars the gods forced eares.
These witches spells loves soft desires have sent
Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
Severe old men have burnd in impious love,
Which temper'd drinkes, and philtrums could not move,
Nor that, to which the sole his damms love owes,
The swelling flesh that on his forehead growes.
Minds by no poyson hurt, have perished
By spells; those, whom no love of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beauties pow'r could ere inflame,
By magicke knot-ty'd thread together came;
The course of things has stayd, to keep out day
Night has stood still, the sky would not obay
The law of nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has bin benumm'd: great *Iupiter*
Urging their course himselfe, admir'd to see
The Poles not mov'd by their swift axletree.
Showres they have made, clouded the cleerest skie,
And heaven has thundred, *Iove* not knowing why.
By the same voice (with haire loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds, and stormes have chac'd away.
The sea without one puffe of winde has swell'd;
Againe in spite of *Auster* has bin still'd:
Ships sailes have quite against the winds bin sway'd:
Steepe waters torrents in their fall have stay'd:
And rivers have run back: Nile not oreflowne
In summer time: Mæander straight has run.
Arar has hastned, Rhodanus growne slow.
High hills sunke downe have equall'd vales below.
Above his head the clouds Olympus saw:
In midst of winter Scythian snowes did thaw
Without the Sun: the tyde-rais'd Ocean
Æmonian spells beat from the shore againe.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has lost;

So great a weight strooke by that voice was stirr'd,
And on both sides the face of heav'n appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for mischiefe borne,
Both feare, and serve by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lions nobly bold
Fawne upon them: cold Snakes themselves unfold,
And in the frosty fields lie all untwin'd:
Dissected vipers by their power are joyn'd.
Their poyson'd breathings poyson'd serpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearfull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey upon necessity,
Or pleasure? or some unknowne piety
Deserves it? or some secret threats prevaile?
Or have they jurisdiction over all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their most imperious charmes, who, whatsoere
Himselfe is forc'd to, can the world compell?
By them the starres oft from the pole downe fell;
And by their voices poyson *Phœbe* turnd,
Growne pale with darke and earthly fires has burnd,
No lesse then if debarr'd her brother shine
By interposall of the earth betweene
Her Orbe, and his: these labors undergone
Has she, depresst by incantation,
Vntill more nigh she foam'd her gelly on
Their herbs. These Spells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Erictho* scornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in townes her dismall head,
Or houses roofes is never covered.
Forsaken graves, and tombes (the ghosts expell'd)
She haunts; by fiends in estimation held.
To heare hells silent counsells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and mysteries belovv

Of

Of *Dis*, her breathing here no hindrance was.
A yellow leanneſſe ſpreads her loathed face;
Her dreadfull lookes, knowne to no lightſome aire,
With heavie hel-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden ſhe is with long unkembed haires.
But when darke ſtormes, or clouds obſcure the ſtarres,
From naked graves then forth *Erictho* ſtalkes
To catch the nights quick ſulphur; as ſhe walkes
The corne burnes up, and blaſts where ere ſhe tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poyſoned.
She prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cries
For helpe, nor knowes ſhe pleaſing ſacrifice;
But funerall flames to th'altars ſhe preferres.
Frankincenſe ſnatcht from burning ſepulchers.
The gods at her firſt voice grant any charme
She askes, and dare not heare her ſecond charme.
Live ſoules, that rule their limbs, ſhe does incombe:
Death (though unwilling) ſeizes thoſe, to whom
The fates owe yeares; with a croſſe pompe men dead
Returne from grave, coarſes from toombes have fled;
Young mens hot aſhes, and burnt bones ſhe ſnatches
Out of the midſt of funerall Pikes, and catches
The kindling brand in their ſad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke ſmoking fragments, and
Their aſhy garments, and fleſh-ſmelling coales.
But when ſhe findes a coarſe incombed whole,
Whoſe moyſture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy hayocke on
Each limbe ſhe makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and ſuckes her knuckles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, oregrowne, and long;
Bites halters killing knots where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbets ſtrangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption.
She gathers dead mens limbs, which ſhowres have wet,
And marrow hardned in *Sols* ſcorching heat.

She

She kepes the nailes that pierc'd crucifi'd hands,
And gathers poyſonous filth, and ſlime that ſtands
On the cold joynts, and biting with her fangs
The hardn'd ſinewes, vp from ground ſhe hangs.
And when ſo ere a naked carcaſſe ly,
Before the beaſts, and ravenous fowles ſits ſhe;
But teares, or eats no limbe; till it be bit
By Wolves; from whoſe dry jawes ſhe ſnatches it.
Nor ſpares ſhe murdering, if life-blood ſhe need,
That from a throat new open'd muſt proceede.
She murders, when her ſacrifices dire
Life-blood, and panting entrailes do require;
And births abortive by vnnaturall wayes
From wounded wombes ſhe takes, and burning layes
Them on her wicked altars; when ſhe lacks
Stout cruell ghoſts, ſuch ghoſts forthwith ſhe makes.
All deaths of men ſerve for her action.
From young mens chinnes ſhe puls the growing downe,
And dying ſtriplings haire ſhe cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the coarſe ſhe lay
Of her dead kinſman, and did ſeeme to kiſſe,
Off from his maimed head would bite a piece;
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat ſhe bites his cold ſtiffe tongue;
And whiſpering murmurs dire by him ſhe ſends
Her banefull ſecrets to the Stygian feinds.
By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their noone of day,
Over the deſart fields he takes his way;
The ſervants waiting on his folly then,
Searching through broken tombes, and graves of men,
Spy'd on a rocke at laſt, where Amus bends,
And the Pharſalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho ſitting, ſhe was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor magicke god did heare.

And

And for new purposes was framing charmes.
For fearing lest the civill warres alarmes
Should to some other land be carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Phillippi fields with incantations stain'd,
And sprinckled with dire iuice she did command
Not to transferre the war, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to maime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost,
But what best pleas'd her, and she studyed most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Cæsars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearefull sonne bespake;
Wisest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to me (I pray)
The certaine end of this wars chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman state,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heire of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare,
Is well resolv'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on me, the gods call;
Or spare the gods, and force the truth out from
The ghosts below, open Elysium,
Call forth grim death himselfe, bid him relate
Which of the two is given to him by fate,
Tis no meane taske, but labour worthy thee
To search what end of this great war shall be.
The impious Witch proud of a fame so spread
Replyes, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done;
I could haue forc'd to any action

Th'vnwilling

Th'unwilling gods. I can preſerve the breath
Of him, whom all the ſtarres have doom'd to death:
And, though the planets all conſpire to make
Him old, the midſt of his lifes courſe can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great cauſes all
Worke downeward from the worlds originall;
When all mankinde depend on one ſucceſſe,
If there you would change ought, our arts confeſſe
Fortune has greater power: but if content
You be alone to know this warre event,
Many, and eaſie wayes for vs there be
To finde our truth; the earth, the ſea, the sky,
The dead, the Rodopeian rockes and fields
Shall ſpeake to vs. But ſince late ſlaughter yields
Such choiſe of carcaſſes in Theſſaly,
To raiſe vp one of thoſe will eaſyeſt be:
That a warme new-ſlaine carcaſſe with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Leaſt (by the Sunne the organs parch'd, and ſpill'd)
The diſmall ghoſt vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darkeneſſe ore nights face ſhe ſpred,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
She ſearches where th' unbury'd bodyes lye,
Away the wolves, and hungry vultures flye
Looſening their rallands, when *Erictho* comes
To chooſe her prophet, griping with her thumbes
Their now cold marrows, ſeeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with fillets whole vnwounded hung.
The fates of thoſe ſlaine men ſtand doubtfull all
Which of their ghoſts ſhe from the dead would call.
Had ſhe deſir'd to raiſe th' whole army ſlaine,
And to revive them for the warr againe,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her ſtrange might
The people all had beene drawne backe to fight.
When ſhe a carcas fitting had eſpy'd,
An hooke ſhe faſten'd in his throate, and ty'd

To it a fatall rope, by which the hag
Ore rockes and ſtones did that poore carcaſſe drag,
That muſt revive. Vnder the hollow ſide
Of an high mountaine, which to this blacke deede
The witch had deſtin'd, ſhe the careaſſe layes.
A deepe, and vaſt deſcent of ground there was,
As low (almoſt) as the blinde caves of *Dis*:
Which a pale wood with thicke and ſpreading trees
Barring the ſight of heaven, and by *Sols* light,
Not penetrable, did oreſhadow quite.
Within the caue was bred by dreary night
Pale mouldy filth, and darkeneſſe ſad: no light,
But light by magicke made, ere ſhined there.
Within the jawes of *Tænarus* the aire
Is not ſo dull, that balefull bound twixt hell,
And vs; the princes, in thoſe ſhades that dwell
Send without feare their ſpirits hitherto;
For though this hag can force the fates to doe
What ere ſhe pleaſe, tis doubtfull whether here,
Or there thoſe ghoſts in their true place appeare.
She puts a various colour'd cloathing on,
And fury-like her haire looſe hanging downe
Was bound about with vipers, her face hid;
But when young *Sextus*, and his traine ſhe ſpy'd
Shaking for feare, and his aſtoniſht eye,
Fixt on the ground, baniſh thoſe feares, quoth ſhe,
His lifes true figure you ſhall ſee him take,
That cowards needе not feare to heare him ſpeake.
But if the furyes to your eyes were ſhowne,
The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
The gyants bound, and Cerberus that ſhakes
His dreadfull curled mane of hiſſing ſnakes,
Why ſhould you feare, cowards, whileſt I am by,
To ſee thoſe fiends, that ſhake at ſight of me? fills
Then with warme blood, opening freſh wounds ſhe
His breſt: and gore to th'inward parts diſtills:

Of

Of the Moones poyſonous gelly ſtore ſhe takes;
And all the hurtfull broodes, that nature makes:
Foame of mad dogs, which ſight of water dread:
The pyth of ſtags with ſerpents nouriſhed
Was mixed there: the dire Hyæna's knot,
The ſpotted Lynx his bowells wanted not:
Nor that ſmall fiſh, whoſe ſtrength, though *Eurus* riſe,
Can ſtay the courſe of ſhips: the Dragons eyes:
The ſounding ſtone that brooding Eagles make
Warme in their neſts, th' Arabian nimble ſnake:
The red ſea-viper, pretious gems that kept:
Skins from th'alive Libyan Ceraſtes ſtript:
The Phœnix aſhes layd in Araby.
With theſe when vile and nameleſſe poyſons ſhe
Had mixt, and leaves fill'd with inchantments ſtrong,
And herbs which her dire mouth had ſpit on young,
What poyſon did ſhe on the world beſtow.

Then addes a voice to charme the gods below
More pow'rfull then all herbs confounding noiſes
Much diſſonant, and far from humane voices.
There was the barke of dogs, the wolves ſad howle;
The ſcritches wailing, hollowing of the owle:
All voices of wild beaſts, hiſſing of ſnakes,
The ſound that beat from rockes the water makes,
The murmure of ſtirr'd woods, the thunders noiſe
Broke from a cloud: all this was in her voce.
The reſt Æmonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice pierces the loweſt hell.

Furies, and Stygian fiends, whoſe ſcourges wound
All guilty ſoules, Chaos, that wouldſt confound
Vnnumberd worlds: king of the earth beneath,
That griev'ſt to ſee the gods exempt from death:
Thou Styx, and faire Elyſium, which no ſpirit
Of a Theſſalian witch deſerves t'inherit:
Thou, that thy mother hat'ſt, *Perſephone*,
And heaven, thou loweſt part of *Hecate*,

By whom the silent tongues of fiends with us
Have intercourse: hells porter Cerberus,
That curbe hast into our breasts dost put;
You destinies that twice this thread must cut:
And thou the burning streames old ferriman
Tired with ghosts brought backe to me again;
If I invoke you with a mouth prophane,
And foule enough, to heare these prayers daine:
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did nere expresse:
If womens wombes whole burdens upon you
And luke-warme braines I often did bestow:
If on your altars heads of infants slaine
I set, and bowells that must live againe,
Obey my voice; no ghost that long has felt
The Stygian shades, nor long in darknesse dwelt,
But one that lately from the living went,
And is but yet at pale hells first descent,
And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
Could be but once transported ore to hell.
I aske; let some knowne souldiers ghost relate
Before great *Pompey's* son his fathers fate,
If civill warre of you have merited.
Then lifting up her foaming mouth and head
She saw hard by the ghost of that dead man
Trembling to enter his old goale again;
Fearing those cold pale members, and into
That wounded breast and entrailes come to go.
Ah wretch, from whom death his gift is tane away,
(To die no more) that fates durst thus delay
Erictho wonderd; wrath with death, and fate,
The liveles coarse with living snakes she beat; (Curse,
And through earths caues eyes, which her charmes had
Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hells silence shooke.
Megæra, and *Tisiphone* that flight
My voice, through hell with your dire whips affright

Hither

Hither that wretched ſpirit, or from below
By your true names of Stygian bitches you
I will call up, and to the Suns light leave:
No dead mens graves ſhall harbour, or receive
Your heads, Ile follow you obſerving well,
And from all tombes, and quiet urnes expell.
Falſe *Hecate*, thee to the gods Ile ſhow,
(To whom thou uſeſt with bright lookes to goe)
In thy pale rotten forme and ſo provide
Thou ſhalt not thy Tartarian viſage hide.
Vnder the earths vaſt weight I will relate
What food deſtaines thee, in what wedlocks ſtate
Thou lov'ſt the nights ſad king, with ſuch a ſtaine,
That *Ceres* ſhall not wiſh thee backe againe.
'Gainſt thee, the worlds worſt judge, I will ſet free
The gyants, or let in the day to thee.
Will you obey, or ſhall I him invoke,
Whoſe name the earths foundations ever ſhooke?
Who without hurt th'unvailed Gorgon ſees:
Of whoſe ſtrong ſtripes *Erinnys* fearfull is:
Who keepes an hell unknowne to you, and where
You are above, that dare by Styx forſweare.
Then ſtraight the clotted blood grows warme againe
Feeds the black wounds, and runs through every vaine
And th'outward parts: the vitall pulſes beat
In his cold breaſt: and lifes reſtored heat
Mixt with cold death through parts diffuſed runs,
And to each joynt gives trembling motions;
The ſinewes ſtretch: the carkaſſe from the ground
Riſes not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt upright: the eyes with twincking hard
Are op'd; not dead, nor yet alive appear'd
The face: his paleneſſe ſtill, and ſhaleneſſe frayes,
He ſtands at this revivall in amaze;
But his dumbe ſeal'd-up lips no murmur made,
Onely an anſwering tongue, and voice he had.

Speake (quoth *Erictho*) what I aske, and well
Shalt thou rewarded be: if truth thou tell,
By our Hæmonian art Ile set thee free
Throughout all ages, and bestow on thee
Such funeralls, with charmes so burne thy bones,
Thy ghosts shall heare no incantations.
Let this the fruit of thy revivall be,
No spells, no herbs shall dare to take from thee
Thy long safe rest, when I have made thee dy.
The gods, and Prophets answer doubtfully;
But he, that dares enquire of ghosts beneath,
And boldly goe to th'oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; spare not, but name
Plainly the things, and places all, and frame
A speech, wherein I may conferre with fate:
Adding a charme to make him know the state
Of whatsoere she askt, thus presently
The weeping carkasse spake; I did not see
The sisters fatall threds, so soone (alas)
Backe from those silent banks enforc'd to passe,
But what by speech from all the spirits I gain'd
Among the Roman ghosts fell discord reign'd:
Romes wicked war disturb'd hells quiet rest:
Some Captaines from sad hell, some from the blest
Elysian fields come forth, and there what fate
Intends to doe, they openly relate:
The happy ghosts look'd sad, the *Decii* then
Father and son, wars-expiating men:
I saw the *Curii*, and *Camillus* wailing,
Sylla himselfe against thee, fortune, railing:
His issues Libyan fate brave *Scipio*
Bewail'd; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
His nephewes bondage-scaping death did mone.
Among the blessed spirits *Brutus* alone
Rejoyc'd, first Consul, that Romes king exil'd.
Fierce *Catiline*, sterne *Marius*, and the wild

Cethegi breaking chaines orejoyed were:
The popular law promulging *Druſi* there,
And daring *Gracchi* ſhouting clapt their hands
Fetter'd for ever with ſtrong iron bands
In *Plutoes* dungeon; impious ghoſts had hopes
Of bleſſed ſeats; *Pluto* pale dungeons opes,
Prepares hard ſtones, and adamantine chaines
To puniſh the proud Conquerour, ordaines.
Take you this comfort, in a bleſſed roome
The ghoſts expect your ſide, and houſe to come,
And for great *Pompey* in Elyſium
Prepare a place. The houre ſhall ſhortly come
(Envie not then the glory of ſo ſmall
A life) that in one world ſhall lodge you all.
Make haſte to meet your deaths, and with a mind
Haughty, (though from ſmall funeralls) deſcend
To tread upon the ſoules of Romangods.
For burialls is all this morrall ods;
And the Pharſalian fight muſt onely try
Who ſhall by Nile, and who by Tyber lye.
But ſeeke not thou thy deſtiny to heare,
Which fate, though I be ſilent, will declare:
A ſurer prophet ſhall thy father be
In Sicily, although uncertaine he
Whither to call thee, whence to bid thee flee,
Or in what coaſt or climate ſafe to be,
Feare Europe, Aſia, Africk: fates divide
Your funeralls, as they your triumphs did.
Oh wretched houſe, to you the world ſhall yield
No place more happy then Pharſalia's field.
Thus having ſpoke the carkaſſe did remaine
With a ſad looke, and begg'd for death againe,
But could not dy without a magick ſpell,
And herbs: nor could the fates reſtore to hell
His ſoule once ſent from thence. With that the witch
Builds up a lofty funerall pile; to which

The dead man comes: She layes him on the fires,
Leaves him, and lets him dye, and then retires
With *Sextus* to his fathers campe: and now
The welkin gan *Auroraes* light to show:
But to the campe till *Sextus* take his way,
The darke charm'd night kept off approaching day.

FINIS Libri Sixti.

Annotations on the sixt Booke.

(a) *From their camps by the river Apsus both Generalls at one time brought forth their armies;* Pompey *intending to intercept* M. Anthonius, *and* Cæsar *intending to joyne with* Anthony. Anthony *certified by some Greeks of* Pompeyes *ambushes, kept within his campe, till the next day* Cæsar *came to him.* Pompey *then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to Asparagu neere Dyrrachium, and there encamped; thither also marched* Cæsar, *and encamped not far from him.*

(b) Cæsar *wanting provision was desirous of battell: but* Pompey *better provided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.*

(c) Cæsar *perceiving that* Pompey *would not be drawne out to fight, the next day by a great compasse, and difficult way went to Dyrrachium hoping to exclude* Pompey *thence, where his corne, and provision lay, which* Pompey *perceiving, went thither also by a neerer way.*

(d) Cæsar (*that his owne men might with the lesse danger forrage, and fetch in corne, as also to hinder* Pompey *from forraging, and to lessen his estimation among forreigne nations*) *kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on every side enclosing* Pompey. *The worke extended fifteene miles in compasse, being so large that* Pompey *within wanted nothing, and* Cæsar *could not man his worke round.*

(e) Cæsars

(e) Cæſars *Souldiers wanting victuall beſieged* Pompey *abounding with all ſtore of proviſion.* Pompey *ſeeing the ſtrange unheard of food, that* Cæſars *ſouldiers eat while they beſieged him, ſaid that he now made war againſt beaſts.*

(f) Pompey *underſtanding by ſome renegadoes that* Cæſars *croſſe trench between the two bulwarks toward the ſea was not finiſhed, ſent a ſhip manned with archers, and other ſouldiers to aſſault the defenders of the worke behind. Himſelfe about the end of night came thither alſo with his forces.* Cæſars *cohorts, that watched there neere the ſea, ſeeing themſelves aſſaulted both by land and ſea, ran away: whom the Pompeyans purſued with a great ſlaughter, till* Mar. Anthonius *with twelve cohorts comming down the hill made the Pompeyans retreat againe.*

(g) Cæſar *to repaire that dayes loſſe aſſaulted with three and thirty cohorts the caſtle which* Torquatus *kept, and beat the Pompeyans from the trench. Which* Pompey *hearing brought his fift Legion to their ſuccour.* Cæſars *horſmen fearing to be encloſed began firſt to fly, which the foot ſeeing, and ſeeing* Pompey *there in perſon, fled alſo; this victory if* Pompey *had purſued, hee had utterly overthrowne* Cæſar.

(h) Pompey *the great ſlaine upon the banks of Nile.*

(i) Iuba *King of Mauritania which had ſlaine* Curio *and his Legions before, in the African war was vanquiſhed by* Cæſar, *and fearing to fall into* Cæſars *hands, hee and* Petreius *ſlew each other.*

(k) *For in theſe two conflicts* Cæſar *loſt nine hundred footmen, ſixty two horſmen, thirty Centurions, ten Tribunes, and thirty two Enſignes of war.*

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Seventh Booke.

The Argument.

Great Pompey's *flattering dreame; his ſouldiers all*
Eager of battell urge their Generall;
Their wiſh (though raſh and fatall) findes defence
In Ciceroes *unhappy eloquence.*
Againſt his will Great Pompey's *forc'd to yield:*
The ſignall's given: Pharſalia's dreadfull field
Is fought: Romes liberty for ever dies,
And vanquiſht Pompey *to Lariſſa flies.*

SAd *Titan* later *Thetis* lap forſooke
Then natures lawe requir'd, and never tooke
A croſſer way, as if borne back againe
By the ſphæres courſe, would be eclipſed faine;
Attracting clouds, not food t'his flames to yield,
But loth to ſhine upon Pharſalia's field.
That night, of *Pompey's* happy life the laſt,
Deceiv'd by flattring ſleeps, he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeian Theater, among
Romes people flocking in unnumberd throng;
Where ſhouting to the skies he heard them raiſe
His name; each roome contending in his praiſe.

Such

Such were the peoples lookes, such was their praise,
When in his youth, and first triumphant dayes
Pompey but then a gentleman of Rome
Had quieted the West, and Spaine orecome,
Scattring the troops revolt *Sertorius* led;
And sate in Senate as much honoured
In his pure candid, as triumphall gowne.
Whether the doubtfull fancie fearfull growne
Of future fate, run backe to former joyes;
Or propheſying by ſuch ſighes implyes
Their contrary, and bodes enſuing woe:
Or elſe on thee fortune would thus beſtow
A ſight of Rome, that could not otherwiſe.
Oh doe not wake him from his ſleep to riſe,
No trumpet pierce his eare; the next nights reſt
With the foregoing dayes ſad warre oppreſt
Will nought but fights, but bloud and ſlaughter ſhow.
Happy were Rome, could ſhe but ſee (though ſo)
Her *Pompey* bleſt with ſuch a dreame as this,
And happy night; oh would the deities
Had given one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
That both aſſured of your deſtinie
Might reap the laſt fruit of a love ſo deare.
Thou goeſt as if thy Rome ſhould thee interre:
And ſhe, ſtill miſtris of her with in thee,
Hopes that the fates lodge not ſuch cruelrie,
As to deprive her of thy honour'd tombe,
To mourne for thee old men, and young would come;
Childred untaught would weep: the Matrons all
With haire (as once at *Brutus* funerall)
Looſe hung, would beat their breſts, now though they feare
The ſwords of the injurious Conquerer,
Though he himſelfe relate thy death, they'l mourne
At publike ſacrifice, as they adorne
Ioves houſe with laurell; wretched men, whoſe mone
Conceal'd, in ſighs muſt vent it ſelfe alone,

And

And dares not ſound in publike theaters.
Now had the riſing Sun obſcur'd the ſtars,
When all the ſouldiers murmuring up and downe
(The fates now drawing the worlds ruin on)
Deſire a ſignall to the fight; poore men,
Whoſe greater part ſhould never ſee the end
Of that ſad day, about their Generalls tent
(Haſting the houre of their neere death) they vent
Their paſſions, and complaints; and franticke growne
Their owne and publike fate they haſten on.
They call great *Pompey* ſluggiſh, timorous,
Patient of *Cæſar*, and ambitious
Of ſoveraignty, deſirous ſtill to raigne
Ore all thoſe Kings, and fearing peace againe.
The Kings, and Eaſterne nations all complain'd
Warre was prolong'd, and they from home detain'd.
The gods when they our ruine had decreed,
Would make it thus our owne erroneous deed.
Ruine we ſought, and mortall warres requir'd,
In *Pompey's* camp Pharſalia is deſir'd.
Nor did this wiſh want *Cicero's* defence
The greateſt author of Romes eloquence,
In whoſe gown-rule fierce *Catiline* did feare
The peacefull axe. Hee now turn'd ſouldier
From barres and pleadings had been ſilent long,
And this bad cauſe thus ſtrengthens with his tongue.
Pompey, for all her gifts fortune implores
That thou wouldſt uſe her now: thy Senators,
Thy Kings, and all the ſuppliant world intreat
Thy leave to conquer *Cæſar*: ſhall he yet
So long a warre againſt mankind maintaine?
Well may the forraigne nations now diſdaine
(Who ſuddainly were vanquiſhed by thee)
That *Pompey* is ſo ſlow in victorie.
Where's now thy ſpirit, thy confidence of fate?
Canſt thou now doubt the gods (ah moſt ingrate?)

Or

Or fear'ſt thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cauſe? thy troopes without command
Their Eagles will advance: 'twere ſhame for thee
To be compell'd to conquer: if thou be
Our generall, and ours the war, to try
The hazard lyes in our authority.
Why hold'ſt thou the worlds ſwords from *Cæſars* throat?
They all are drawne almoſt, and tarry not
Thy ſlow alarmes; make haſt, leſt thy command
They all forſake: the Senate does demand,
If they thy ſouldiers, or companions be.
Great *Pompey* ſigh'd to ſee how contrary
The gods were bent, and fortune croſt his minde.
If you be all (quoth he) this way inclin'd:
And me a ſouldier not a generall
The time require: Ile be no let at all
To fate: let fortune all theſe nations caſt
Into one ruine: be this day the laſt
To the greatſt part of men. But witneſſe Rome
Pompeyes enforc'd to this ſad field to come. (wound;
The warres whole worke needs not haue coſt one
But *Cæſar*, without blood ſubdu'd, and bound
Might have bin brought to anſwer injur'd peace.
What fury's this (oh blind in wickedneſſe!)
To conquer without blood in civill war
You are afraid. Maſters o'th'land we are:
The ſeas are wholly ours: the famiſht foe
To fetch in Corne unripe is forc'd to goe;
And tis become his wiſh by ſwordes to dye,
And with his ruine mixe our tragedy.
In this ſome part is finiſht of the war,
That our freſh-water ſouldiers doe not feare;
The fight (if that be in true valour done;)
Into extreameſt dangers many run
For feare of future ill: valiant'ſt is he,
That feares not t'vndergoe a danger nigh,

Nor

Nor to deferre it. Would you then commit
Your ſtrength to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds eſtate, deſiring all, that I
Should rather fight, then get the victory?
The rule of Romes eſtate thou didſt beſtow
Fortune, on me: receive it greater now:
Proteſt it in this wars blind chance: to me
Nor crime, nor honour ſhall this battell be.
Ceſar thy wicked prayers 'gainſt mine prevaile:
We fight: how diſmall to all people ſhall
This day appeare? how many lands vndone
Shall be? how crimſon ſhall Enipeus run
With Roman bloud? would the firſt pile of all
This mortall war would light (if I could fall
Without the ruine of our ſide) on me;
For not more joyfull can the conqueſt be.
Pompey a name ſhall be to euery one
Of hate, or pitty, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd ſhall endure the worſt of woe:
The worſt of crimes the Conquerour ſhall doe.
With that the reines he to their fury gives,
Suffring the fight. So th'artleſſe ſailer leaves
His helpeleſſe barke, when *Coros* blaſts are growne
Too ſtrong, to guidance of the windes alone.
A fearefull murmuring noiſe thorough all parts
Aroſe: and diverſly their manly hearts
Beat 'gainſt their breaſts; vpon the face of ſome
Appear'd the paleneſſe of a death to come,
And ghaſtly lookes; that day (they thinke) fate brings
A laſting ſtate of rule on earthly things:
And doubt what Rome, after this field is fought,
Shall bee: no man of his owne danger thought
Amaz'd with greater feares. Who, when he ſees
All ſhores orefflowne, and th'uncurb'd Ocean riſe
Ore mountaines tops, the Firmament and Sunne
Fall downe to earth; in ſuch confuſion

Could

Could feare his owne eſtate? no private ſtate
Has time to feare, but Romes, and *Pompey's* fate.
Nor did they truſt their ſwords, unleſſe ſharpe ſet
On ſtones: the points of their dull piles they whet:
Each archer firs his bow with fureſt ſtrings,
And choiſeſt arrowes in his quiver brings;
Horſemen ſharp ſpurres provide, and ſtrongeſt reines.
So when earths giants upon Phlegra's plaines
(If with the acts of gods our humane warres
We may compare) rebell'd: the ſword of *Mars*
In Ætna's forge, and *Neptunes* three-fork'd ſpeare
Were ſcowr'd, and ſharpned: *Phœbus* arrowes there
With *Python* dull'd, made ſharpe; the blew-eyd mayd
Vpon her ſhield *Meduſa's* haires diſplay'd:
Ioves lightning then the *Cyclops* molded new.
Fortune foretold the woes that ſhould inſue
By many tokens; for the ſtormy skie
Withſtood their marches into Theſſaly:
The clouds againſt their eyes did lightnings throw:
Meteors like lampes, like fiery poſts in ſhow,
And beames, cloud-breaking *Typhons* did ariſe,
And lightnings flaſhes dimm'd and clos'd their eyes.
Their helmets plumes were ſing'd, their piles did melt:
Sword-blades diſſolv'd run downe the hilts they felt;
Their impious ſwords with ſulphur from the skies
Did ſmoke: their Enſignes hid with ſwarmes of Bees
Could ſcarce be pluckt from ground: the bearers how'd
Themſelves to get them up: which ſeem'd oreflow'd
With teares from thence ov'r all Theſſalia:
The bull from th'holy altars runnes away,
And to Pharſalia field directly flies,
Whilſt their ſad altar wants a ſacrifice.
But what night furies, what *Eumenides*,
What Stygian powres, or gods of wickedneſſe,
What helliſh fiend, *Cæſar*, didſt thou appeaſe
Preparing for ſuch wicked warres as theſe?

VVhither

Whether the gods, or their owne feare had wrought
These wonders, doubtfull tis, but many thought
They saw Olympus meete with Pindus hills,
And Æmus fall th'adjoyning valleyes fill:
That in the night Pharsalia sounded loud
The noise of battell: that Bæbei's flow'd
Swiftly with blood. But most admired they
To see each others face show darke; the day
Grow pale: and night their helmets overspread;
Their fathers ghosts and all their kinsmen dead
T' appeare before their eyes. But this alone
Comforted their sicke mindes, knowing their owne
Impious entents, brothers to kill and ope
Their fathers throats, they hence conceived hope,
Thinking these monsters, and portents t'imply
Th'accomplishment of their impiety.
No wonder tis if men so neere their end
Trembled with frantike feare: if fates doe lend
Presaging mindes of future ills to men,
Romans, that sojourn'd in Armenia then,
And Tyrian Gades, and in what coast sotre,
Or climate they abode, lamented there,
Blaming their causelesse griefe, and did not know,
Their losses in Pharsalia's overthrow.
An Augur sitting on (a)th'Euganean mount,
(If fame record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timavus does
First part, and thence in seven all channels flowes;
This day (quoth he) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cæsars* impious armyes fight;
Whether *Joves* thunder, and divining stroake
He had observ'd, or how thicke aire did choake
The jarring heavens, or on the poles did looke,
Or in the firmament had found this fight.
By the Sunnes palenesse, and starres mournefull light;

But nature sure did differently display
From other dayes, the sad Thessalian day:
And if all men had skilfull Augurs bin,
By all the world Pharsalia had bin seene;
Greatest of men, whose fates through th' earth extend,
Whom all the gods haue leasure to attend,
These acts of yours to all posterity
Whether their owne great fame shall signifie,
Or that these lines of mine haue profited
Your mighty names; these warts, when they are read,
Shall stir th' affections of the readers minde,
Making his wishes, and vaine feares inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not past, and guide
The hearts of all to favour *Pompey's* side:
Pompey descending downe the hill displayes
His troopes reflecting rising *Phœbus* rayes,
Not rashly ore the fields in order good
And marshall'd well the hapelesse army stood.
The left wing first was *Lentulus* his care
With the first Legion, then the best in war,
And fourth; Thou, sonne *Domitius* lead'st the right,
Valiant, though still vnfortunate in fight:
In the mayne battell with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* stands
Well fortify'd: heere vnder a command,
A Generall first in Affricke scorched land.
But all along the swift Enipeus side
The loose-rain'd troopes of Ponticke horsemen ride:
And mounteniers of Cappadocia;
Vpon the dryer fields in rich array
Doe the earths Monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs stand;
And all the states, that Roman swords command.
Thither from Libya came Numidians;
Itureas archers, *Crete's* Cydonians:
Feirce *Gaules* there fought against their wonted foe:
There warlike Spaniards their short shields did show.

The

The Conquerer of all triumphs never depriue,
And let no people this sad war survive,
Cæsar that day dislodging to prouide
For corne, was marching out, when he espy'd
The foes descending downe the champaigne field,
And that so often wisht for day beheld,
That on one chance of warre should set the rayne;
Sicke of delay, and covetous of raigne,
In this small tract of time condemn'd had he
The civill war as a slow villany.
But when fates falling ruine shake he saw,
And both their fortunes to a triall draw;
His wondrous love of sword some languishment
Gan feele, his mind, though ever confident
Of good successe, new doubts, from feare his owne,
As *Pompey* fortunes from presumption,
Did keep his mind: at last exiling feares
With confidence he cheeres his souldiers.

Brave souldiers, the worlds aw, *Cæsars* estate,
That day of fight is come, which we from fate
So oft have begg'd: ioh doe not now desire,
But by your valours fortunes ayd acquire.
What *Cæsar* is lyes in your hands alone,
This is the day, which passing Rubicon
Was promisd me: in hope of which we stirr'd,
And our forbidden triumphs have defer'd.
This is the day that shall restore to you
Children and wives, and shares of land bestow
Freed from warre slaues: this the day that tries
(Witnes'd by fame) whose cause the iuster is.
This field the conquer'd side shall quiet make.
If you with fire and sword have for my sake
Assaulted Rome, now fight like souldiers,
And free your swords from guilt: no hand in warr
Is pure in both sides iudgement; nor for me
Fight you alone, but that your selves may be

Free lords of all the world. I, for mine owne
Consent, could live in a Plebeian gowne,
Or be in any state, so you obtaine
A perfect freedome; by my envie raigne,
Nor with much blood shall all the world be bought:
But youths of Greece in schooles of wrestling taught,
Base sluggish spirits that never armes did beare,
And mixt Barbarian troops are standing there,
That when the armies joyne will nere abide
The trumpets sound, nor shouts of their owne side.
In civill war few hands, alas, shall fight:
Most of the blowes upon Romes foes shall light,
And rid the world of well spar'd people; goe,
Breake through those dastard nations, and orethrowne
The world at your first onset; make it knowne
That all those nations, which so oft were showne
In *Pompeys* triumphs, are not worthy prov'd
Of one poore triumph. Are th'Armenians mov'd
Thinke you, what Generall shall Rome obtaine?
With least bloods losse would the Barbarians gaine
A sov'raignty for *Pompey*? they abhorre
All Romans, as their lords; and hate those more
Whom they have knowne. The trust of my affaires
To friends, whose valour through so many wars
In France I have beheld, does fortune now
Commit: what souldiers sword doe not I know?
And when through th'aire a trembling pile is sent,
Ile truly tell you from what armes it went.
Those signes I see that nere your Generall fail'd:
Fierce lookes, and threatning eyes: you have prevail'd:
Me thinkes the rivers swell'd with blood I see,
And at your feet the slaughtred bodies lie
Of Kings, and Senators; nations to day
Swim in this bloody field. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the field
Your forwatd spirits: pardon me though I yield

A while to pleasing hope: I nere did see
The gods so liberall, and so speedily:
But one fields distance from our wish are we.
What kings, and nations are possest of now,
When this field's fought, is *Cæsars* to bestow.
O gods, what stars, what influence of the skie
Has given so great a power to Thessaly?
This day allots the punishment, or gaines
Of all our wars: thinke upon *Cæsars* chaines,
His wracks, and gibbets: thinke you see this face,
These quarter'd limbs stand in the market place:
Remember *Sylla* in the field of *Mars*,
For 'gainst a Syllane Generall are our wars.
My care's for you; this hand shall free mine owne,
Who ere looks back before the day be won,
Shall see me fall on mine owne sword, and dy.
You gods, whose cares are drawne downe from the skie
By Romes dissentions, let him Conqueror be,
That to the conquer'd meanes no cruelty:
And thinks his countreymen have not in ought
Misdone, because against his side they fought.
When *Pompey* in a narrow place had shut
Your helplesse valour up, how did he glut
His sword with blood? but this I beg of you
Souldiers, let no man wound a flying foe:
Account him still your countreyman, that flyes.
But while they stand in fight, let not your eyes
Be mov'd with piety, though in that place
Your fathers stood, but with your swords deface
Their reverend looks. Who ere has sheath'd his blade
In kinsman's breast, or by the wound he made
Has done no wrong to kindred, all as one
Shall I esteeme, kinsman, and foe unknowne,
Fill up the trenches, teare the rampiers downe,
That in full maniples we may come on:

Spare not your campes; that campe shall be your owne
From which yon dying abiect is come downe.
Scarse thus had *Cæsar* spoke, when every one
Fell to their charge; and straight their armour don;
A quicke presage of happy war they take;
Of their neglected campe havocke they make:
Not rank'd, nor marshall'd by the Generalls eye
Confus'd they stand, leaving to fortune all.
Had all beene *Cæsars*, had each souldier fought
For monarchy, and Romes sole Empire sought,
They could not all with more desire come on.
When *Pompey* saw them march directly downe,
That now the war admitted no delay,
But this by heavens appointment was the day,
He stands amaz'd, and cold: the war to feare
Twas fatall in so great a souldier.
But cheering up his men his owne feares hiding,
On a proud steed through every quarter riding;
The time your valours wisht for, souldiers,
Is come, quoth he, the end of civill wars,
This is the sword's last worke, the judging hower
Of nations fates: now shew your utmost power.
He that would see his household gods againe,
His country, wife, and children, must obtaine
All by the sword: the gods have in this fight
Dispos'd them all; our just cause does invite
To hope; our swords the gods themselves shall guide
Through *Cæsars* breast, and in his blood provide
Th'est adiutement of Romes liberty.
Had they to him decreed a Monarchy,
To my old age death might long since have come.
It was no signe the gods were wroth with Rome,
Preserving *Pompey* for her leader now;
And all helps else, their conquest can bestow.
Illustrious men; such as old times did know,
Dare willingly these dangers undergoe.

Should

Should the *Camilli*, th'ancient *Curii*
Revive, or the devoted *Decii*,
Here they would ſtand. Forces we have from th'Eaſt,
Numberleſſe cities aydes: war never preſt
So many hands: we uſe all nations
Of the whole world, people of all the zones,
Of all mankind twixt North, and South that dwell
Are here: we may encloſe that army well
With our wide ſtretch'd-out wings: the victory
Askes not all hands: ſome need but ſhout, and cry.
Cæſars ſmall ſtrength cannot employ us all.
Thinke that your mothers from the city wall
Tearing their haire intreat your valour now,
Thinke that the old unarmed Senate bow
Their honour'd hoary heads before your feet,
And Rome her ſelfe for freedome doth intreat:
Thinke that this age, and our poſterity
Doe both intreat: one would in freedome dy,
The other be freeborne. And if there be
After theſe pledges, a roome left for me,
I with my wife and ſons before your feet
(If th'honour of a generall would permit)
Would fall; unleſſe you conquer here, your ſhame,
And *Cæſars* mocke is baniſht *Pompey's* name.
I crave in freedome my laſt age to ſpend,
And not be taught to ſerve ſo neere my end.
This ſad ſpeech fir'd the Roman ſpirits anew,
They wiſh to dy, ſhould, what they feare, be true.
With equall fury then both armies meet;
One for ambition, th'other freedome fight.
Theſe hands ſhall act, what no ſucceeding yeare,
Nor all mankind for ever can repaire
Though free from wars: this fight kills men to come,
And the next age, before they enter wombe:
All Latian names thence fabulous ſhall be,
And men in ruin'd duſt ſhall ſcarcely ſee

The *Gabii*, *Veii*, *Cora*, nor the roome
Where Alba ſtood; nor faire Laurentium,
A countrey deſolate, which none eſpies,
But the forc'd Conſuls in night ſacrifice
Blaming old *Numa*'s inſtitution.
Theſe monuments times ruining hand alone
Has not defac'd; wars civill crimes we ſee
In that ſo many cities empty'd be.
To what ſmall number is mankind reduc'd?
We all, whom the whole earth has ſince produc'd,
Are not enough the townes, and fields to fill:
One towne receives us all, and bondmen till
Th'Italian lands, old houſes ſtand alone
Rotten, and want a man to fall upon:
And wanting her old Citizens there ſlaine,
Rome with the dregs of men is fill'd againe.
This ſlaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
From civill war for many yeares ſhall be.
Pharſalia is the cauſe of all theſe ills,
Let *Canne* yield, that our black annalls fills,
And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calenders,
Rome has remembred theſe as her ſmall ſcars,
But would forget this day: oh fatall time!
Thoſe lives, that fortune had from every clime
Brought here to periſh, might all loſſe repaire
Mankind ſuſteines by peſtilentiall ayre,
Sickneſſe, towne-ſwallowing earth-quakes, or fires rage:
Here fortune ſhowes the gifts of many an age,
People, and Captaines, robbing us of all,
In one ſad field; to ſhew, when Rome did fall,
How great ſhe fell; the more thou didſt poſſeſſe
Of earth, the ſhorter was thy happineſſe.
All wars before did land on thee beſtow;
To both the poles *Sol* ſaw thy conqueſt goe:
But that a little of the Eaſt remain'd,
Thou all the ſky encompaſs'd globe hadſt gain'd:

Thine

Thine had beene night, and day: the ſtars could ſhine,
And planets wander ore no land but thine.
But this one day thy fate as far back beares,
As twas advanc'd in all thoſe former yeeres.
This bloody day is cauſe that India
The Roman Faſces cannot keepe in aw:
That Conſuls doe not with their plowes deſigne
Sarmatian walls, nor in their bounds confine
The Scythian *Dae*, that ſtill Parthians owe
For the blood loſt in *Craſſus* overthrow.
That liberty nere to returne againe,
And flying civill war, her flight has tane
Ore Tygris, and the Rhene: and can be brought
No more, though with our bloods ſo often fought:
Would we had nere that happineſſe poſſeſt,
Which Scythia, and Germany has bleſt:
Would Rome had ever ſerv'd, ſince that firſt light
When by the augury of Vultures flight
Romulus fill'd with theeves his walls begun,
Even till Pharſalia's wofull field was won.
Brutus we taxe, fortune, why did we frame
Our freedomes, lawes, or yeares by Conſuls name?
Happy Arabians, Medes, and Eaſtern lands,
That ſtill have liv'd under their Kings commands:
We laſt of all (though now aſham'd to bow)
A Monarch's yoke are forc'd to undergoe.
No gods at all have we: when all things move
By chance, we falſly think there is a *Iove*.
Can he downe from the ſtarry skie behold
Theſſalia's ſlaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can he with thunder cleave a ſenſeleſſe tree,
Pholoe, Oete, harmleſſe Rhodope?
Muſt *Caſsius* hand rather his tyrant ſlay?
He at *Thyeſtes* feaſt could ſhut up day,
Involving *Argos* in a ſudden night;
And can he lend Theſſalia his light.

VVhere

Where brothers fight, and sons 'gainst fathers are?
For mortall men no god at all takes care.
But for this woe revenge we doe obtaine
As much as sits that earth 'gainst heaven should gaine:
This war our Emperours does equalize
To gods above, and their soules deifies,
Adornes their heads with thunder, rayes, and stars:
Rome by mens soules in her gods temples sweares.
When both the armies marching on apace,
Neere met, stood pared but a little space,
They view'd each others hands, striving to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their pilse, from whence their fates most threatning show
What monstrous acts they were about to doe:
There they their brothers, and their fathers spy'd
Against them stand, yet would not change their side.
But pitty their breasts amazed held,
And the cold blood in every lim congeal'd:
And every souldier his prepared pile,
And ready stretch'd-out arme contain'd a while.
The gods send thee, ô *Crastinus*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,
Whose pile first throwne of all, the fight began,
And Thessaly with Roman blood did staine.
Oh frantick violence, did *Cæsar* stand
Quiet, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand?
Shrill cornets then began the ayre to wound
Th'alarums beat, and all the trumpets sound:
The noise, and [illegible]nus of souldiers pierce the skie,
And reach the convexe of Olympus high
Above the thundring clouds: the noise they make
The Thracian Æmus sounding valleyes take:
High Pelion's cavernes echo backe the sound,
Which Pindus, and Pangæan rocks rebound:
Th'Oetæan mountaines groane: the souldiers feare
Their shouts thus echo'd from all hills to heare.

Numberlesse

Numberlesse piles with different mindes are throwne;
Some wish to wound; others to light upon
The ground, and keep their harmlesse hands from ill,
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom she will.
But the least part of slaughter here was done
With darts, and flying steele; the sword alone
Was able civill quarrells to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainst Roman brests to guide.
Pompey's great army narrowly dispos'd
In a thicke Phalanx stand with bucklers clos'd
For fence; but wanted roome (their ranks thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their swords, or armes to wield.
But *Cæsars* loose-ranked troops all nimbly goe,
And the thicke armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men, and steele, assaile,
And through the strongest joynted coats of maile
Pierce the ill guarded brests; each stroke findes out
A brest, though here so fenc'd with armes about.
One army suffers, other makes the ware:
All cold and guiltlesse *Pompeys* weapons are:
All *Cæsars* impious swords are reeking hot.
But fortune here long doubting wavered not;
She swiftly bore (sitting so great a day)
A mighty ruine torrent-like away.
When *Pompeys* horse ore all the fields at large
Had spread their wings, the foes in flanke to charge,
The light-armd souldiers scatred all attended,
And gainst the foe their missile weapons bended,
With their owne weapons ev'ry nation fought,
Yet by all hands the Roman blood was sought;
Arrowes, stones, fire, lead-headed darts were throwne,
Which melted in the aires hot motion.
There th'Itureans, Medes, Arabians shot
Their shafts, good archers all, yet leveld not;
The aimed for: their ayers was onely sought
By their wild aimes, yet death from thence was wrought.

But

But no dire crime could staine the forraine steele:
Nought could worke mischiefe, but the Roman pile.
The ayre was darkned with thicke arrowes flight,
Which ore the fields orespread a suddaine night.
Then (c) *Cæsar* fearing left his front should yeild,
To their assault, obliquely cohorts held,
Which suddainly from the right wing he sent,
Whither the wheeling horse their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horse unmindefull now of sight
Nor stay'd by shame at all, take speedy flight;
Vnhappily (alas) where civill wars
Left to the trust of barbarous souldiers.
As soone as ere some galled horse had throwne
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horsemen fled, and left the field each one,
Or turning reines vpon their fellowes run.
No fight ensues, but execution hot,
One side with sword, the other with bare throat
Made war; not could Cæsarian hands suffice
To execute their routed enemies.
Oh would the blood that barbarous brests did yeild,
Could haue suffic'd Pharsalia's mortall field,
And that no other blood thy streames might staine:
Let those bones scattered ore thy fields remaine;
But if thou would'st with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wilde,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gaules, and Cappadocians
Survive: for when this ciuill war is done,
These people will be Romans every one;
These feares once rais'd through every quarter fly
Sent by the fates for *Cæsars* victory.
Then came the war to *Pompey's* Roman power,
The war, that variously had wander'd ore
The fields, there stucke, there *Cæsars* forune stay'd:
No forreine Kings fought there, no barbarous ayde

From

From severall nations to that place was brought:
There their owne brothers, there their fathers fought:
Mischiefe, and fury rag'd: there, *Cæsar*, are
Thy crimes; oh fly from this sad part of war
My soule, and leave it to eternall night:
Let no succeeding age by what I write
Learne how much ill may be in civill fight.
Oh rather let our teares and sorrowes die:
What here thou didst, O Rome, conceal'd shall be.

Cæsar th'inciting fury of his men,
And spur to their blind rage, lest his guilt then
Should wanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new fury to their fired hearts:
Viewing their swords, looking whose points with gore
Were lightly stain'd, whose blades were bloudy'd ore:
Who faulter in their blowes, who hold their hand,
Who faintly strike, who fight as by command,
And who with greedinesse; who changes looke
To see a Roman slaine; himselfe then tooke
Survey of bodies gasping on the ground,
To let out all the blood crushing their wounds;
As fierce *Enyo* shakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his warlike Thracians,
Or drives with furious lashes ore the field
His horses starting at *Minerva's* shield.
Blacke nights of slaughter, and dire deeds arise;
Like one great voice the dying souldiers cries,
Clashing of armed brests falling to ground,
And swords with swords meeting, and breaking sound.
He with fresh swords his souldiers still supplies,
To strike the faces of their enemies,
Forcing them on, still urging at their backe,
And with his javelin beating on the slacke.
Against the Senate, not Plebeian foes,
He guides their hands, and swords, full well he knowes

Where

Where the lawes live, where the states blood does flow
Where he may conquer Rome, and overthrow
The worlds last liberty. Together then
Fall Senators with Roman Gentlemen.
Those honourd names *Marelli, Lepidi,*
Corvini and *Torquati* slaughtred die,
That oft commanders ore great Kings have been,
And, except *Pompey*, all the best of men.
In a Plebeian helme disguisd there
What weapon noble (d) *Brutus* didst thou beare?
The Senats highest hope, Romes greatest grace,
The last of all thy ancient honourd race,
Through the armd foes rush not too rashly on,
Nor seeke out thy Philippick fate too soone:
Fate will to thee a Thessaly allot.
In vaine thou dy'est there, at *Cæsars* throat:
He has not yet mounted the top of fate,
And reacht that height that governes humane state,
To merit that brave death; no, let him reigne,
That he, as *Brutus* offring, may be slaine.
Here all Romes honour dies: here helpt on high
The slaughtred Senate with Plebeians lies.
But 'mongst those nobles, shut to Styx were sent,
Warlike *Domitius* (e) death was eminent:
VVhom fates had carry'd through all overthrowes,
Nere without him did happy fortune loose:
Vanquisht so oft by *Cæsar*, yet dies now
With liberty, and gladly falls thou
A thousand wounds; proud he has no fluid more
Be pardond now. Him wielding at his foe
Cæsar espy'd, with taunts upbraiding thus;
Now my successor proud *Domitius*,
At length thou shalt forsake thy *Pompeys* side,
And war is made without thee: she reply'd
With that last breath, which in his dying brest
Struggled; thou, *Cæsar*, hast not yet possest

The dire reward of all thy wickednesse:
But yet art doubtfull of thy fate; and lesse
Then *Pompey*: under whom secure I goe,
And a free ghost downe to the shades below:
And dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
To us, and him for thy misdeeds shalt pay.
With this last speech away his spirit flies,
And night eternall closes up his eyes.
We cannot in the worlds sad funerall
Particular teares pay to the death of all,
Nor search each private fate; whose brest a wound
Receiv'd; who spurnd mens hearts upon the ground;
Who through the mouth receiv'd his mortall wound,
And thence breathd out his soule; who fell to ground
At the first stroke; who stood upright, the while
His lopt-off limbs fell downe; who with a pile
Was fast nail'd to the earth; whose blood spun out,
And sprinkled all his foes armd brest about;
Who kills his brother, and, that then he may
Without shame rifle, throwes his head away:
Who teares his fathers face, that standers by
Conjecture by his too much truly know;
Twas not his father, whom he robbed of life.
No death is worthy of particular griefe,
Nor have we time to weep for every wight.
No others losse was like Pharsalia's fight:
Rome there by souldiers, here by kingdomes dies:
There private mens, here nations tragedies:
Here flow'd Assyrian, Grecian, Pontick blood;
But all these bloods the powerfull Roman flood
Drove through the field away. All people there
Are deepliest wounded, then one age can beare:
Farre more then life, then safety here is gone:
For all succeeding times we are overthrowne.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serve,
Alas what could posterity deserve

To

To be in thraldome borne? fought we with feare?
Spar'd we our throates? the punishments we beare
Of others flight. To vs, that since doe liue,
Fates should giue war, if they a tyrant giue.

Pompey perceiv'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this losse not mooued for his owne
Ill hap. Ascending a small hill to see
The slaughters all, that cover'd Thessaly,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd:
He thence descern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destiny,
In how much blood he falls; nor wishes he
(As wretches vse) all with himselfe to drowne,
And mixe the nations ruine with his owne:
But for suruiuall of most part of men
He deignes to thinke the gods euen worthy then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrowes comfort; spare, ye gods, quoth he
To sinke all nations *in mine* (if you list)
Although the world remaine, and Rome subsist,
May be made vnstable, if noe wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sonnes haue I:
So many pledges haue to giue to fate.
Is't nought for ciuill war to ruinate
Me, and my house? are we a losse so small
Without the world? why would'st thou ruine all
Fortune? now nought is mine. With that he rides
Through his distressed troopes, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them backe,
Thinking him selfe not worth so great a wracke:
Nor lack'd he spirit, their weapons to defy
With throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should dy,
No souldier then would fly, but there would fall,
And all the world dy with their generall:
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vaine; thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,

Where ere he please to see't. His wives deare sight
Another reason was, that caus'd his flight.
For in her sight the fates his death decree'd.
Then *Pompey* mounted on a gallant steede,
Fled from the field, fearing no swords behind,
But bearing still a fate-vnconquer'd mind:
No sighes, nor teares he spent: with majesty
His griefe was mixt, such as befitteth thee
Pompey, in Romes calamity to shew.
With lookes vnchang'd didst thou Æmathia view.
That mind, which wars successe could nere erect
To pride, wars losses cannot now deject.
Fortun's as far below thy wretched fate,
As she was false to thy triumphant state.
Securely now from Empires burden free
Thou goest; and on thy past prosperity
Hast time to looke: all boundlesse hopes are gone;
And what thou wert may now be truely knowne.
Fly this dire battell, and to witnesse call
The gods, that none for thy sake, *Pompey*, fall,
That stay behind thee, in Thessalia,
No more then Ægypt, Munda, Affrica,
The battels greatest part fought not for thee:
Nor shall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
Wars quarrell now; the foes that still will be
'Mongst vs, are *Cæsar*, and Romes liberty:
And t'will appeare more plaine after thy flight
The dying Senate for themselves did fight.
Let thy flight comfort thee, thou shalt not see
Those blood-staind troopes nor their impiety;
The rivers swell'd with blood looke backe, and see,
And pitty *Cæsar*: with what heart can he
Revisite Rome, made happy'et by this field?
What banishment in forreine lands can yeild
To thee, by thee what ere can be endur'd
Vnder th'Ægyptian tyrant, rest assur'd

The gods, and favouring fates, as beſt, preſerue;
Twere worſe for thee to be the conquerer.
Let all the people waile and weepe no more,
But dry their teares, and let the world adore
As well thy ruine, as proſperity.
Looke vpon Kings with a commanding eye,
Ægypt, and Libyas Kings, whom thou haſt crown'd,
And cityes built by thee, and chooſe a ground
Where thou vvilt dy. Lariſſa towne beheld
(Firſt witneſſe of thy fall) fled from the field
Thy noble ſelfe vnconquer'd by the fates.
Whoſe Citizens all iſſuing forth the gates
To meete thee (as if Conquerour) they vvent,
And gifts from love, and ſorrovv did preſent;
They ope their temples, and their houſes all:
And vviſh themſelves partakers of his fall:
Much of his great name's left: in his ovvne eye
He ſeemes the leaſt; nations would helpe him try
Once more his fortune, and renevv the vvar.
He cryes be faithfull to the Conquerer;
What ſhould the conquer'd doe vvith townes and men?
Thou *Cæſar*, in thy countreys bovvels then
Wert wading through Pharſalia's bloody field,
Whileſt peoples loues to thee he reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence: the people ſigh, and cry,
And raile againſt each cruell deity.
The people's favour now is truely prov'd:
Whileſt great, thou couldſt not knovv thy ſelfe belov'd.
When *Cæſar* ſaw the field with Roman blood
Was ouerflow'd enovgh, he thought it good
His ſwords from execution to reſtraine,
And ſpare poore liues, that would haue dy'd in vaine.
But leſt the foes ſhould to their campe in flight
Retire, and reſt ſhould baniſh terrour quite;
He ſtraight determines to aſſault their vvall,
Whileſt fortune's hot, and terrour vvorkes in all.

Not

Nor does he thinke that this command appeares
Too harsh, to hot, and weary'd souldiers;
Small exhortation leads them to the prey.
Our victory (quoth he) is full to day,
And for our bloud nought is remaining now
But the reward; which tis my part to showy,
I cannot say to give, what every man
Shall give himselfe; behold yon tents that stand
Full of all riches; there gold rak'd in Spaine,
There th'Easterne nations treasuries remaine,
Pompeys, and all those Kings estates doe lacke
Possessours, souldiers; run, and overtake
Whom you pursue: and whatsoere to you
Pharsalia gives, take from the conquerd now.
This speech of *Cesars*, and golds impious love
Over the swords the furious souldiers drove,
To tread on Senators, and Captaines slaine.
What trench, what bulwarke could their force sustaine?
Seeking the price of all their wars, and sin,
To know for what they have so guilty bin.
Spoiling the world they found a wealthy masse,
Which for wars future charges gathered was:
But their all-coveting thoughts could not be fill'd
With what Spains mines, and Tagus streams could yield,
Or on their sands rich Arimaspians find;
Though all the spoiles be theirs, yet in their mind
Their mischiefe at too cheap a sale they rent,
And are bid losse in spoyling of these rents,
When to himselfe the Conquerer Rome decreed,
And in that hope whole mountaines promised;
Patricians tents impious Plebeians keepe,
In Kings pavilions common souldiers sleepe;
On brothers, and on fathers empty beds
The killers lay their parricidall heads;
But furious dreames disturbe their restlesse rest,
Thessalia's fight remaines in every brest.

Their horrid guilt ſtill wakes; the battell ſtands
In all their thoughts; they brandiſh empty hands,
Without their ſwords: you would have thought the field
Had groan'd, and that the guilty earth did yield
Exhaled ſpirits, that in the aire did move,
And Stygian feares poſſeſt the night above.
A ſad revenge on them their conqueſt takes;
Their ſleeps preſent the furies hiſſing ſnakes,
And brands; their countrey-mens ſad ghoſts appeare:
To each the image of his proper feare:
One ſees an old mans viſage, one a young,
Another's tortur'd all the evening long
With his ſlaine brothers ſpirit: their fathers ſight
Daunts ſome: but *Cæſars* ſoule all ghoſts affright.
Oreſtes ſo, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th'*Eumenides* affrighting faces ſaw:
Not more was *Penthew* in *Agaves* fit
Diſmay'd, nor ſhe, when ſhe was freed from it.
Him all the ſwords that dire Pharſalia ſaw,
And which the Senate in revenge ſhould draw,
Oppreſſe that night, and helliſh-monſters ſcourge.
But that which moſt his guilty ſoule did urge,
Was this, that Styx, the fiends, and furies grim
(*Pompey* being yet alive) had ſeiz'd on him.
But having ſuffred all, when dayes cleare light
Diſplay'd Pharſalia's ſlaughter to his ſight,
No diſmall objects could avert his eyes
From thence: the rivers ſwell'd with blood he ſees,
And heaps of bodies equalling high hills,
And campfields, whence blood and filth diſtills,
He numbers *Pompeys* people, and that place
O d vines for banqueting, from whence each face
He might diſcerne, and know them as they lie,
Proud that Æmathia's earth he cannot ſee,
Or ſcarſe diſcerne the ſlaughter-cover'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods he found.

And

And with that joyfull ſight to feed his eyes,
To the wretch'd ſoules he funerall fire denyes,
Making Æmathia noiſome to the ayre.
Carthage, that gave our conſuls ſepulcher,
And Libyan fire on Cannæ did confer,
Could not teach him his enemies t'inter:
Remembring ſtill (his anger not even then
With ſlaughter ſlack'd) they were his countreymen.
We doe not ſeverall fires, or tombes deſire;
Doe but to all theſe nations grant one fire;
And let them not on piles diſtinct be brent.
Or if thou ayme at *Pompey's* puniſhment,
Pil'd up let Pindus wood, and Oſſa be,
That he from ſea Phariſalia's fire may ſee.
This anger boots thee not; for tis all one
Whither the fire, or putrifaction
Diſſolve them; all to natures boſome goe,
And to themſelves their ends the bodies owe.
If now theſe nations, *Cæſar*, be not burn'd,
They ſhall, when earth, and ſeas to flames are turn'd.
One fire ſhall burne the world, and with the skie
Shall mixe theſe bones; where ere thy ſoule ſhall be,
Their ſoules ſhall goe; in ayre thou ſhalt not fly
Higher, nor better in Avernus ly.
Death frees from fortune: each receives againe
What ever ſhe brought forth: and they obtaine
Heavens coverture, that have no urnes at all.
Thou that deny'ſt theſe nations funerall,
Why doſt thou fly theſe ſlaughter ſmelling fields?
Breath, if thou canſt, the ayre this region yields,
Or drinke this water, *Cæſar*, but from thee
The rotting people challenge Theſſaly,
And keepe poſſeſſion 'gainſt the conquerer.
To the ſad food of this Æmathian war,
Senting from far the bloods corruption.
The Thracian wolves, Arcadian lyons run:

Beares from their dens, dogs from their kennels come:
And all those ravenous creatures else, on whom
Nature bestowes the strongest sents, fall well
The ayre by carrion putrifi'd to smell.
Hither all birds of prey assembled are,
That long hath waited on this civill war:
Birds, that from Thrace to Nile in winter goe,
Staid longer then, then they were wont to doe:
Nere did moe birds of prey in one ayre fly,
Nor did more vultures ever cloud the skie;
From every wood tame foule: each tree was fill'd
With bloody birds, that crimson drops distill'd.
Downe from the ayre blood, and corruption rain'd
The conquerors face, and impious Eagles stain'd.
Birds from their weary tallands off let fall
Gobbets of flesh; nor were the people all
Consumed so; buried in birds, or beast,
Which would not on their bowels fully feast,
Nor sucke their marrow all, but lightly taste;
The greatest part of Roman flesh is cast
Disdain'd away: which by the Sun, and time
Dissolv'd, is mixed with Thessalian slime.

Vnhappy Thessaly, what hast thou done
T'offend the angry gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates should staine?
What age, what length of time can purge againe
The guilt that thou hast wrought? what come in thee
And grasse with blood discolour'd shall not be?
What plowshare, but some Roman ghost shall wound?
Before that time new battels on thy ground
Shall be; and impious civill wars shall staine
Thy fields (before this blood be dry) againe.
If all the graves of our dead ancestors
We should turne up, their tombes that stand, and theirs
Whose time-consumed urnes leave cast abroad
Th'enclosed dust: moe ashes would be trod,

And

And bones by harrowes teeth digg'd up, and found
In the ſad furrowes of Theſſalides ground.
No Mariners had ſailed from thy ſhore;
Nor husbandman had plow'd thee any more,
The Roman peoples grave; thy ghoſtly field
Had no inhabitant for ever till'd:
No heards of cattell on thy plaines had run.
Nor durſt the ſhepherds feed their flocks upon
Thy paſture fields, with Roman blood manur'd:
Nor habitable, nor to be indur'd,
(As in the torrid, or cold icy zone)
Shouldſt thou have lyen, forſaken, and unknowne,
If thou hadſt beene not firſt, but onely ſeat
Of wicked war: Oh give us leave to hate
This guilty land; ye gods, why doe you ſtaine
The world, t'abſolve it ſo? the blood in Spaine,
Sicilian ſeas, *Mutina*, *Leucas* ſpilt
Has quite abſolv'd Philippi fields from guilt.

FINIS Libri Septimi.

Annotations on the ſeventh Booke.

(a) *The ſame day when this great Pharſalian field was fought, an Augur* C.Cornelius *being then at Padua, obſerving his rules of augury, told unto them that ſtood by him the very inſtant when the battell began: and going againe to his art, returned as it were inſpired, and cryes out with a loud voice, Cæſar the day is thine.*

(b) *This* Chrattinus *was an old Souldier of* Cæſars *army, and now* Emeritus, *that is freed from the duties of the war, but for love of* Cæſar *ſerved in this war a voluntary, hee deſiring to give the onſet ſpake thus to* Cæſar; *I hope, Cæſar, this day ſo to behave my ſelfe, that thou ſhalt thanke me either alive or dead; hee was ſlaine, run through the mouth.*

(c) When Cæsar perceived that his horsmen could not withstand the force of Pompeyes horsmen and archers, hee drew forth 3000. men which for that purpose hee had placed in the right wing, they with such fury assaulted Pompeyes horsmen, that they all fled; after whose flight all the archers wanting their defence were without resistance slaine.

(d) Marcus Brutus was there fighting in Plebeian armour, and scaped the knowledge of Cæsars souldiers. This was that Brutus, that joyning afterward with Cassius, was with him vanquished in the Philippian fields by Octavius and Antonius; after which battell all hope of Roman liberty was for ever lost.

(e) L. Domitius was by the Senates decree to succeed Cæsar in the government of France; In this war taking Pompeyes side hee was at Corfinium by his owne souldiers brought bound to Cæsar, and by him pardoned: afterward in Massilia hee was vanquished by D. Brutus, Cæsars Lieutenant, and fled.

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Eight Booke.

The Argument.

Through devious deserts conquish'd Pompey *flyes,*
And sailes to Lesbos; whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife. In severall flying fleets
Sextus, *and other Roman Lords he meets.*
Deiotarus *the Gallogrecian King*
Is sent to great Arsacides, *to bring*
To ayde of Pompeyes *side the Parthian bowes.*
The Lords consult where to retire, and chose
Ægypts base shore. Th'unthankefull king betrayes
Old Pompey *cumming: and before the face*
Of Sextus, *and* Cornelia, *ere he lands*
By base Achillas, *and* Septimius *hands*
Great Pompey *dyes. By night poore* Codrus *comes,*
And on the shore his halfe burnt trunke entombes,
Without the head. The author doth inveigh
'Gainst treacherous Ægypt, and base Ptolomy.

RE woody Tempe, and th'Herculian straits
Following th'Æmonian woodes desert retreats
(Though far about) great *Pompey* rode; his steed
Quite spent past helpe of spur had lost his speed.

Through

Through devious wayes he turnes, and leaves behind
No tracke of his uncertaine flight; the wind
Filling the shaken woods with murmuring noises
Made him afraid, and his owne followers voices,
That rode behind, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
He thinks his blood set at no vulgar rate:
But as high priz'd (still mindfull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himselfe for *Cæsar* head
Would give. But through the deserts as he fled,
His presence, and majestick face deny'd
A safe concealment; many, as they ly'd
Vnto his campe, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meet their Generall:
Wondring at fortunes arrests, and scarse is he
Beleeft, relating his owne misery.
He grieves that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to be
Vnknowne; and through the world obscurely goe.
But fortunes ancient favour brings this woe.
His present sinking state more to depresse
By honours weight, and former happinesse.
Now he perceives he did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Syllaes* time.
And grieves to thinke upon, in these sad dayes,
His Pontick laurell, or Pyraticke bayes.
So too long age great'st happinesse destroyes,
And life surviving Empire, former joyes
Breed griefe, unlesse with them our end be sent,
And timely death ensuing woes prevent.
Let none, but with a mind prepar'd to dy,
Dare to adventure on prosperity.
Now to the shore he came, where Peneus ran
Red with Pharsalia's slaughter to the maine.
There a (a) small barke unfit for seas, and winds,
Scarse safe in shallowest rivers, *Pompey* finds,

And

And goes aboord. He, with whose navies oares
Even yet Corcyra shakes, and Leucas shores,
That tam'd Cecilia, and Liburnia,
Goes fearfull now in a small barke to sea.
To Lesbos shore his sailes commanded are
By thee, *Cornelia*, carefull of his care,
Where thou then lay'st, far more with sorrow fill'd,
Then if th'hadst been in dire Pharsalia's field.
Thy carefull brest still sad presages shake,
And feares thy restlesse slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia; when night's done,
To th'shore, and sea-orehanging rocks begone
With woe, to view the Oceans face, she hyes,
And still all ships, that come, she first espyes,
But dares aske nothing of her husbands state.
Lo now a ship that comes! alas what fate
It brings thou know'st not; but behold thy feares,
Thy cares whole sum, thy vanquisht lord appeares
Himselfe the sad relater of wars crime.
VVhy now lamentst thou not, thus losing time?
When thou mayst weep, thou fear'st, the ship drawn nigh,
She runnes, and sees the crime of destiny,
Pompey pale-fac'd, his hoary haires hung downe
Ore his sad brow, his garments squallid grownе.
Then griefe contracts her soule; a suddaine night
Invades her sense, and reaves her eyes of light;
Her nerve-forsaken joynts all faint; cold is
Her heart, deceiv'd with hope of death she lies;
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side;
VVhom when *Cornelia*'s mayds now neere espy'd,
They durst not on fates cruelty complaine,
More then with silent sighs, striving in vaine
To lift their lady up; whom in his armes
Great *Pompey* takes, and with imbraces warmes
Her key cold brest. But when the fled blood fills
Her outward parts, her husbands hand she feeles,

And

And better brookes his viſage; he forbid
Her yield to fate, and thus her ſorrow chid.
Why is thy noble ſtrength of courage broke
(Woman deſcended from ſo great a ſtocke)
By the firſt wound of fate? thou haſt the way
To purchaſe fame, which never ſhall decay.
Thy ſexes praiſe ſprings not from war, or ſtate,
But faithfull love to an unhappy mate.
Advance thy thoughts, and let thy piety
Contend with fortune: love me now cauſe I
Am conquerd, ſweet, 'tis more true praiſe for thee
To love me thus, when all authoritie,
The ſacred Senate, and my Kings are gone.
Begin to love thy *Pompey* now alone.
That griefe extreme, thy husband yet alive,
Becomes thee not; thou ſhouldſt that ſorrow give
To my laſt funeralls, thou art bereft
Of nothing by this war: thy *Pompeys* left
Alive and ſafe; his fortunes onely gone;
Tis that thou wail'ſt, and that thou lov'dſt alone.
Chid by her husband thus, by ſhames conſtraint
She roſe, and uter'd this moſt ſad complaint.
Would I to hated *Ceſar* had bin led
A bride, ſince happy to no husbands bed.
Twice have I hurt the world: my bridall lights
Erinnys, and th'unhappy *Craſſi's* ſprights
Carry'd; accurſed by thoſe ghoſts I bare
Th'Aſſyrian fortune to this civill war
I was the cauſe that all theſe nations dy'd,
And all the gods forſooke the juſter ſide.
Oh greateſt lord, worthy of better fate
Then my ſad marriage; had dire fortunes hate
Such pow'r on thee? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched? take revenge on me,
Which willingly Ile pay; to make the ſea
More paſſible, Kings faiths more firme to thee,

And all the world more hospitable, drowne
Me by the way, oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victory, but now
Deare *Pompey* expiate thine overthrow.
Where ere thou ly'st, ô cruell *Fates*,
Reveng'd already in Pharsalia,
Come wreak thine anger, let thy strumpets death
Appease thy wrath, and spare thy *Pompeys* breath.
This said, and sinking in his armes, her fall
Againe drew teares from the spectators all:
Pompeys great heart relented, and that eye
Wept there, that in Pharsalia's field was drie.
The Mitylenians then thus on the shore
Bespake great *Pompey*; if for evermore
It shall our honour be to have preserv'd
Thy dearest pledge, if we have so deserv'd;
To grace the city of thy servants daigne,
And here with us, though but one night, remaine;
Make this a place honour'd for evermore,
A place, that Roman Pilgrims may adore.
Our towne before all townes thou shouldst approve;
For all townes else may hope for *Cæsars* love:
We have already trespast; further yet
This is an Ile, and *Cæsar* wants a fleet;
Besides, thy nobles know this place, and here
Will meet: thy fates on this knowne shore repaire:
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and bands
Of our young men to serve by sea, or land:
Take thou (though conquer'd) Lesbos forces here,
Least *Cæsar* presse them as the Conquerer.
Oh cleare this faithfull land of that foule crime,
That thou which lov'dst us in thy prosperous time,
Shouldst feare our faith in thy adversity.
Glad of these mens so wondrous piety
For the worlds sake, that some fidelity
Was left to wretched states, this land (quoth he)

That

That I of all the world most deare esteemd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd.
She was the hostage that my love was here,
That here my houshold gods, and countrey were;
Here was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I toucht upon no shore;
Knowing that Lesbos in preserving her
Had purchac'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not feare
To give you cause your pardons all to plead;
Let it suffise that I your guilt have made:
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy Lesbos, ever fam'd; from you
People, and Kings shall learne fidelity
To us, or faithfull you alone shall be.
Which lands are true, which false I now must try.
Heare ô ye gods, if any gods with me
Remaine, my last of prayers, grant us to find
A land like Lesbos, whose still faithfull mind
Dares give safe landing to our conquer'd fare,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsars* hate.
His sad companion then aboord he tooke.
You would have thought all Lesbos had forsooke
Their native soile exil'd: so great a cry
Was rais'd, and wofull hands heav'd to the sky
All ore the shore, for *Pompey* least of all,
(Though he deserv'd their sorrow by his fall)
But seeing her depart, whom they had seene
All this war time, as their owne citizen,
The people wept; of her the matrons dry
From teares, could hardly have cast leave, though she
Vnto her lord a Conqueror had gone:
She so had gaind the love of ev'ry one
By vertuous, courteous carriage, modesty
Of a chast looke: proud to no company;
Lowly to all, and such her life was seene
While her lord stood, as he had conquerd been.

Now

Now *Titans* orbe halfe drowned in the seas
Gaue part to us, part to th'Antipodes:
When care in *Pompey's* restlesse bosome runs
Sometimes on Romes confederate states, and townes,
And kings vncertaine faiths, sometimes vpon
The South-scorch'd regions of the torrid zone:
Sometimes, as too sad burdens, he layes by
His wearied cares of future destiny,
Asking the master of each star, and where
He guesses land: what rules heaven gives to steare
His ship at sea: what stars to Syria guide:
Which of Bootes fires to Lybias side
Directs; to this the master thus replyes:
We follow not those stars, which through the skyes
Doe slide, and passe away: vnconstant stars
In the vnfixt pole deceive the mariners;
That pole, that never falls, nere drownes in sea
Famous for Cynosure, and Helice.
Doth guide our ships, when ere that stares got vp
Right verticall, just ore the saileyards top.
Then to the Bosphorus we make apace,
And seas, that Syn thines cooled shores embrace.
But when more low, and neerer to the sea
Artophilax and Cynosura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our course we steere:
Canopus then is elevated there,
Which fearers the North, and in the Southerne skyes
Remaines alone. Who thence to th'left hand flyes
(Pharos orepast) into the Syrtes falls.
But whither now shall we direct our sailes?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replyes:
In all the course at sea observe but this,
To keepe thy ship still far from Thessaly,
And to the heavens, and seas leave Italy,
The rest trust to the winds, I now have tane
My deare left pledge *Cornelia* in againe.

I then

I then was certaine whither to resort,
But now let fortune finde vs out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake: the master straightway turnes
About his sailes stretch'd out with æquall hornes,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waves, that twixt Chios, and Asia flow,
To the ships length he turnes his sailes about:
The sea perceiues the change: her waues are cut
By the sharpe stemme with different motion.
The skilfull Charrioter not halfe so soone
Raines round his horse, and doth with suddaine change
About the goale his wheeling charriot range.
Sol hid the stars, and land discouered,
When those, that from Pharsalia's battell fled,
To *Pompey* came; and first from Lesbos shores
He met his son, then Kings, and Senators.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquish'd, and fled) had Kings to waite on him:
Proud sceptred Kings, that ore the East did reigne,
Attended there in banish't *Pompeys* traine.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To goe for aide to farthest Easterne lands.
Most loyall King, since on Pharsalia's plaines
This world was lost from Rome, it now remaines
To try the East, those that by Tigris ly,
And by Euphrates yet from *Cæsar* free.
Grieve not, though to repaire my fortunes lost,
Thou to the Medes, or farthest Scythians go'st,
Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
Beare my salutes to great *Arsacides*;
And if our ancient league remaine, which I
By *Latian Iove*, by his owne deity
He swore: let the Armenian archers strong,
Their well-bent bowes, and quivers bring along:
If you, O Parthians, vndisquieted
I ever left when I pursu'd the fled

Vnquiet

Vnquiet Alans to the Caſpian ſtraight,
And forc'd you not for ſafety to retreat
To Babylon: marching ore Cyrus ground,
And the Chaldæan kingdomes vtmoſt bound,
Appearing nearer then the Perſian
To the Suns riſe; where into th'Ocean
Nyſas, Hydaſpes, and ſwift Ganges fall,
Suffer'd you onely, when I conquer'd all,
To goe vntriumph'd: Parthias King alone
Of all th' Eaſts monarchs, ſcap'd ſubjection.
Nor once alone doe you your ſafety ow
To me; who after *Craſſus* overthrow,
Appeas'd the juſt incenſed wrath of Rome;
For all my merits now let Parthia come
Out of her bounds appointed, and paſſe ore
Greeke Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden ſhore.
Conquer for *Pompey*: Rome will looſe the day
Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
(Though hard were his command) laying aſide
His Kingly robes, and in a ſervants weede
Attir'd he goes, in a diſtreſſed time
'Tis ſafe for Kings like pooreſt men to ſeeme.
Therefore how much lives he, that's truely poore,
Safer then Kings! The King tooke leave at ſhore.
And by the Icarion rockes great *Pompey* gone
Leaues Epheſus and ſea-calme Colophon:
Shaving ſmall Samos foaming rockes he goes
A gentle gale blowes from the ſhore of Cos:
Gindon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaues,
And ſailing ſtraight in the mid-Ocean ſaues
Telmeſſums long, and winding circuits. Firſt
Pamphylia greetes their eyes; but *Pompey* durſt
Commit his perſon to no towne, but thee
Little Phaſelis: thy ſmall company,
And few inhabitants could not cauſe a feare,
More in the ſhip then in thy walls there were.

But ſailing thence againe, high Taurus ſhowes
It ſelfe; and Dipſas, that from Taurus flowes.
Could *Pompey* thinke, when erſt he clear'd the ſeas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his owne eaſe?
He now flyes ſafe along Cicilian ſhores
In a ſmall ſhip: there many Senators
Following oretake their flying generall
Within the haven of Celendræ ſmall,
Where in and out ſhips on Selinus paſt.
In full aſſembly of the lords at laſt
Thus ſadly *Pompey* ſpake; my Lords whoſe ſight
(As deare companions both in war, and flight)
I doe eſteeme my country, though we ſtand
On a bare ſhore, in poore Cicilian land
Attended with no force, advice to take,
And new proviſion for a war to make,
Yet bring couragious hearts: I loſt not all
In Theſſaly, nor did my fortune fall
So low, but that this head againe may riſe.
Could *Marius* after all his miſeryes
In Libya, riſe to a ſeaventh Conſulſhip?
And me ſo lightly fall'n will fortune keepe?
A thouſand Captaines on the Græcian ſea,
A thouſand ſhips I have: Pharſalia
Has rather ſcatter'd, then quite overthrowne
My ſtrength: but me my actions fame alone
Which all the earth have ſeene, my name, that now
The whole world loves, ſhall guard. Conſider you
Th' Ægyptian, Libyan, Parthian monarchies,
Both in their ſtrength, and faith, and then adviſe
Which fitteſt is to ayd Romes labouring ſtate.
But I, my Lords, will to your eares relate
Freely my ſecret'ſt cares, and tell the truth
How I encline; I doe ſuſpect the youth
Of Ægypts King; for true fidelity
Requires ſtrong yeares, I feare the ſubtlety,

And

And double heart of Mauritania's King;
Remembring Carthage whence his race did spring,
He gapes for Italy, and his vaine breſt
Is much with thought of *Hannibal* poſſeſt;
Whoſe blood commixt with th'old Numidians
Obliquely *Iubaes* pedigree diſtaines.
He ſwell'd to ſee *Varus* a ſuppliant growne,
And Roman faces inferiour to his owne.
Therfore, my Lords, to th'Eaſterne world let us
Retire; Euphrates with a ſpacious
Channell divides the world; the Caſpian ſtraits
On tother ſide yield ſafe, and large retreats;
Another pole meaſures th'Aſſyrian dayes,
And nights: another colour beate the ſeas
Sever'd from ours, their aime is ſoveraignty:
Their bowes more ſtrong, their ſteeds more fierce, & high
Then ours, no boy, nor aged man wants skill,
Or ſtrength to ſhoot; deadly their arrowes kill.
Their bowes firſt brooke Pellæan ſpeares, and Wonne
Th'Aſſyrian wall renowned Babylon,
And Median Bactra. Nor ſo fearfull are
The Parthians of our piles, but that they dare
Come our to warre againſt us, they have try'd
Their ſhafts ſufficiently when *Craſſus* dy'd.
Nor are their truſty ſhafts arm'd at the head
With ſteele alone, but deadly venomed:
Slight wounds are mortall, and the leaſt blood drawne
Will kill. Oh would on the fierce Parthian
I were not forced to depend; their fate
Does too too much Romes fortune æmulate:
Too many gods ayd them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the Eaſt to come
To War. But if Barbarians leagues deceive
Our hopes, or elſe our ſcornd alliance leave;
Let fortune then our ſad and ſhipwracke ſtate
Beyond the knowne and trafficqu'd world tranſlate;

I will not ſue to Kings whom I have made;
But in my death this comfort ſhall be had
Lying farre off, this body ſhall not be
Subject to *Cæſars* rage, nor pietie:
But there revolving my whole lifes paſt fate
Still honourd in thoſe parts was *Pompeys* ſtate.
How great has Eaſterne Tanais me ſeene?
How great beyond Mæotis have I beene?
Into what lands did my victorious name
More ſound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Favour my purpoſe Rome, what happier
Can the gods grant thee, then in civill war
To uſe the Parthian armes to overthrow
That land, and mixe their ruine with our woe?
When the fierce Parthians have with *Cæſar* fought,
Craſſus revenge, or mine muſt needs be wrought:
This ſaid, he heard their murmure to condemne
His plot. But *Lentulus* mongſt all of them
In ſpirit, and noble griefe the forwardſt man
Thus (worthy his late Conſulſhip) began.
Has the Pharſalian loſſe ſo broke thy minde?
Has one dayes fate the world ſo low declin'd?
Does that one battell our whole cauſe decide,
And no cure left to helpe our wounded ſide?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey*, but to ſue
At the proud Parthians feet; wouldſt thou eſchew
All lands, and climes, and thither aime thy flight,
Where croſſe poles raigne, and unknowvn ſtars give light,
T'adore the Parthians, and their deities,
Chaldæan fires, and barbarous ſacrifice?
Why in this war preſerv'dſt thou liberty?
Why is the wretched world deceiv'd by thee,
If thou canſt ſerve? whoſe name they trembled at,
As the chiefe ruler of the Roman fate,
Whom they have ſeene lead captive Kings before
From wild Hyrcania, and the Indian ſhore,

Shall

Shall they now ſee caſt downe, and broke by fate,
Meaſuring themſelves by *Pompeyes* begging ſtate,
With Rome, and Italy aſpire t'inherit?
Thou canſt ſpeake nothing worth thy fate, and ſpirit:
Their ignorance ith'Roman tongue requires
That thou in teares ſhouldſt utter thy deſires.
Wouldſt thou ſo wound our ſhame, that not from Rome,
But Parthia the revenge of Rome ſhould come?
She choſe thee Generall of her civill war.
Why doſt thou ſpread her loſſe, and wounds ſo far
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to goe
Beyond her bound? Rome ſhall in her deepe woe
This ſpeciall comfort loſe of bringing in
No Kings, but ſerving her owne Citizen.
Canſt thou delight from fartheſt parts to come
Leading fierce nations 'gainſt the walls of Rome,
Following thoſe Eagles, that ſlaine *Craſſus* loſt?
That onely King, that from th'Æmathian (*a*) hoſt
Was abſent (fortune did his favour guide)
Will he provoke the Conquerers ſtrong ſide,
And joyne with vanquiſht *Pompey*, think you? no,
We have no cauſe to truſt that nation ſo,
The people all borne in the Northern cold
Are lovers of the war, hardy, and bold;
But in the Eaſt, and Southern climes, the heat
Of gentle ayre makes them effœminate.
Their men ſoft clothing, and looſe garments weare.
Parthians upon the Median fields, and where
Along Sarmatian plaines ſwift Tygris flowes,
By liberty of flight can by no foes
Be vanquiſhed; but where the earth does ſwell,
Ore craggy hills they cannot clime ſo well;
Nor in darke places can they uſe the bow;
Nor dare they ſwim torrents that ſwiftly flow;
Nor in the field with blood all over dyde
Dare they the duſt, and Summer Sun abide;

No rams, nor engines can the Parthian vse,
Nor fill the trenches vp: when he pursues,
What ere is arrow proofe, serves for a wall,
Slight are their wars, their fights like flyings all;
They straglingly fight, apter to fly then stand.
Their arrowes venom'd are, not close at hand
Dare they maintaine a fight: far off with bowes
They shoot, and where it lists the wind bestowes
Their wounds; but fight of sword does strength require:
All manly nations the sword-fight desire.
At the first onset they'l disarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhaust, must flee;
Their trust in poyson is, not in their hands.
Thinkst thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not stand
Without such helpes, the hazard of a fight?
Can such base ayde be worth so long a flight?
For thee so far from thine owne land to fly,
And under barbarous earth entomb'd to ly
In a base monument, yet such a one
As will be envy'd, *Crassus* having none?
Thy state is not so pitifull: for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but losse of breath
Vnder that wicked King *Comutta* fearer not.
The *Venus* of those barbarous courts who heares not?
Which like bruit beasts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wives numberlesse all lawes defile:
Th'incestuous beds abhorred secrets by
Ope to a thousand concubines, rais'd high
With wine, and banqueting, the King refraines
No lawlesse lust, though more so full of staines:
Th'embraces of so many women can
Not all the night tire one insatiate man;
In Kings incestuous beds their sisters ly,
And mothers which should names unstained be.
Oedipus wofull tale condemnes alone
Thebes of a crime, though ignorantly done:

But

But there how often does the Parthian King
Arſacides from ſuch foule inceſt ſpring?
What can be wickedneſſe to him, that may
Defile his mother? ſhall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progeny be led
The thouſand'th wife to a Barbarians bed?
Yet none more often will the tyrant uſe
Then her: her husbands titles will infuſe
A ſcornfull luſt: and, which will pleaſe him more,
Hee'l know that ſhe was *Craſſus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate to her did Parthia ow)
A captive for that former overthrow.
Think on that ſlaughter: t'will not onely bring
Shame, to have begg'd ayde from that fatall King,
But to have made a civill war before,
For what will *Caeſar*, and thy ſelfe be more
Accus'd by all, then that, while you two fought
There could for *Craſſus* no revenge be wrought?
'Gainſt Parthia all our armies ſhould have gone:
And that no ſtrength might want, from garriſon
Our Northern lands ſhould have beene freed each one,
Till treacherous *Suſa*, and proud Babylon
Had fall'n for tombes upon our ſlaughter'd men.
Of Parthian peace, fortune, we beg an end;
And, if Theſſalia end the civill war,
Againſt the Parthian ſend thy Conquerer:
Of all the world I ſhould rejoyce alone
At *Caeſars* triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis ſtreames haſt croſt,
Shall not the ſlaughter'd *Craſſus* mourning ghoſt
Vpbraid thee? thou, whom our unbury'd ghoſts
Long ſince expected with revenging hoſts,
Com'ſt thou to ſue for peace? beſides thine eyes
Sad monuments of Roman tragedyes
Shall greet: the walls, on which our Capeaines heads
Were fixt: where bodies of our ſouldiers dead

Euphrates ſwallow'd, and ſwift Tygris ſtreame
Rowl'd backe againe to earth. If thou to them
Canſt ſue, why, *Pompey*, doſt thou ſcorne to pray
To *Cæſar* ſitting in Theſſalia?
Looke rather upon Romes confederates,
And if thou doe ſuſpect the Southern ſtates,
And *Iuba's* falſhood, goe to *Ptolomy*;
Ægypt by Libyan quick-ſands Weſterly
Is guarded: on the Eaſt fall Niles ſeven floods,
To th'ſea; a land content with her owne goods;
A land that needs nor raine, nor merchandize,
So much on onely Nilus ſhe relyes.
Young *Ptolomy* reignes there, that owes his crowne
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Feare not the ſhadow of a name: no hurt
Can be in tender yeares: in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or truſt be ſought:
Men us'd to ſcepters are aſham'd of nought:
The mildeſt government a kingdome finds
Vnder new kings. This ſpeech quite turn'd their minds.
How are deſpairing ſtates moſt free and bold?
Pompeyes opinion is by all controll'd
They leave Cilicia, and to Cyprus move
The courſe. No land does *Venus* better love
Still mindfull of her birth (if we at all
Think gods were borne, or had originall)
Pompey departing thence his courſe gan bend
Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,
And got into the interpoſed maine;
Nor by the nights weake light could he attaine
Mount Caſius; but with ſtrugling ſailes, and ſtrength
A lower port of Ægypt reach'd at length,
Where parted Nilus greateſt channell flowes,
And to the Ocean at Peluſium goes.
That time was come, wherein juſt Libra weighes
The howers, and makes the nights equall with dayes:

Then

Then payes the winter nights howers, which the spring
Had tane away. They, hearing that the King
Was at mount Casius, thither make repaire:
The Sun yet was not downe, the wind blew faire.
The scouts along the shore post to the court,
And fill their fearfull eares with the report
Of *Pompeyes* coming; though their time were small
For counsell, yet the Ægyptian monsters all
Were met: 'mongst whom *Achoreus* began,
Whom age taught modesty, a mild old man,
(Him superstitious *Memphys*, that observ'd
Th'increase of Nile brought forth: while he had serv'd
At the gods altars, not one *Apis* liv'd
Five changes of the Moone) his speech reviv'd
The sacred league of *Ptolomy's* dead father,
And *Pompeyes* merits; but *Photinus* rather
And counseller for tyrants, with base breath
Durst thus presume to counsell *Pompeyes* death.

Iustice and truth have many guilty made:
Faith suffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would ayde
Whom fortune hates; joyne with the gods, and fate,
And fly the wretched, love the fortunate:
Profit from honesty differs as far
As does the sea from fire, earth from a star.
Crownes lose their power, whilst onely good they doe,
Respect of right all strength does overthrow.
Tis mischiefes freedome, and th'uncurbed sword,
That does to hated crownes safety afford.
No cruell actions, unlesse throughly done,
Are done secure; let him from court be gone,
That would be good; vertue, and soveraignty
Doe not agree; nothing but feare shall he,
That is asham'd a tyrant to be deem'd.
Let *Pompey* rue that he thy yeares contemn'd;
Thinking thou couldst not from thy shore drive back
A conquer'd man: let not a stranger take

Thy

Thy scepter: if thou wouldst resigne thy reigne,
Th'hast neerer pledges, give the crowne againe
To thy condemned sisters: lets keepe free
Our Ægypt from the Roman slavery.
Shall wee, that did not in the war adhere
To *Pompey*, now provoke the Conquerer?
Vagrant through all the world, hopelesse of all
He seeks with what lands ruine he may fall:
Haunted with civill war-staine ghosts he flyes:
Not onely *Cæsar*, but the Senates eyes,
Whose greatest part feeds fowles in Thessaly.
He fearing those nations whom he left to dy
Mixt in one bloody field: he feares those Kings,
Whose hapelesse states his fall to ruine brings:
Now guilty of the losse, harbour'd by none,
To us, whom yet he has not overthrowne,
He seeks; a greater cause, ô *Ptolomy*,
Have we to accuse *Pompey*; why would he
Our quiet land staine with the crime of war,
And made us hated by the Conquerer?
Why does thy misery chuse our land alone
To bring Pharsalia's fortune, and thine owne
Fear'd punishment into? we beare a blame
Already, (and our swords must purge the same)
In that, because the Senate mov'd by thee
Gave us a crowne, we wisht thy victory.
This sword, now drawne by fate, we did provide
To wound not *Pompeys*, but the conquer'd side,
And rather could we wish for *Cæsars* head:
But whither all are carry'd, we are led.
Mak'st thou a doubt of our necessity
To kill thee now we may? what strength have we
For thee to trust, wretch'd man? thou saw'st our men
Vnarm'd, to plow soft mould scarce able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdomes strength in fit that we
Try, and confesse; canst thou, ô *Ptolomy*

Raise

Raise *Pompeys* ruine, under which great Rome
It selfe is fall'n so low? or dar'st thou come
To stirre the ashes of Pharsalia,
And such a war upon thy kingdome draw?
We to no side, before the battell, cleft;
Shall we now cleave to *Pompey*, which is left
By the whole world? provoking the knowne fates,
And feared strength of *Cæsar*, wretched states
Aid they, that did their prosperous times attend.
No faith ere chose a miserable friend.

The mischiefe pleas'd them all: the young king proud
Of this strange honour that his men allow'd
Him to command so wonderfull a thing,
Chose out *Achillas* for the managing.
Where the false land in Casian sands does lie
Stretcht out, and forth a witnesse the Syrtes nigh,
Weapons, and partners of his murdrous guile
He puts in a small boat. Oh gods, durst Nile,
Durst barbarous Memphis, and th'effeminate men
Of soft Canopus harbour such a spleene?
Has civill war depreſt the world so low?
Or are the Romane fates dejected so?
Are Pharian swords admitted, and a roome
For Ægypt left into this war to come?
In this at least ye civill wars be true;
Bring well-known hands, keep forraine beasts from you,
If *Pompeys* fam'd name deserve to be
The crime of *Cæsar*, feare not *Ptolomey*
The ruine of that name: or when the sky
Thunders, dar'st thou, effeminate *Ptolomey*,
Insert thy prophane hands? to terrify
Thee, King, a Romane name enough should be,
Without that worth that did the world controll:
Rode thrice in triumph to the Capitoll:
That govern'd Kings: that led the Senates war;
And son in law was to the Conquerer.

Who

Why with thy ſword our bowells doſt thou wound?
Thou doſt not know, proud boy, upon what ground
Thy fortunes ſtand, thou now canſt claime no right
To Ægypts Scepter: for in civill fight
Hee's fall'n, that Ægypts crowne on thee beſtow'd.
Now *Pompeys* ſhip tooke downe her ſailes, and row'd
Toward the ſhore. The wicked band drew (*b*) neere
In a ſmall two-oar'd boat; with faigned cheere
Tell him the King dome at his ſervice ſtands;
And feigning that the ſhore for ſhelves, and ſands
Could not approached be by ſhips ſo great,
Into their little boat they doe intreat
He would deſcend. If by the fates decree,
And everlaſting lawes of deſtinie
Pompey condemned to that wretched end
Had not beene forc'd to ſhore; (*c*) none of his friends
Wanted preſages of the dire event.
For had their faith bin pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter-giver truly t'entertaine
In Court, th'Ægyptian King with all his traine
And fleet had come. *Pompey* to fate gives way,
And, bid to leave his navie, does obey,
Preferring (*d*) death before baſe feare. Into
The enemies boates *Cornelia* faine would goe,
Now more impatient to be ſeparate
From her deare lord, becauſe ſhe feares his fate.
Stay wife, and ſonne; and far from ſhore (quoth he)
Behold my fortune: and in this necke try
The tyrants faith: but deafe to his commands
Franticke *Cornelia* wrings her wofull hands:
Whither without me go'ſt thou, cruell man?
Remov'd from Theſſaly, muſt I againe
Be left? ſtill fatall have our partings bin.
In flight thou needeſt not to have touch'd in
At Lesbos; but there ſtill have let me be,
If thou intend I nere ſhall land with thee,

Only

Only at ſea thy ſad companion.
Thus all in vaine *Cornelia* making mone
Vpon the ſhips fore-decke ſtood looking ore,
So full of griefe, and feare, ſhe could not more
Looke after him, nor turne her eyes away.
Doubtfull of his ſucceſſe the fleet did ſtay,
Not fearing ſwords, nor force, nor treachery;
But leſt great *Pompey* ſhould ſubmiſſively
Adore that ſcepter that himſelfe beſtow'd.
Septimius then a Roman ſouldier bow'd,
Saluting *Pompey* from th' Ægyptian boat,
Who (oh heavens ſhame) leaving his pile, had got
A barbarous partizan, one of the guard
To Ægypts King: fierce unrelenting hard,
Bloody as any beaſt. Who would not then
Have thought that fortune meant to favour men,
When ſhe had kept this impious ſword ſo far
From Theſſaly, and ſtayd from civill war
This hand? but ſhe diſpos'd the ſwords (alas)
That civill miſchiefe might in ev'ry place
Be done. A tale the Conquerers to ſhame
It was, the gods eternall bluſh, and blame,
A Roman ſword ſhould by a King be led,
And the Ægyptian boy reach *Pompeys* head
With his owne ſword. What fame ſhall future time
Give thee *Septimius*? or how ſtile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as parricidall blame?
And now the ending houre of *Pompey* came:
Putting himſelfe into the monſters (*e*) hands
He went aboord their boat; the murdrous bands
Straight draw; great *Pompey* ſeeing their drawne ſwords
Covers his face, diſdaining to ſpend words,
Or lookes on ſuch a fate, and ſhut his eyes,
Containing his great ſpirit, leſt words might riſe,
Or teares, his everlaſting fame to taint.
But when *Achillas* murdring weapons point

Had pierc'd his side, scorning the villaines pride
No groanes he gave: great, like himselfe he dy'd
With unstirr'd brest, and thus in secret spake;
All times that mention of Romes labours make,
And future ages through the world will see
This fact, and Ægypts base disloyaltie.
Maintaine thine honour now; the fates to thee
Through thy whole life gave long prosperitie;
And the world knowes not (unlesse now they see)
How *Pompeys* spirit could beare adversitie.
Blush not that such base hands thy death afford;
But thinke, who ever strike, tis *Cæsars* sword.
Though they these limbs all torne and scattered leave,
Yet am I happy, god; no god can reave
My happinesse; my fortunes, and my breath
Expire at once: nor wretched is my death,
Cornelia, and my son this slaughter see:
So much more patient let my sorrow be.
The more *Cornelia*, and my son approve
My dying constancie, the more they'l love.
So well could he his dying spirits guide:
Such strength of mind had *Pompey* when he dy'd.
But poore *Cornelia*, that had rather dy
Then see that sight, with shreekings fill the sky:
Twas wicked I, deare lord, that murdred thee:
For whilst at Lesbos thou turndst in to me,
Cæsar had entred Ægypts shore; for who
But he had power that horrid act to doe?
What ere thou art sent from the gods to kill
Pleasing thine owne revenge, or *Cæsars* will;
Thou know'st not, wretch, where *Pompeys* bowels be:
Thou strik'st with fury there, where conquer'd lie
Desires thy stroke, now let him suffer more
Then his owne death, and see my head before.
I am not guiltlesse from the crime of war,
The onely wife following my Lord so far,

Fearlesse

Feareleſſe of campes, or feare; and conquer'd too
I tooke him in, which Monarchs durſt not doe.
Did I for this, husband, deſerue to be
Left ſafe aboord? falſe Lord why ſpar'ſt thou me?
Or thought'ſt thou life (thou dying) fit for me?
Ile find a death, though not from *Ptolomey*.
Oh ſailors, let me leape downe from the decke,
Or with the twiſted ſhrowds to breake my necke:
Or let ſome worthy friend of *Pompey's* now
Heere ſheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* doe
An act, that hee'll impute to *Cæſars* hate.
Why doe you hinder my deſired fate?
Husband, thou liv'ſt, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her ſelfe; they hinder my deaths houre
(And there ſhe ſounds) to be the Conquerours pray;
The fearfull fleet hoiſt ſailes, and poſt away.
But when great *Pompey* fell, that ſacred face,
And honour'd viſage kept his former grace
Though angry with the gods; deaths vtmoſt hate,
Chang'd not his viſage, and majeſticke ſtate,
As they confeſſe that his rent necke did ſee.
For ſterne *Septimius* in that cruelty
Findes out an act more cruell: to vncover
His face, he cuts the cloath, that was caſt over,
Invading halfe-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying necke acroſſe the bords he layes;
Then cutes the nerves, and veines, the twiſted bones
He breakes: the art to whip off heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torne
Off from the trunke, 'twas by *Achillas* borne.
Degenerate Roman, baſe *Septimius*,
Vs'd in an vnder office, couldſt thou thus
Baſely cut off great *Pompeys* ſacred head
To be (oh ſhame) by another carryed?
Young *Ptolomy* to know great *Pompeys* face, (grace
Thoſe haires, that kings have honour'd, whoſe curl'd

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his noble front; ſtroakes with his hands;
Fixt on a pole the head of *Pompey* ſtands,
Whilſt yet his lips with throbbing murmurs ſhooke,
His eyes vnclos'd, and lively was his looke:
That head that ſtill determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, lawes, and ſuffrages,
Romes fortune in that face tooke greateſt pride:
Nor was the wicked tyrant ſatisfy'd
With ſight: but for memoriall of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption muſt extract,
The braine is taken out, dry'd is the skin,
The noiſome moiſture purged from within,
Medicines make ſolid, and preſerve the face.
Degenerate iſſue, laſt of *Lagus* race,
Whom thy inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall depoſe;
When ſacred vaults the Macedon encloſe,
When duſt of Kings in ſumptuous buildings lyes,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolomyes*
In Pyramids, and rich Mauſoleau graves
Vnjuſtly reſt, muſt *Pompey* by the waves
An headleſſe trunke againſt the ſhore be ſwept?
Was it too great a trouble to have kept
The carcaſſe whole for *Cæſar*? this ſad date
Did fortune giue to *Pompeys* proſperous ſtate;
By ſuch a death as this to pull him downe
From ſuch an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he ſo many yeares had bin
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* ever ſeene
Ioy mixt with woe: no god his proſperous ſtate
Did ere diſturbe, none helpt his wretched fate;
But once for all with a differring hand
Did fortune pay him; torne vpon the ſand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mocke
Of ſeas he lyes, and beat 'gainſt every rocke:
No figure left of him, tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But

But fates, ere *Cæſar* on that ſhore arrive,
A ſuddaine funerall to *Pompey* give,
Leſt he in none, or in a better tombe
Should ly. To th'ſhore did fearefull *Codrus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* quæſtor, and from Cyprus ſhore
Had follow'd him; he by the ſhades of night
Durſt goe (true love had vanquiſht terrour quite)
To find his ſlaugher'd Lord, along the ſand,
And through the waves, to bring the trunke to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds ſad Cynthia gave;
But different colour'd from the foamy wave
The trunke appear'd; which *Codrus* catching ſtraight
When the waves ebb'd, but tired with the weight
Expects their flow to helpe him, and ſo bore
The trunke to land, and plac'd it on the ſhore;
Then falling downe, bathing the wounds in teares,
Thus to the gods he ſpeakes, and clouded ſtars.
Fortune, no coſtly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craves, nor that his hearſe may yeild
Precious Arabian fumes to fill the ayre,
Nor that the pious Roman neckes ſhould beare
Their countryes father forth, nor to adorne
A funerall pompe old tryumphs ſhould be borne,
No funerall ſongs, nor that his troopes the while
March a dead march about their generalls pile.
Grant *Pompey* but a baſe Plebeian Beere,
That his torne limbes may carry to dry fire.
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But meane, and let it be, ô gods enough
That with looſe haire *Cornelia* does not ſtand
To take her laſt embrace, and then command
To fire the pile; from this laſt funerall rite
She is away, yet hardly out of ſight,
This ſaid, far off a little fire he kenn'd
Burne a neglected herſe, watch'd by no friend.

Thither he goes, and taking thence a part
Of fire, and halfe-burnd ſtickes, who ere thou art
Neglected ghoſt, deare to no friend, (quoth he)
But happier then great *Pompey*, pardon me;
(If any knowledge after death remaines)
That by a ſtrangers hand thy hearſe ſuſtaines
This wrong; I know thou yeildſt and canſt endure,
For *Pompys* ſake, this loſſe of ſepulture,
And art aſham'd of funerall rites, whileſt he
Lyes an unburyed ghoſt. Then ſpeedily
With his armes full of fire poore *Codrus* ran
To find the trunke which to the ſhore againe
The waves had beat; then off the ſand he wipes,
And gathering vp the ribs of broken ſhips,
He layes them in a ditch; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pyle the noble body lyes:
Fire brought, not vnderbuilt great *Pompey* takes.
Then ſiting by the fire thus *Codrus* ſpeakes.
Romes greateſt Lord, the onely majeſty
Of Italy, if worſe this buriall be
Then none at all, then floating on the ſea,
Avert thy *Manes*, and great ghoſt from me.
Tis fortunes injury that makes this right,
Leſt fiſh, or fowle, or beaſt, or *Ceſars* ſpight
Might wrong thy coarſe, accept this little brand
Of fire, ſince kindled by a Roman hand.
If fortune grant recourſe to Italy,
Not here ſhall theſe ſo ſacred aſhes ly:
But from my hand *Cornelia* ſhall take,
And vrne thy reliques, vntill then wee'll make
Thy burialls marke vpon the ſhore, that who
So ere would pacify thy ghoſt, and doe
Full rights of funerall, may find out ſo
The bodyes aſhes, and the ſands may know,
Whither to bring thy head. Thus having ſpoke
He does with fuell the weake flame provoke;

Pompey dissolv'd, his fat distilling fed
The little fire; and now day promised
By bright *Aurora*, dimm'd the stars weake lights.
Codrus abruptly leaves the funerall rites,
And runs, himselfe about the shore to hide.
What mischiefe fear'st thou (foole) for such a deed?
Which long-tongu'd fame for evet shall renowne?
Cæsar himselfe shall praise what thou hast done
To *Pompeys* body. Goe then voyd of dread:
Confesse the funerall, and require his head.
An end of durious workes piety makes.
The bones halfe burnt, scarse yet dissolv'd he takes,
Still full of nerves, and unconsumed marrow;
Quenching them in sea-water, in a narrow
Piece of the earth together layes them downe:
Then lest the ashes should abroad be blowne
By the winds force, he layes a stone above;
And lest some sailer should that stone remove
To tye his cable, with a coleburnt staffe
Vpon the top he writes this Epitaph.
Here *Pompey* lies, fortune, this stone we call
His tombe: in which, rather then none at all,
Cæsar would have him ly. Why in a roome
So small, rash hand, includ'st thou *Pompeys* tombe,
And shutst up his great ghost? as far he lyes
As the earths farthest shore extended is.
Romes mighty name, and Empires utmost bound
Is *pompeys* tombe; this marke for shame confound
The shame of heaven; if *Alcides* lie
Over all Oete, and all Nysa be
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Ægypt stand for *pompeys* tombe alone?
Did no one piece of earth thy name expresse,
All Ægypts land, *Pompey*, thou mightst possesse.
Let us be still deceiv'd, and still for feare
Of thee, to tread on Ægypts land forbeare.

But if that ſacred name muſt grace a ſtone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action;
The Alpine warre of rebell *Lepidus*;
The conqueſt of revolt *Sertorius*
(The Conſul being call'd home:) thoſe triumphs note,
Which he but gentleman of Rome had got:
Cilician pirats tam'd: trafficke made free:
Barbarian kingdomes conquerd all that ly
Vnder the Eaſt, and North: with this make knowne
How ſtill from war he tooke a peacefull gowne.
Contented with three triumphs, he to Rome
His other conqueſts did forgive; what tombe
Can hold all this? his aſhes in this grave
No titles, nor triumphant ſtories have.
That name, that temples lofty roofes, and high
Triumphall arches deckt with victory
Were wont to beare, now neere the loweſt ſand
A ſmall grave ſhewes, which ſtrangers cannot ſtand
Vpright to reade, which (if it be not ſhowne)
The Roman travellers paſſe by unknowne.
Ægypt, whom civill fate has guilty made
'Twas not in vaine the *Sibylls* verſe forbad
A Roman Niles Peluſian mouth to touch,
Or once his ſummer-ſwelled banks approach.
How ſhall I curſe thee for this impious deed?
May Nile run back, and ſtay at his firſt head,
May thy unfruitfull fields want winter raine,
And all like Æthiops barren ſands remaine.
We let thy *Iſis* in Romes temples dwell,
Thy deify'd dogs, and ſorrow cauſing bell:
Oſiris, whom thou ſhewweſt, while thou weep'ſt,
A man, our god in duſt thou Ægypt keep'ſt.
And thou that gav'ſt the tyrant temples, Rome,
Haſt not yet fetch'd thy *Pompeys* aſhes home:
His ghoſt lies yet exil'd. If *Cæſars* frownes
That firſt age fear'd, yet now thy *Pompeys* bones

Bring home, ô Rome, if yet on that curs'd land
Not ruin'd by the waves, the marks doe ſtand.
Who'l feare that grave? who'l feare to take from thence
Aſhes deſerving temples? that offence
Injoyne me (Rome) to doe, my boſome uſe:
Oh too too happy I, if Rome would chuſe
My hand to open that baſe ſepulcher,
And his deare aſhes hither to transfer.
Perchance when Rome from oracles would crave
An end of dearth, or peſtilence to have,
Of too much fire, or earthquakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the gods expreſt appointment come,
Thy aſhes borne by the high Prieſt. For who
To ſcorch'd Siene in Iunes heat can goe,
In view of Nile, or Pharian *Thebes* deſcry
Vnder the ſhowry Pleiades ſtill dry;
What Eaſtern Merchant trafficking reſorts
To the Red ſea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graves ever adored ſtone,
And aſhes (though perchance ſcatter'd upon
The ſands) will ſtay, thy ghoſt to paciſie,
Before the Caſian *love* preferring thee?
This little grave can nothing hurt thy name;
Thy ghoſt would be of a far cheaper fame
Shrowded in gold, and temples: fortune now
Beates more divinity intomb'd ſo low;
This ſea-beat ſtone is more majeſtick far
Then the proud altars of the Conquerer.
Some worſhip gods dwelling in dusky clay,
That to Tarpeian *love* refuſe to pray.
'Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy grave
No poliſht Marbles laſting works to have,
This little duſt will quickly ſcatter'd ly:
The tombe will fall; proofes of thy death will dy:
And then a happier age will come, when none
Shall credit give to thoſe that ſhew the ſtone:

As false shall Ægypt seeme in times to come
(As Crete of *Ioues*) to boast of *Pompey's* tombe.

FINIS Libri Octavi.

Annotations on the eight Booke.

(a) Pompey *in his flight from Lariſſa came all along the Tempe to the ſhore, and lodged that night in the ſmall cottage of a fiſherman; about morning he went to ſea in a little boat, and ſailing along by the ſhore met with a ſhip of greater burden, of which one* Peucius *a Roman was Captaine, who knowing* Pompey, *received him, and tranſported him to Lesbos, where* Cornelia *lay.* Plutarch. Appian.

(b) *When their boat drew neere to* Pompey, Septimius *aroſe, (who had once ſerved as a Tribune under* Pompey*) and in the Roman language ſaluted his Generall, and welcomed him in the Kings name.* Achillas *complimented with him in the Greeke tongue, and deſireth him to enter into his boat, by reaſon that the ſhelves, and ſands would not afford a paſſage to his ſhip.*

(c) *Thoſe that attended* Pompey, *ſeeing his entertainment not Royall, nor Magnificent, but that a few onely in a ſmall boat were ſent to meet him, began to ſuſpect the treaſon, and counſelled* Pompey *to put to ſea, and forſake that ſhore whilſt yet he was free from danger.*

(d) Pompey *diſdaining to appeare fearfull, (although hee were full of ill preſages) came into* Achillas *his boat, as he were invited, and taking his leave of his wife, and ſon* Sextus Pompeius, *hee repeated theſe two Iambick verſes of* Sophocles;

ὃστις δ' ἐλεύθερος πέφυκε τὴν ψυχὴν
Ἐν τοῖς δόλοις ἔστω, κἂν τύραννος ᾖ μόλῃ.

These

These were the last words hee spake to his friends, and so entred into the boat, where Achillas *was.*

(c) *When* Pompey *was now far from his ship, and perceived no courteous entertainment in the boat, he looked upon* Septimius *and thus spake; Have not I knowne thee heretofore my fellow souldier?* Septimius *disdaining to answer him at all onely nodded his head to him, and when* Pompey *was rising out of the boat,* Septimius *first run him through with his sword.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
JUN

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Ninth Booke.

The Argument.

Pompeyes *departed ſpirit to heaven aſcends.*
His wife, and ſons lament; Cato *commends*
His worthy life: checks the Cilicians,
And marching ore the ſcorched Libyan ſands
To Iuba's *kingdome, with ſtrong patience*
Indures the heat, the Southwinds violence
And killing ſerpents venome. Cæſar *ſees*
Renowned Troyes defac'd antiquities,
To Ægypt comes, and with diſſembling breath
Complaines, and weeps for noble Pompeyes *death.*

IN Pharian coales his ghoſt could not remaine,
Nor thoſe few aſhes his great ſpirit containe.
Out from the grave he iſſues, and forſakes
Th'unworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Vp to the convexe of the skie his flight,
Where with blacke ayre the ſtarry poles doe meet.
The ſpace betwixt the regions of the moone,
And earth, halfe deify'd ſoules poſſeſſe alone,
Whom fiery worth, in guiltleſſe lives, has taught
To brooke the lower part of heaven, and brought

Them

Them to th'eternall ſphæres, which not they hold,
That are with incenſe bury'd, tomb'd in gold.
There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
The wandring planets, and fixt ſtars he ſees.
He ſees our day involv'd in midſt of night,
And laughes at his torne trunks ridiculous plight.
Then ore the Æmathian fields, his ſcatter'd fleet,
And bloody *Cæſars* troops he tooke his flight:
And with revenge for theſe dire facts poſſeſt
Catoes bold heart, and *Brutus* noble breaſt.
Cato, while chance was (*a*) doubtfull, and at ſtake
Whom civill war Lord of the world would make,
Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
(Led by the Senate, and Romes Auſpicy)
Had fought, but when Pharſalia's field was try'd,
He altogether favour'd *Pompeyes* ſide.
His countrey wanting a Protector then
He tooke, and chear'd the trembling hearts of men:
And putting ſwords in fearfull hands againe
Made civill war neither for hope of reigne,
Nor feare of bondage; nought at all in war
For his owne ſake did he; his forces are
Since *pompeyes* death, alone for liberty:
Which left the ſpeed of *Cæſars* victory
Should ſeize upon, being diſperſed ore
The coaſt, he ſailes unto Corcyra's (*b*) ſhore,
And in a thouſand ſhips carries away
The conquer'd remnant of Pharſalia.
Who would have thought ſo great a fleet had held
All flying men? that conquer'd ſhips had fill'd
The ſtraitned ſeas? from thence they ſaile away
To ghoſt fill'd Tænarus, and long Malea;
Thence to Cytherus: *Boreas* blowing faire
Crete flyes: and getting a good ſea they cleare
The Cretan coaſt: *Phycus*, that durſt deny
Their men to land, they ſacke deſervedly.

And

And thence along the deepe, while faire winds blow,
Vnto thy ſhore, oh Palinurus, goe:
(For not alone doth our Italian ſea
Keep monuments of thee, but Libya
Can witneſſe well calme harbours once did pleaſe
The Phrygian maſter) when upon the ſeas
Deſcrying ſhips afar, they gan to feare,
Whether the men their foes, or partners were:
Cæſars knowne ſpeed gave them juſt cauſe to feare,
And ſtill ſuſpect his comming every where.
But thoſe ſad ſhips brought griefe, and woes, and cryes
Able to draw ſoft teares from *Cato's* eyes:
For after that *Cornelia* all in vaine
(Leſt *Pompeys* trunke beat from the ſhore againe
Should float at ſea) by prayers had ſtriv'd to draw
From flight her failers, and her ſon in law,
When from the ſhore that little fire deſcry'd
His moſt unworthy funerall, ſhe cry'd,
Seem'd I not worthy then, fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funerall fire, and ly
Stretch'd out on his cold limbs, burne his torne haires,
And gathering his ſea-ſcatterd limbs, with teares
To bath each wound? with bones, and aſhes hot,
To fill my lap, and in the temples put
The ſad remainder of his funerall?
That ſir's no honour to his hearſe at all.
Beſides perhaps ſome hands of Ægypt now
This loathed office to his aſhes doe.
Well did the *Craſſi's* aſhes naked ly,
For by the gods far greater cruelty
Is *Pompey* burnt. Still ſhall my woes appeare
In the ſame ſhape? and ſhall I here Interre
My ſlaughtred Lords? and at full urnes lament?
What need'ſt thou tombe, or any inſtrument
Of ſorrow, wretch? doth not thy breſt containe
Thy *Pompey*, and his image ſtill remaine,

Within

Within thee? let those wives, that meane to live
After their lords, urnes to their ashes give.
But yet the fire, that lends yon envious light
From Ægypts shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, deare *Pompey*: now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoke beares to the rising Sun
Pompey aloft: the winds unwillingly
Beare us from thence, yet is no land to me
(Though triumph'd by my lord as Conquerer)
Nor chariot deckt with laurell halfe so deare.
My brest has quite forgot his happinesse,
And loves that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possesse,
Faine would I stay under this guilty clime:
The land's ennobled by so great a crime.
I would not leave (believe me) Ægypts shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of war, and ore
The spacious world thy fathers colours beare:
This his last will was trusted to my care,
When me of breath deaths fatall houre shall reave,
To you, my sonnes, this civill war I leave;
And let not *Cæsars* race in quiet raigne,
Whil'st any of our stocke on earth remaine.
Sollicite kingdomes, and free pow'rfull townes
By my names fame: these are the factions,
These are the armes I leave; what *Pompey* ere
Would go to sea, shall finde a navie there.
My heires may stirre war in what land they will.
Be but couragious, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serve under none
But *Cato* (whil'st he fights for Rome) alone.
I have perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Deare lord, thy cunning did prevaile, and lest
False I those words of trust should here deliver,
Deceiv'd I liv'd. Now *Pompey*, whereso'ever
Th'art gone, through hell, if any hell there be,
Or empty chaos, I will follow thee:

How long my life's decreed, I doe not know,
If long, I'le puniſh it for laſting ſo:
For not expiring when it firſt did ſee
Thy wounds, with ſorrow broken it ſhall die.
It ſhall diſſolve in teares: no halter, ſword,
Or præcipice ſhall death to me afford.
It were a ſhame for me, now thou art gone,
Not to have power to dye with griefe alone.
This ſaid, and covering with a vaile her head,
Vnder the hatches ſhe reſolv'd to lead
A life in darkneſſe: neerely hugging woe
She feeds on teares, and for her husband now
Imbraces griefe. The noiſe of ſtormy wind,
Nor cries of fearfull ſailers move her mind:
Her hope contrary to the ſailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wiſhing ſtormes ſhe lyes.
They firſt arriv'd on Cyprus foamy ſhore.
From thence a mild Eaſt-wind commanding bore
Their ſhips to *Catoes* Libyan campe; as ſtill
A doubtfull mind doe ſad preſages fill,
Cneius from ſhore ſpying his fathers traine,
And brother, running to the ſea amaine,
Where is our father, brother? ſpeake (quoth he)
Lives the worlds head, and honour, or are we
Vndone, and *Pompey* to the ſhades below
Has borne Romes fate? he anſwers, happy thou,
Whom fate into another coaſt diſperſt;
Thou, brother, this dire miſchiefe only hear'ſt:
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death.
Nor did he loſe by *Cæſars* armes his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy author found;
By the falſe tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Truſting the gods of hoſpitality,
And his owne bounty to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdomes given he dy'd.
I ſaw them wound our noble fathers ſide;

And

And thinking Ægypts King durſt not have done
So much, I thought *Cæſar* had ſtood upon
The ſhore of Nile. But not our Futhers wounds,
Nor blood ſo ſhed ſo much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a ſpeare
Aloft we ſaw, they through their cities beare:
Which as they ſay is kept for *Cæſars* eye:
The tyrant ſeekes his guilt to teſtify.
For whether dogs, or fowles devouring maw
Conſum'd his trunke, or that ſmall fire we ſaw
Diſſolved it by ſtealth, I doe not know.
What ere injurious fate to that could doe,
I did forgive the gods that crime, and wept
For that part onely which the tyrant kept.
When *Cnejus* heard theſe words, his inward woe
In paſſionate teares, and ſighs he could not ſhow;
But thus inflam'd with pious rage gan ſpeake,
Lanch forth the fleet, ſailers, with ſpeed, and breake
Through the crooſe winds a paſſage with the oare,
Brave Captaines follow me, never before
Knew civill war more worthy ends then theſe,
T'interre unbury'd *Manes*, and appeaſe
Pompey with ſlaughter of th'effeminate boy.
Why ſhould not I th'Ægyptian tow'rs deſtroy?
And from the temples *Alexander* take,
To drowne his hearſe in Mareotis lake?
In Nile *Amaſis*, and thoſe Kings with him
Digg'd up from their Pyramides ſhall ſwim.
All tombes ſhall rue *Pompeys* no ſepulcher:
Iſis their goddeſſe now Ile diſ-inter,
Oſiris linnen-cover'd ſhrine diſperſe,
And kill god *Apis* over *Pompeys* hearſe.
Vpon a pile of gods Ile burne his head;
Thus ſhall the land by me be puniſhed,
I will not leave a man to till thoſe fields,
Nor take the profit that Niles flowing yields.

The

The gods, and people banished, and gone,
Thou, father, shalt possesse Ægypt alone.
This said, to lanch the fleete forth he assayes,
But *Caro* kills the young mans wrath with praise.
Now ore the shore when *Pompey's* death was knowne,
The sky was peirc'd with lamentation:
A griefe not seene, nor pararell'd at all,
That common people mourne a great mans fall.
But when *Cornelia* quite exhaust with teares
Was seene to land with torne dishevell'd haires,
Their troubled lamentations sounded more.
Cornelia landed on a frienly shore,
Gath'ring the garments, and triumphall weedes
Of hapleſſe *Pompey*, that expreſt his deedes,
And ancient trophies, painted robes, and shield,
That thrice great *Iove* in triumph had beheld,
Into the funerall fire she threw them all;
Such was her Lords imagin'd funerall.
Example from her piety all take,
And funerall fires all ore the shore they make
T'appeaſe the ghosts slaine in Pharsalia.
So when the shepherds of Apulia
Make winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
To spring their grasse againe, a glistering round
The Vulturs armes, and high Garganus yeilds,
And hot Matinus bullocke-pasture fields.
But not more pleasing was't to *Pompey's* spirit
That all the people raile at heaven, and twit
The gods with *Pompey*, then what *Caro* spoke,
Few words, but from a truth-fill'd breast they broke.
A Roman's dead, not like our ancestry
To know the rule of right, but good (quoth he)
In this truth scorning age; one powerfull growne
Not wronging liberty: the people prone
To serve, he only private still remain'd;
He sway'd the Senate, but the Senate raign'd,

Nought

Nought claim'd he by the ſword, but wiſh'd what he
Wiſh'd moſt, the Senates freedome to deny;
Great wealth he had, but to the publike hoord
He brought far more then he retain'd; the ſword
He tooke, but knew the time to lay it downe.
Arm'd he lov'd peace, though armes before the gowne
He ſtill preferr'd; and ever pleas'd was he
Entring, or leaving his authority.
A chaſt vnriotted houſe and never ſtain'd
With her Lords fortune, to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much availed Rome.
True liberty long ſince was gone, when home
Sylla, and *Marius* came: but *Pompey* dead,
Even freedomes ſhadow is quite vaniſhed.
No Senates face, no colour will remaine
Of power; none now will be aſham'd to reigne.
Oh happy man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And Ægypts guilt ſwords to be wiſht for brought.
Perchance thou could'ſt haue liv'd in *Cæſars* ſtate.
To know the way to dy is mans beſt fate,
His next to be compell'd; and ſuch to me
(If captiv'd now) fortune, let *Iuba* be;
Not to be kept to ſhew the enemy
I doe not beg, ſo headleſſe kept I be.

More honour from theſe words the noble ghoſt
Receiv'd then if the Roman barres ſhould boaſt
His praiſe. Now mutinous the ſouldiers are,
Since *Pompeys* death growne weary of the war;
In which broiles *Tarcho Catoes* ſide to quit
Tooke vp the colours, who prepar'd for flight
With all his ſhips was chid by *Cato* ſo.
Never reclaim'd Cilician, wouldſt thou goe
To thy old theft at ſea? is *Pompey* ſlaine,
And thou return'd to Pyracy againe?
Then round about he on each man gan looke
Mongſt whom one boldly thus to *Cato* ſpoke

Not

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the love
Of ciuill war, but *Pompey*, first did moove
Our armes, (excuſe vs *Cato*) we adhær'd
By favour, now he, whom the world prefer'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cauſe is gone;
Now lets returne to our left manſion,
Our houſhold gods, and children deare to ſee.
For what can civill wars concluſion be,
If not Pharſaliaes field, nor *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is ſpent; now let vs breath
Our laſt in peace: let our old age provide
Our funerall pyles, which civill war deny'd
To greateſt Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs.
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyranny.
The ſubjects of Romes gowned ſtate are we.
He that was ſecond: *Pompey* being alive,
Is firſt with us: the higheſt place we give
His ſacred name; He whom wats fortunes make,
Shall be our Lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the war we followed thee alone;
Wee'll follow fate, *pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor have we cauſe to hope for good ſucceſſe.
Since *Cæſars* fortune now doth all poſſeſſe.
Th' Æmathian ſtrength is by his victory
Diſpers'd, we looſe his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to ſpare the conquered.
Our civill war's a crime now *Pompey's* dead,
'Twas duty while he liv'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt ſerue thy countrey ſtill, lets follow now
Thoſe Eagles, which the Roman Conſuls keepes.
Thus having ſpoke, aboord the ſhip he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to ſlavery upon
The ſhore exclaime; But from a ſacred breaſt
Cato to them at laſt theſe words expreſt.

Fought you, young men, with *Cæsars* armyes hopes
(No more true Roman, but Pompeyan troopes)
To gaine a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But live to doe your selves, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no mans rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The wars; to live in bondage you desire,
And for your slavish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might have abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when liberty's so nigh,
To aide of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of three Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægypts base King, and Parthian bowes have done
More for the lawes then you, (oh shame) goe ye
Base men, and scorne the gift of *Ptolomy*:
Who will believe your hands could guilty be
Of any blood? he'll rather thinke that ye
Were the first men that from Pharsalia fled.
Goe then securley: you have merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* judgement, not subdew'd:
By seidge, or open force. Oh servants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heire you'l serve,
Why would you not more then your lives deserve,
And pardons? ravish with you for a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompeys* wife away,
And his two sonnes: the gift of Ægypts King
Surpasse, or could you to the tirant bring
My head no small reward 'twould render ye:
Then to good purpose have you follow'd me.
On then, and in our bloods your mercy make:
Tis slothfull treason a bare flight to take.
This speach of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarme of Bees
Their hony combes, and barren waxe forsake,
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their flight i'th aire, and taſt not (ſlothfull growne)
The bitter Thyme: at ſound of braſſe alone
Amaz'd they leave their flight: againe approve
Their flow'ry taskes, againe their honey love.
Glad is the ſhepherd on ſweet Hybla's hill
To keep the riches of his cottage ſtill.
So *Catoes* ſpeech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a warre had brought.
And now their reſtleſſe minds with toile t'inure,
And teach them warlike labours to indure,
With weary marches firſt their ſtrength he tries
Along the ſands; their ſecond labour is
To ſcale Cyrenes lofty walls, on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when overcome
(Though they againſt him ſhut their gates) to him
Revenge ſufficient did their conqueſt ſeeme.
He thence to Libyan (*s*) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpoſe,
Which *Catoes* dauntleſſe virtue hopes to paſſe.
Theſe Syrts, when all the worlds firſt ſtructure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt ſea, and land;
(For neither ſinke they quite like ſeas to ſtand,
Nor yet like land with thores repell the mane,
But doubtfull, and impaſſable remaine,
A ſhelfe-ſpoil'd ſea, a water-cover'd land,
Where ſounding waves let in by ſands command.
This part of nature, natures ſelfe diſdain'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpoſe fram'd)
Or once the deep-drowned Syrts were ſeas intire:
But burning *Titan* thence to feed his fire
Drew up thoſe waves ſo neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phœbus* drought: which by continuance ſpirit,
The Syrts will grow a ſollid continent.
For now their tops but ſhallow waters hide,
The fading ſea decayes at every ſide.

When firſt the fleet began to launch from ſhore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auſter roare:
Whoſe blaſts the ſea from ſhip invaſion keep,
And from the Syrts far rowle the wavie deep,
Or flat the ſea with throwne in heaps of ſand.
Now the reſiſtleſſe winds the ſeas command,
Whoſe blaſts of all ſpread ſailes, that faſtned were
To the maine-maſt quite robb'd the mariner;
In vaine the ſhrowds to wind ſo violent
Deny their ſailes; beyond the ſhips extent,
Beyond the prow the ſwelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more provident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the ſaile-yard ty,
He quite diſpoil'd of tackling preſently
Was overcome. That fleet had far more eaſe,
Which on the deep was toſt with certaine ſeas.
But all thoſe ſhips, which had cut downe their maſts
T'avoyd the fury of ſtrong Auſters blaſts
(As then the wind againſt the tide did ſtrive)
Againſt the wind the conquering tide did drive.
Some ſhips the ſea forſakes, whom ſtraight the ſands
Vnſeene ſurpriſe, whoſe ſtate now doubtfull ſtands:
Part of the ſhip upon firme ground doth reſt,
Part ſwims in water. Now the ſea's oppreſt
With flats. The ſands aſſault the ocean,
And though ſtrong *Auſter* drive the waves amaine,
They cannot maſter theſe high hills of ſand.
On th'Oceans backe far from all countreyes ſtand
Heaps of dry duſt not by the Ocean drownd.
The wretched ſailers, though their ſhips on ground,
No ſhores can ſee. Part of the fleet this ſhallow
Detaines; the greater part the rudders follow,
And ſafe by flight, by skilfull pilots ayd
Are to Tritonia's ſtanding poole convey'd.
This poole (they ſay) that god eſteemeth deare,
Whoſe ſhrill ſhell trumpet ſeas, and ſhores doe heare.

This

This *Pallas* loves, borne of the braine of *Iove*,
Who firſt on Libya trod. (The heat doth prove
This land next heaven) ſhe ſtanding by the ſide,
Her face within the quiet water ſpy'd,
And gave her ſelfe from the lov'd poole a name
Tritonia. Here doth the ſilent ſtreame
Of darke oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hels *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neere to theſe,
The once robb'd orchard of th'Heſperides.
To rob old times of credit, the deſire
Is ſpite, or truth from Poets to require.
A golden wood there was, whoſe yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, ſtood bow'd: of theſe
A dragon guardian was, which never ſlept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Hither *Alcides* coming, did ſurpriſe
The wealth, and burden of thoſe laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Thoſe glittering apples to th'Argolian King.
Part of the fleet got off from hence againe,
Aud from the Syrtes driven, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompeyes* eldeſt ſons command
On this ſide Garamantis in rich land.
But *Catoes* virtue brooking no delay
Through unknowne regions lead his troops away,
T'incompaſſe round the Syrts by land, for now
The ſtormy ſeas unnavigable grow
In winter time: but ſtormes deſired are
To coole the temper of the ſweltring ayre.
They feare no cold in Libyaes ſcorched clime,
Nor too much heat, becauſe in winter time.
Entring theſe barren ſands thus *Cato* ſpake;
You that have follow'd me, ſouldiers, and make
Freedome your onely ſafety, ſettle now
Your minds with conſtancie to undergoe

Virtues great work. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yields
Water enough, where *Titans* heat abounds,
And killing ſerpents ſmeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countries cauſe
Through paths unknowne, and midſt of Libya drawes,
Who makes no vowes for their returning home,
But think of going, onely let them come.
I would deceive no ſouldier, nor keepe cloſe
My feares to draw them on. Let onely thoſe
My followers be, whom dangers doe invite,
Who think it brave, and Roman, in my ſight
T'indure the worſt of ills. He that would have
A ſurety for his ſafety, and faine ſave
His loved life, let him be gone from me,
And find an eaſier way to ſlavery.
Vpon the ſands whilſt I firſt footing ſet,
Let me firſt ſuffer th'ayres annoying heat:
Let ſerpents poyſon'd teeth firſt ſeize on me,
And in my fate doe you your dangers try.
Let him, that ſees me drinking, water crave,
And plaine of heat, when I a ſhelter have.
Or when I ride before the foot, ſtraight grow
Weary, if any by indurance know
Whither I goe ſouldier, or generall
The ſands, heat, thirſt, and poyſonous ſerpents, all
Are ſweet to virtue: hard things patience loves,
And ſweeteſt ſtill, when deareſt, goodneſſe proves,
Theſe Libyan dangers onely juſtifie
The flight of men, thus their hot ſpirits he
With labours love, and virtue ſtriv'd to fire;
Marching ore deſarts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
With his great name a little ſepulcher.
If th'old account we follow, Libya is
The worlds third part: following the winds, and skies

A part

A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus shore
From Western Gades, where Europe Africke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Asia then both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The Western wind: the Eastern wind alone
From Asia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, Westward lyes, but moysture lacks:
The North-wind dry with us, there stormy, takes
His flight but seldome thither. The rich soyle
No wealthy growing mineralls doe spoyle:
The earth corrupts into no brasse, nor gold,
But keeps her naturall, and perfect mold.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no use was knowne
To them of old, contented with the shade.
Our axes first did that strange wood invade;
From far we fetch our tables, as our meat.
But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
Is violent, and scorching *Sol* too neere;
No corne can grow, no vines can prosper there,
Nor trees deepe rooting take; the sandy ground
Wants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of *Iove* in that at all, the barren land
Through every season doth unchanged stand
By natures negligence. Yet this dull earth
Vnto a few small herbs affords a birth,
Which are the hardy Nasamonians fare.
Neere the sea coast they bleakly seated are,
Whom barbarous Syrts with the worlds losse maintaine.
For spoyle they still upon the sand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
They have, and still by shipwrack traffick hold
With all the world. This way did virtue beare
Cato along, the Souldiers could not feare

A ſtorme by land, or think of bluſtring wind,
But there (alas) the Oceans dangers find.
For more on land then ſea the Southwinds rore
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rocks, nor mountaines ſtand oppoſed there
To break his force, and turne him into ayre?
No well-growne oakes, no wood oppoſed ſtands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the ſands
To Æols rage, which violently ſtrong
Hurries through th'ayre a ſandy cloud along.
Their greateſt part of land the winds doe beare
Into the ayre, which hangs not fixed there.
His houſe, and land the Naſamonian ſees
Fly in the wind, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the ayre as high
As from a fire the ſmoake, and ſparkles fly.
The mounted duſt like ſmoake obſcures the skie.
And then more ſtrong then uſuall did the blaſt
Aſſault our men; no ſouldier could ſtand faſt;
No, nor the ground on which they ſtood, could ſtay.
'Twould ſhake the earth, and beare that land away
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southern winds in cavernes to infold;
But ſince compos'd of looſe, and fleeting ſands
Reſiſting not, it bides; the loweſt ſtands
Becauſe the higheſt yields, helmets of men,
Their ſhields, and piles the wind with fury then
Bereft them of, and through the welkin toſt.
That in ſome forreine far-removed coaſt
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy,
And nations fear'd armes falling from the skie,
Thinking thoſe weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the gods. So once I think that all
Our ſacred ſhields to holy *Numa* were,
Which now our choiſe Patrician ſhoulders beare.

The

The Southern wind, or Northern robb'd of yore
Some forreine people, that those bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with wind, the souldiers all
Downe to the ground, their cloathes fast girded, fall,
Hold fast the earth, yet sure they scarsely lay
By weight, nor strength from being blowne away.
Mountaines of dust the Southwinds furious hand
Rowles ore their heads; drowned in heapes of sand
The souldiers scarse can stir. Some though upright
With rising earth are overwhelmed quite,
And, though the earth remove, want motion.
Vast stones of ruin'd walls from far are blowne,
And (strange to tell) in some far region fall,
They ruines see, that see no house at all.
No paths, no difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their course is guided by the star alone
Like navigators; nor all stars to us
In that Horizon are conspicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obscur'd from sight. But when the ayre was free
From the winds rage, dissolv'd againe by heat,
And scorching day, their body slow'd with sweat,
Their mouths with thirst were parch'd: a little steame
They spy'd, which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoe a souldier got
His helmet full of water, and straight brought
The same to *Cato*, their dry throats were all
With dust besmeared, and the Generall
Himselfe was envy'd for that little draught.
Base souldier, answers he, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone so worthlesse? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company?
This punishment thou more deserv'st then I
To drink thy selfe while all the army's dry.
Then stirr'd with wrath he struck the helmet downe;
The water spilt suffic'd them every one,

And

And now to Libyaes onely temple plac'd
In Garamantis rude they came at last.
Iupiter Ammon is adored there,
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No sumptuous Fane, no orient jewels fill'd
The house with lustre. Though the Indians,
The Æthiopes, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammons name doe all adore,
And no god else, yet still that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Pureneſſe, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey onely greene
Shewes a gods preſence. All that lyes betweene
Leptis, and Berinicis is dry ſand,
And barren duſt; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* ſeat beares trees. The cauſe of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whoſe waters knit
The moiſtned earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Thoſe trees no ſhadow can diffuſe at all:
Their boughs ſcarce hide their trunks. No ſhade or ſmall
The Sunbeames make, ſince perpendicular.
It is perceiv'd this is the region where
The Summer Tropick hits the Zodiack,
The ſignes oblickly riſe not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moiſt Capricornus then hot Cancer goe:
Nor Gemini then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius,
Virgo then Piſces, Libraes motion
Then Aries: But whom the torrid zone
Divides from us, thoſe people ever ſee
The ſhadows Southward, which here Northward be,
You ſlowly ſeeing Cynoſure, ſuppoſe
Her undrench'd carre into the Ocean goes.

And

And that no Northerne signe from seas is free.
You stand far distant from each axeltree;
Your signes in midst of heaven converted be.
The Easterne people standing at the doore
The oracles of horned *Iove* t'implore,
Gave place to *Cato*; whom his souldiers ply,
That of that Libyan far-fam'd deity
His future fates event he would be taught.
Him *Labienus* most of all besought;
Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
Lend us the mouth of that great Deitie,
And his sure counsells: we may now implore
His powerfull guidance through this war, and ore
The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom should I
Believe the gods would trulier certify
Their secret will, then *Catoes* holy brest,
Whose life to heavnly lawes was still addrest,
And follow'd god? behold we now have here
A freedome given to talke with *Iupiter*,
Cato, enquire of wicked *Cæsars* fate,
And know what shall be Romes ensuing state,
Whether this civill war be made in vaine,
Or shall our lawes, and liberties maintaine,
Let *Ammons* sacred voice thy brest inspire.
Thou lover of strict virtue, now desire
To know what virtue is; seeke from above
Approvement of the truth: He full of *Iove*,
Whom in his secret brest he cartyed ever,
These temple-worthy speeches did deliver;
What, *Labienus*, should I seeke to know?
If I had rather die in armes, then bow
Vnto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life and small?
If any force can hurt men virtuous?
If fortune lose, when virtue doth oppose,

Her

Her threats; if good desires be happinesse,
And virtue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with us still;
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needs he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he chuse these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it here) his truth but to a few.
Is there a seat of god, save earth, and sea,
Aire, heaven, and virtue? why for gods should we
Seeke further? what ere moves, what ere is seen
Is *Iove*. For oracles let doubtfull men
Fearfull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine me.
The coward and the valiant man must fall;
This is enough for *Iove* to speake to all:
Then marching thence, the temples faith he saves,
And to the temple untry'd *Ammon* leaves.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: never sits
In coach, or charriot: sleeps the least a nights:
Last tasts the water. When a fountain's found,
He stayes afoot till all the souldiers round,
And every cullion drinke. If fame be due
To truest goodnesse, if you simply view
Virtue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great; was fortune all.
Who could deserve in prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather had I this virtuous triumph win
In Libya's desart sands, then thrice be seene
In *Pompeys* laurell'd charriot, or to lead
Iugurtha captive. Here behold indeed

Rome

Rome, thy true father, by whoſe ſacred name
(Worthy thy temples) it ſhall never ſhame
People to ſweare; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou wilt hereafter make a deitie.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Then which, the gods for men created not.
Few waters here are ſeene; but in the ſands
One largely flowing fountaine onely ſtands,
But full of ſerpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hot killing Aſpes remaine,
And Dipſaſes in midſt of water dry.
When *Cato* ſaw his men for thirſt would dy
Fearing thoſe waters; thus he ſpake to them.
Feare not to drinke, ſouldiers, this wholſome ſtreame,
Be not affrighted with vaine ſhewes of death.
The ſnakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
When their dire venome mixes with our bloud,
The water's ſafe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinkes himſelfe, there only the firſt draught
Of all the Lybian waters *Cato* fought.
Why Libia's aire ſhould be infected ſo
With mortall plagues, what hurtfull ſecrets grow
Mixt with the noxious ſoile by natures hand,
Our care, nor labour cannot underſtand:
But that the world in the true cauſe deceiv'd,
In ſtead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libya's fartheſt part, whoſe ſcorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by ſetting *Sol* doth bound,
Meduſa's countrey lay, whoſe barren fields
No trees doe cloath, whoſe ſoile no herbage yields:
Chang'd by her looke all ſtones, and rocks they grow.
Here hurtfull nature firſt thoſe plagues did ſhow,
Firſt from *Meduſas* jawes thoſe ſerpents growne
Hiſſed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, upon her backe, gave ſtrokes
Vnto her pleaſed necke. In ſtead of lockes

Vpon

Vpon her horrid front did serpents hisse;
Her combe, comb'd poyson downe, no part but this
Safe to be seene about *Medusa* was.
For who ere fear'd the monsters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had viewd her with an eye direct,
Did she ere suffer sense of death t'effect?
She hastned doubting fate, preventing dread;
Their bodies dy'd before their soules were fled?
Incloſed soules with bodies turn'd to stone.
The furies haires could madnesse worke alone;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musicke still'd;
Alcides saw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd;
But this strange monster even her father, who
Is the seas second god, her mother too
Ceros, and *Gorgon* sisters feared, she
Could strike a numnesse through the sea, and skie:
And harden all the world into a stone.
Birds in their flight have fall'n congealed downe.
Running wild beasts to rockes converted were;
And all the neighb'ring Æthiopians there
To marble statues, not a creature brookes
The sight of her: t'avoyd the *Gorgons* lookes
Her snakes themselves backward themselves invert.
She neere *Alcides* pillars could convert
Titanian *Atlas* to an hill, and those
Giants with serpents feet, that durst oppose
The gods themselves, those warres in Phlegra field
Her face could end, but shewd in *Pallas* shield.
Thither the son of showre-rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th'Arcadian wings of *Mercurie*
Inventer of the harp, and wrestling game,
Flying through th'aire with borrow'd Harpecame,
Harpe, whom monsters blood before did staine,
When he, that kept *Iovis* loved cow was slaine.
Ayd to her winged brother *Pallas* gave;
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to have.

She bids him fly to Libaes Eaſterne bound
His face averted, on the *Gorgons* ground,
In his left hand a ſhield of ſhining braſſe,
Wherein to ſee the ſtone transforming face
Of ſterne *Meduſa*, *Pallas* bad him keepe;
Then lay'd *Meduſa* in an endleſſe ſleepe,
But yet nor all; part of her ſnaky haire
Defends her head; ſome ſnakes ſtill waking are;
Some ore the face, and ſleeping eylids glide.
Minerva doth th'averted *Perſeus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the ſtroake,
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
Her large ſnake-couer'd necke. How ſtrange a looke
Had *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perſeus* ſtroke,
And towring blade? what poyſon did ariſe
In her blacke mouth? what death ſhot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerva* durſt to looke vpon;
And *Perſeus*, ſure, had bin congeal'd to ſtone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that diſmall face
With thoſe ſnake haires. Now *Perſeus* flyes apace
To heaven with *Gorgons* head; but in his mind
Conſidering how the neareſt way to find,
Over the midſt of Europe meanes to fly;
But *Pallas* ſtraight forbids that injury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him ſpare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Refraine to gaze, when ſuch a bird he ſpyes.
Perſeus converts his courſe, and Weſtward flyes
Ore deſert Libya, whoſe vnfruitfull ſeat
Vntill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phebus* heat;
Who runs his burning courſe ſtraight ore their heads.
No land then this a larger ſhadow ſpreads
'Gainſt heaven, nor moore the noone ecclipſe doth cauſe
When ſtraying not in latitude, ſhe draweth
Neither to North nor South, but ſtill is found
In ſignes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren

Barren in all that's good, a ſeed could yeild
From venome, which *Meduſaes* head diſtill'd.
From thoſe dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did give new monſters birth.
Firſt from that duſt ſo mixt with poyſon bred
Roſe the ſleep-cauſing Aſpe with ſwelling head,
Made of the thickeſt drop of *Gorgons* gore,
Which in no ſerpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat ſeekes not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes ſlime,
But oh how ſh meleſſe is our thirſt of gaine?
Thoſe Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aſpes at Rome are ſold as merchandiſe.
In ſcaly folds the great *Hæmorrhus* lyes,
Whoſe bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Cherſideos then, that both in land and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* lives; *Chelydri* too;
That make a reeking ſlime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a tract direct,
Whoſe ſpeckled belly with more ſpots is deck,
Then ere the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, th' horned ſnakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No ſnake in winter caſts her skin but ſhe;
The double-head; Dipſas, that thirſty makes;
The water ſpoyling Newte, the dart-like ſnakes.
The Pareas, whoſe way his tale doth guide;
The greedy Preſtor too diſtending wide
His venome-foaming mouth; the Seps, whoſe bite
Conſumes the bones, diſſolves the body quite.
The Baſiliske, whoſe hiſſe all ſnakes doth ſcarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar-ſerpents from his ſight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd ſands.
You dragons too, gliſtring in golden pride,
Who hurtleſſe wander through all lands beſide,

Not

Hot Affrick mortall makes; aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow ſpeedily
The heards; your ſtrokes the mightyeſt buls deſtroy;
Great Elephants not ſcape you: all you kill,
Nor neede you poyſons helpe to worke your will.
This thirſty way among theſe venom'd ſnakes
Cato amids his hardy ſouldiers takes:
Where many loſſes of his men he found,
And deaths vnuſuall from a little wound:
A trodden Dipſas turning backe his head
Did bite young *Aulus* Enſigne bearer, bred
Of *Thyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine enſu'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger ſhew'd;
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and ſcorch'd entrales creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moiſture, that ſhould flow
Into his vitall parts; his palate now
And tongue is ſcorch'd, and dry; no ſweate could goe
To his tir'd joynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, nor his ſad generalls command
Could ſtay this thirſty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runnes to have,
Which the dry venome in his heart did crave.
Though he in midſt of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the ſtreames, where ever Nilus flowes.
The ſoyle adds to his drought, the worme doth looſe
Her venoms fame, help'd by ſo hot a land.
He digs, and ſeekes each veine in all the ſand.
Now to the Syrtes he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kind,
Of death he dy'd, nor his diſeaſe could finde,
But thinkes it thirſt; and now full faine he would
Rip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (loath his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more woefull death before his eye
Appear'd; a Sepa on poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he straight with his hands
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands;
A little snake, but none more full then she
Of horrid death; the flesh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked shewes the wound,
His shanks fall off, matter each members fills,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth distills,
And ev'ry muscle, of his thighes dissolves:
The skin, that all his naturall parts involves,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all
That should remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poisonous filth converts.
The poison breakes his nerves, his ribs doth part,
Opens his hollow breast, there shewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man composes,
And his whole nature this foule death discloses;
His head, necke, shoulders, and strong armes doe flow
In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
By hot Southwindes, nor waxe against the Sunne.
This is but small I speake; burnt bodyes run
Melted by fire in filthy but what fire ere
Dissolv'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid juce, they leave no signe
Of this swift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Libyan snakes; the foule take they,
But thou alone the carchle task'st away.

But lo a death quite contrary to it;
Marsian Nasidius oh hot Prefect hir,
Whose face, and cheeks a suddaine fire did rost;
His flesh and skin was stretch'd, his shape was lost.

His

His ſwelling body is diſtended far
Paſt humane growth, and undiſtinguiſh'd are
His limbs; all parts the poyſon doth confound,
And he lies hid, in his owne body drownd:
Nor can his armour keep his ſwolne growth in.
Not more doth boyling water riſe within
A brazen caldron, nor are ſailes more ſwell'd
By Weſterne winds. No limbe he now can wield.
A globe deform'd he is, an heap confus'd.
Which ravening beaſts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his friends durſt doe no obſequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcaſſe fly.
But yet theſe ſnakes preſent more horrid ſights,
A fierce *Haemorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A brave young man, that ſtudy'd *Cato's* worth,
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through ev'ry hole the preſſed ſaffron goes,
So from his every part red poyſon flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from every pore,
Where nature vented moyſture heretofore,
His mouth, his noſe, flowes blood: his ſweat is red:
His running veines all parts be bloodied.
And his whole body's but one wound become.
An Aſpes ſharpe bite did *Levus* heart benumme;
No paine he felt, ſurpris'd with ſudden ſleep
He dy'd, deſcending to the Stygian deep.
Not halfe ſo ſuddaine doe thoſe poyſons kill
Which dire Sabæan ſorceters diſtill
From off the falſely ſeeming Sabine tree.
On an old ſtumpe a dart-like ſnake did lye,
Which, as from thence her ſelfe ſhe nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and wounded temples flew.
Twas not the poiſon wrought his fate, the blow
It ſelfe brought death. To her compared ſlow
Fly ſtones from ſlings, and not ſo ſwift as ſhe
From Parthian bowes doe winged arrowes flee.

What help'd it wretched *Murrus* that he did
Kill a fierce Baſiliske? the poyſon ſlid
Along his ſpeare, and faſtned on his hand,
Which he cut off, and then did ſafely ſtand
With that hands loſſe, viewing ſecurely there
The ſad example of his death ſo neere.
Who would have thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a ſting ſo bad?
Her ſtraight ſtroke won, when ſhe *Orion* ſlew,
A trophee, which the conſtellations ſhew.
Who, ſmall Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three Siſters give their power to thee.
So that no reſt they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it ſelfe on which they lay.
For neither heaps of leaves, nor reeds they found
To make them beds; but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodies, whoſe warme vapors ſteame
By night attracted the cold ſnakes to them,
Whoſe harmleſſe jawes, whilſt nights aſtringent cold
The poyſon freez'd, unhurt their boſomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the ſtarres their way
Can they diſcerne, but oft complayning ſay,
Reſtore, oh gods, to us thoſe wars againe,
From which we fled: Reſtore Pharſalia's plaine.
Why ſhould we die, whoſe lives devoted were,
And ſworne to war, the death of cowards here?
The Dipſaſes on *Cæſars* party are,
And horned ſnakes helpe end our civill war.
Oh let us goe where the hot Zone doth ly.
'Twould eaſe our grieved hearts, that to the ſky
We might aſcribe our deaths. In nought doe we
Accuſe thee, Africa, or nature thee.
For thou this monſter-bearing countrey tane
From mens plantation, didſt for ſnakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thrive,
Thou mad'ſt, that men might from theſe ſerpents live.

But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on us, thou god, who ere
Hating our journey, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seat
Plac'd in the midst. To thy moist hid retreat
Our civill war dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secrets prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must be indur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sun doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubaes* wofull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, we shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th'ayre doth containe
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our countrey deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Suns which see:
Vnder what pole, oh Africk, left we thee?
Twas winter at Cyrene when we lay:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backs: to th'adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we rowle.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Cæsar* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we have fled.
Thus they in sad complaints unburdened
Their loaded patience. *Catoes* virtue keeps
Them proofe 'gainst any labour, who still sleeps
Vpon the naked sands, and every hower,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Far more then health, a strength to undergoe
Even death it selfe. Whilst *Catoes* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence griefe in others brests subdew'd,

And what ſmall power can be in ſorrowes ſhew'd.
Some eaſe at laſt did tired fortune give
To their long ſuffrings, there a nation live
Marmarian (*d*) Pſylls, from ſerpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
Their blood's ſecure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poyſon cannot ſuffer harme.
The places nature this did juſtly give,
That ſerpent-free they might with ſerpents live.
Twas well, that in this poyſonous ayre they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themſelves, and death.
Of their owne broods ſuch certaine proofes have all,
That when to ground a new-borne child doth fall,
Fearing ſtrange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aſpes they try the doubted child.
As th'Eagle when her Eagles are diſclos'd,
Layes them againſt the riſing Sun expos'd;
Thoſe that with ſteedy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, thoſe onely ſhe eſteemes,
The other ſcornes: the Pſylls ſo count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doe not feare
The ſerpents touch, or freely play with ſnakes.
They not content with their owne ſafety, take
For ſtrangers care; and following th'army then
Againſt thoſe ſerpents ayded *Catoes* men.
For when the campe was pitch'd, thoſe ſands, that lay
Within the compaſſe of the trenches, they
Did purge with ſnake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medcinable fires made round about.
There Wallwort cracks, and fennell gum doth fry,
Thin Tamariſk, Theſſalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapſus* burnd with Sulphurwort.
Larche trees, and Southernwood, which ſerpents dread
And hornes of ſtags far off from Africk bred.

So

So night was safe. If stung by day they were,
That magick nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainst the Psylla the taken venome strives,
Marks to the wounded place their spittle gives;
Whose force the poyson in the wound doth stay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they say
In ceaseleſſe murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger gives. Approaching speedy death
Admits no silence. Oft hath poyson tane
In th'inmoſt parts beene charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyson dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they lick the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite ſqueezing it round
Suck with their mouths the poyſon out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body ſpit.
And in their mouths taſting the poyſon well
What ſerpent deepeſt bite the Pſylla can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their ayd
The Roman ſouldiers wander'd leſſe afraid.
Thus *Cato* treading ſands of Libya,
The Moone twice waning, and twice wexing ſaw.
Now more and more the ſands to harden gan,
And Africks thicken'd ground grove glebe againe.
Trees here, and there began t'emend their shade:
And cottages of reeds and ſedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
When firſt they ſaw fierce Lions croſſe their way?
Lepcis was neer'ſt, which quiet harbour lent.
There winter free from heat, and ſtormes they ſpent.
Now *Cæſar* with Pharſalian ſlaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thought imploy'd
In the purſuit of *Pompey*, and was brought
(When he his ſteps by land had vainly ſought)
By fames report to Ita, and paſſed ore
The Thracian ſtraits, and that love-famed ſhore,

Where once faire *Heroes* wofull turret ſtood,
Where *Helles* tragedy new-nam'd the flood.
No armes of ſea-bounds with a ſtreame ſo ſmall
Aſia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine ſea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to ſee renown'd Sigæan ſands,
The ſtreame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthies tombe, where ly
Great ghoſts ſo much in debt to Poetry.
Sack'd Troyes yet honour'd name he goes about,
To find th'old wall of great *Apollo* our.
Now fruitleſſe trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten roots the Trojan houſes hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's oreſpred
With buſhes thick, her ruines ruined.
He ſees the bridall grove, *Anchiſes* lodg'd,
Heſiones rock, the cave where *Paris* judg'd,
Where nymph *Oenone* play'd, the place ſo fam'd
For *Ganmedes* rape, each ſtone is nam'd.
A little gliding ſtreame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne he paſt, and in the lofty graſſe
Securely trod; a Phrygian ſtraight forbid
Him tread on *Hectors* duſt: with ruines hid
The ſtone retain'd no ſacred memory.
Reſpect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth he?
Oh great, and ſacred work of Poeſie,
That freeſt from fate, and giv'ſt eternity
To mortall wights! but, *Cæſar*, envie not
Their living names, if Roman muſes ought
May promiſe thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By future times ſhall thou, and I be read;
No age ſhall us with darke oblivion ſtaine,
But our Pharſalia ever ſhall remaine.

Then *Cæſar* pleas'd with ſight of theſe ſo prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turfe-altar rais'd,

And

And by the frankincenſe-fed fire prepar'd
Theſe orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
Theſe *Heroës* duſt, and in Troyes ruines reigne;
Æneas houſhold gods, that ſtill maintaine
In Alba, and Lavinia your ſhrines,
Vpon whoſe altars fire yet Trojan ſhines;
Thou ſacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the ſight of man didſt never come,
The greateſt heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former ſeat implores your grace,
And pious incenſe on your altars layes;
Proſper my courſe, and thankfull Rome ſhall raiſe
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile reſtore,
And build a Roman Troy. This ſaid, to ſhore
He haſts, takes ſhipping, and to *Coreus* lends
His full-ſpread ſailes with haſte to make amends
For theſe delayes, and with a proſperous wind
Leaves wealthy Aſia, and faire Rhodes behind.
The Weſtwind blowing ſtill, the ſeventh night
Diſcovers Ægypts ſhore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dims the nightly fires, when *Cæſar* heares
Strange tumults on the ſhore, noiſes of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To truſt himſelfe at land, ſtayes in his fleet;
Whom ſtraight *Achillas* launches forth to meet
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *pompeyes* head
With an Ægyptian mantle covered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
Lord of the world, greateſt of Roman race,
And now ſecure (which yet thou doſt not know)
In *pompeyes* death, my King doth here beſtow
What onely wanted in Pharſalia's field,
And what thy wars, and travels end will yield:
We in thy abſence finiſh'd civill war.
For *Pompey* here deſiring to repaire

Theſſalia's ruines, by our ſword lyes ſlaine.
By this great pledge, *Cæſar*, we ſeeke to gaine
Thy love, and in his blood our league to make.
Here without bloodſhed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receive
What ever thou for *Pompeyes* head wouldſt give:
Think him a friend worthy thine armes to have,
To whom the fates ſuch power ore *Pompey* gave.
Nor think his merit cheape, ſince brought to paſſe
With eaſie ſlaughter, his old friend he was,
And to his baniſh'd father did reſtore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why ſpeak I more?
Find thou a name for this great work of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'ſt to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus having ſpoke
Straight he uncovers, and preſents the head,
Whoſe ſcarſe-knowne looks pale death had altered.
Cæſar at his firſt gift would not refuſe,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly viewes
Till he perceiv'd twas true, and plainly ſaw
Twas ſafe to be a pious father in law;
Then ſhed forc'd teares, and from a joyfull breaſt
Drew ſighs, and grones as thinking teares would beſt
Conceale his inward joy: ſo quite orethrowes
The tyrants merit, and doth rather choſe
To weep, then owe to him for *Pompeyes* head.
He that on ſlaughter'd Senators could tread,
And ſee the blood-ſtain'd fields of Theſſaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durſt not deny
The tributes of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'ſt thou for him, whom thou with impious hate,
Cæſar, ſo long purſu'dſt? could not the love
Of Daughter, Nephew, nor alliance move?
Thinkſt thou among thoſe people, that bewaile
Great *Pompeyes* death, theſe teares can ought availe?

Perchance

Perchance thou envy'ſt *Ptolomeys* dire fact,
And griev'ſt that any had the power to act
This but thy ſelfe, that the revenge of war
Was loſt, and taken from the conquerer.
What cauſe ſo ever did thy ſorrow move,
It was far diſtant from a pious love.
Was this the cauſe that thy purſuite did draw
Ore land, and ſea to ſave thy ſonne in law?
'Twas well, ſad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
And ſpar'd ſo far a Roman modeſty,
And not to ſuffer thee, falſe man, to give
Pardon to him, or pitie him alive,
Yet to deceive the world, and gaine beliefe
Thou add'ſt a language to thy fained griefe.
Thy bloody preſent from our preſence beare,
For worſe from *Cæſar*, then ſlaine *Pompey* here
Your wickedneſſe deſerves; the only meed
Of civill war to ſpare the conquered
We loſe by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
His ſiſter hate, I could with eaſe repay
This gift of his, and for ſo blacke a deed
Returne his ſiſter *Cleopatras* head.
Why wag'd he ſecret war, or why durſt he
Thus thruſt his ſword into our work? did we
By our Pharſalian victory afford
Your King this power, or licenſe Ægyps ſword?
I brook'd not *Pompey* to beare ſhare with me
In rule of Rome, and ſhall I *Ptolomey*?
All nations joyned in our warre in vaine,
If any other power on earth remaine
But *Cæſar* now; if any land ſerve two.
We were determin'd from your ſhore to goe,
But fame forbid us, leſt we ſhould ſeeme more
To feare then hate dire Ægypts bloody ſhore.
And doe not thinke you have deceived me:
To us was meant ſuch hoſpitalitie.

And

And 'twas our fortune in Theſſalia's war,
That frees this head, With greater danger far
Then could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of baniſhment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompeys* force: but had I fled, I ſee
My puniſhment had come from *Ptolomey*.
We ſpare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for ſuch a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you interre
This Worthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours ſtore
T'appeaſe his head, and gather from the ſhore
His ſcatter'd limbs, compoſe them in one tombe,
Let his deare ghoſt perceive that *Cæſar's* come,
And heare my pious griefe. Whilſt he preferres
All deſperate hazards before me, and dares
Rather to truſt his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all have loſt a ioyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying theſe victorious armes aſide
I might embrace thee, *Pompey*, and requeſt
Our former life, and love, and thinke me bleſt
After this war thy equall ſtill to be.
Then had my faithfull love perſwaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuſe the gods, and make
Thee Rome to pardon me. Though thus he ſpake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the reſt
Beleft not his, and their owne teares ſuppreſt,
And durſt (oh happy freedom) with dry eye,
Though *Cæſar* wept, behold this tragedie.

FINIS Libri noni.

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the event of the civill warre was yet doubtfull, and both the Generalls were possessed of their full strengths,* Cato *was fearfull of both their intents, and hated them both; as feering that the Conquerour would captive his countrey; but after the battaile of Pharsalia was fought, and* Cæsar *had conquered, hee was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to uphold the party vanquished.*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, had left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrrachium, who hearing the overthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to joyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father-in-law of* Pompey *the great was joyned in Africa with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Africa, was there also, marched over-land thither, in which march being thirty dayes upon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity induring the journey; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching afoote in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to indure hardnesse; hee arrived at last at* Iuba's *court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him Generall, hee refused the charge, and chose rather to serve under* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These Psylli are a people inhabiting those parts of Africa fortifyed by nature with an incredible priviledge against the strength of poyson, and sustaine no harme by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Plinie) *are afrayd of them, and when others are bitten, these Psylli by sucking*

ing the wounds, and muttering ſome charmes doe eaſily cure them. They haue a cuſtome (as Writers report) when their children are borne, if the father ſuſpect his wiues chaſtity, hee expoſes the infant to all kinde of ſerpents; if begotten by a ſtranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully begotten, the priuiledge of his fathers blood protecteth him againſt the venome.

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Ægypt fearelesse walkes, and sees
Their temples, tombes, and fam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra kneeles,
Whom to her brother king he reconciles.
With sumptuous feasts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæsars eare Achoreus doth relate
Niles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed spring.
Within the palace Cæsar, and the King
By sterne Achillas are besieg'd by night.
Cæsar to Pharos takes a secret flight;
There from his ship he leapes into the waves,
And his endanger'd life by swimming saves.

WHen Cæsar first, possest of Pompeys head,
Arrived there, and those dire sandes did tread:
His fortune strove with guilty Ægypts fate,
Whether that Rome that land should captivate;
Or Ægypts sword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey

Pompey, thy ghoſt prevailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæſar from death, leſt Nile ſhould after thee
Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire miſchiefes pledge, following along
His faſces. But perceiving that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt he
Bore th' Enſignes up of Romes authority,
He findes their wavering faiths, perceiving plaine
That for his ſake great *Pompey* was not ſlaine,
Then with a looke ſtill hiding feare goes he
The ſtately temple of th' old god to ſee,
Which ſpeakes the ancient Macedonian greatneſſe.
But there delighted with no objects ſweeteneſſe,
Not with their gold, nor gods majeſticke dreſſe,
Nor lofty city walls, with gredineſſe
Into the burying vault goes *Cæſar* downe.
Their Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd ſon
The proſperous thiefe lyes buryed: whom juſt fate
Slew in the worlds revenge: vaults conſecrate (juſt
Containe thoſe limbs, which through the world 'twere
To caſt abroad: but fortune ſpar'd his duſt,
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her freedome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reſerv'd, whoſe birth
Brought ſuch a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be poſſeſt by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had ſubdew'd:
Through Aſian lands, with human ſlaughter ſtrew'd,
Led by too forward fates he ruſhes on,
Driving his ſword through every nation:
Rivers vnknowne, Euphrates he diſtaines
With Perſians blood Ganges with Indians:
Th' earths fatall miſchiefe, lightning dire, that rent
All people, and a ſtar malevolent

To

To nations. To invade the South-east sea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water nor heat, nor Ammons desart sands
Could stop his course. Vpon the Westerne lands
(Following the worlds devexe) he meant to tread,
To compasse both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did meete his course; that checke alone
Could nature give this Kings ambition:
VVho to his grave the worlds sole Empire bore,
VVith the same envy, that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be devided by the sword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd, Oh shame, that Easterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian speare
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the West, and South be ours,
In th' East the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Crassus* proov'd a fatall place,
A secure province to small *Pella* was.

Now the young King come from Pelusium
Had pacify'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæsar was safe; when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The staine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, unchast to Italyes disgrace,
As much as *Helena's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did proove,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* moove.
Our Capitall she with her Sistrum scarr'd,
With Ægypts base effœminate rout prepar'd
To seize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
Ora captiv'd *Cæsar*: when at *Leucas* fleet

It doubtfull ſtood, whether the vvorld that day
A vvoman, and not Roman ſhould obey.
Her prides firſt ſpring that impious night had bin,
That vvith our chiefes mixt that inceſtuous queene.
Who vvould not pardon *Anthonyes* mad love,
When *Cæſars* flinty breaſt deſires could move
In midſt of vvar, vvhen heat of fight rag'd moſt,
And in a court haunted by *Pompeys* ghoſt?
Embrevv'd vvith blood from dire Pharſalias field
Could he vnto adulterous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe vvith vvarlike cares (oh ſhameleſſe head)
A baſtard iſſue, and unlavvfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a ſtrumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his ſcattered foes
To joyne in Afrike, baſely he beſtovves
Time in Ægyptian love, a conquerer
Not for himſelfe, but to beſtow on her;
Whom, truſting to her beauty, without teares,
Though geſture ſad, with looſe, as if rent haires,
Dreſt in a beautious, and becomming vvoe
Did *Cleopatra* meete, beſpeaking ſo:
If, mighty *Cæſar*, noblenеſſe there be,
Ægyptian *Lagus* royall iſſue I,
Depos'd and baniſht from my fathers ſtate,
If thy great hand reſtore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; unto our nation
Thou doſt appeare a gracious conſtellation.
I am not the firſt woman that hath ſway'd
The Pharian ſcepter: Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not ſexe excepted: I deſire
Thee read the will of my deceaſed ſire,
Who left me there a partner to enjoy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would love his ſiſter were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vnder *Pharius* girdle; to obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar*, from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from servants tyrannie.
Shall slaves so proud of *Pompeys* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates avert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Pharius* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suit in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace,
But beauty pleads, and that incestuous face
Prevailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the Iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feast this glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wickedst times, the high-arch'd roofes were fill'd
With wealth: high trestells golden tables bore:
Nor did carv'd marble only cover ore
The house; alone th'unmixt Achates stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet trod
On pavements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not coverd with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the pallace stood.
The roomes with Ivory glister'd, and each doore
In-layd with Indian shells, embellisht ore
With choisest Emeraulds: the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Iasper stone.
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron ranne,
Part wove of glittering gold, part scarlet dy,
As is th'Ægyptian use of Tapestry:
The servitours stood by, and wearing rayes,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some of blacke Libyan hew, ſome golden haires,
That *Cæſar* yields in all his German wars
He nere had ſeene ſo bright a yellow haire:
Some ſtiffe curl'd locks on Sun burnt foreheads weare,
Beſides th'unhappy ſtrength-robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths: neere theſe were ſtanding by
Youths of a ſtronger age, yet thoſe ſo young
Scarſe any downe darkning their cheeks was ſprung.
Downe ſate the Princes, and the higher power
Cæſar; her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'injoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypts crowne:
Laden with pearles: the rich ſeas ſpoiled ſtore
On her red haire, and weary'd necke ſhe wore.
Her ſnowy breſts their whiteneſſe did diſplay
Thorow the thin Sidonian tiffenay
Wrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workmen. Citron tables ſtand
On Ivory treſtells, ſuch as *Cæſars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Juba* did ſurpriſe.
O blind ambitious madneſſe to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civill war,
And tempt an armed gueſt! For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impiety,
And the worlds wrack; ſuppoſe our chiefes of old
Were there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabritij, *Curij* grave, or that plaine man
That Conſull from th'Etrurian plowes was tane,
Were ſitting at thoſe tables, home to Rome
With ſuch a triumph he would wiſh to come.
In golden plate they fill their feaſting boords
With what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
What luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger bade,
Beaſts, fowles, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd;
From criſtall Ewers is Niles water powr'd

Vpon their hands: ſtudded with gems that ſhine
Their bowles containe no Mareotick wine,
But ſtrong, and ſparkling wines of Meroë,
To whom full yeares give full maturity.
With fragrant Nard, and never-fading roſe
Their heads are crown'd: their haire annointed flowes
VVith ſweeteſt Cinnamon, that has not ſpent
His ſavour in the ayre, nor loſt his ſent
In forreine climes: and freſh Amomum brought
From harveſts neere at hand, there *Cæſar's* taught
The riches of the ſpoyled world to take;
And is aſham'd that he a war did make
VVith his poore ſon in law, deſiring now
Some quarrell would twixt him and Ægypt grow.
VVhen wine, and cakes had tir'd their glutted pleaſure,
Cæſar begins with long diſcourſe to meaſure
The houres of night, beſpeaking gently thus
The linnen-veſted grave *Achoreus*:
Old man devoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) deſpis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægypts originall, her ſite, and ſtate,
VVorſhip of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples character'd, explaine.
The gods, that would be knowne, to us unfold,
If your forefathers their religion told.
T'Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A gueſt more worthy, or more fit to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for ſtill in midſt of war
I leaſure had of heaven, and gods to heare,
And the ſtars courſe: nor ſhall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Conſulſhip. But though ſo much
My virtue be, my love of truth be ſuch,
There's nought I more deſire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and ſtrange originall

So many yeares unknowne: grant but to me
A certaine hope the head of Nile to see,
Ile leave off civill war. *Cæsar* had done,
When thus divine *Achoreus* begun:
Let it be lawfull *Cæsar*, to unfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
It piety to keep these wonders close:
I think the gods are pleas'd to be made knowne;
And have their sacred lawes to people showne:
Planets, which crosse, and back the tenth spheares course,
Had from the worlds first law their different powers.
The Sun divides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dims other starrs with his resplendent rayes.
And their wild courses moderates; the tides
Of Thetis *Phœbes* growth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold ice, and frozen zones obtaines;
Mars ore the winds, and winged lightning raignes:
Quiet well temper'd ayre doth *Iove* possesse;
The seeds of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllenius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-starrs heat,
And burning fires display'd, there where the signe
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lyon joyne,
And where the Zodiack holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, under which Niles head is borne:
Ore which when *Mercuries* proud fires doe stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phœbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night have from the Sun
Those powers recover'd, which the summer won.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian snow,
For on those hills cold *Boreas* never blowes,
As there the natives Sunburnt visage showes,

And

And moiſt hot Southern winds. Beſides the head
Of every ſtreame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swels then, when firſt the ſpring diſſolves the ſnowes.
But Nile before the dog-dayes never flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his banks againe
Till the Autumnal Æquinoctian:
Thence tis he knowes no laws of other ſtreames,
Nor ſwels in winter, when *Sols* ſcorching beames
Are far remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in ſummer time to lend
A cooler temper to the ſweltring ayre
Vnto the torrid zone, leſt fire impaire
The earth, unto her ſuccour Nilus drawes,
And ſwels againſt the Lyons burning jawes.
And when hot *Cancer* his *Siene* burnes,
Vnder her ayde implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the Sun to Autumne doe deſcend,
And that hot Meroë her ſhades extend,
Doth he reſtore againe the drowned field.
Who can the cauſes of this flowing yield?
Even ſo our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile ſhould flow, and ſo the world hath need.
As vainly doth antiquity declare
The Weſtwinds cauſe of this increaſes are,
Which keep their ſeaſons ſtrictly, and long ſtay,
And beare within the ayre continu'd ſway.
Theſe from the Weſterne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile;
Or elſe their blaſts the rivers current meete,
And will not let it to the Ocean get;
Prevented ſo from falling to the maine
The ſtreame ſwells back, and overflows the plaine.
Some through the cavernes of earths hollow vvomb:
In ſecret channels think theſe waters come
Attracted to th'equator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Meroë doth hold,

The ſcorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flovv unſeene together:
Venting all rivers at one fountaine ſo
VVithin one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th'Ocean ſwelling, which begirts about
All lands, ſome think, increaſed Nile breaks out;
The waters looſe, ere they ſo far have ran,
Their ſaltneſſe quite. Beſides the Ocean
Is the ſtars food, we think, which *Phœbus* drawes,
VVhen he poſſeſſeth fiery *Cancers* clawes.
More then the ayre digeſts attracted ſo
Falls back by night, and eauſes Nilus flow.
I think if I may judge ſo great a caſe,
Some waters ſince the great creation was,
In after ages from ſome earthly vaine
Have broke: ſome others god did then ordaine
VVhen he created all the world, whoſe tides
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæſar's deſire to knovv our Nilus ſpring
Poſſeſt th'Ægyptian, Perſian, Græcian king;
No age, but ſtriv'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philip's great ſon, *Memphis* moſt honourd king
Sent to th'earths utmoſt bounds to find Niles ſpring.
Choice Æthiops; they trod the ſunburnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The fartheſt Weſt our great *Seſoſtris* ſavv,
VVhilſt captive kings did his proud chariot dravv;
Yet there your Rhodanus, and Padus ſpy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine he deſcry'd.
The mad Cambiſes to the Eaſtern lands,
And long-liv'd people came. His famiſht bands
Quite ſpent, and with each others (a) ſlaughter fed
Return'd, thou, Nile, yet undiſcovered:
No tale dares mention thine originall
Th'art ſought, wherever ſeene. No land at all

Can

Can boast that Nile is hers. Yet Ile reveale,
As far as that same god, that doth conceale
Thy spring, inspires me. From th'Antartick pole
Vnder hot Cancer doe thy surges rowle
Directly North, winding to East and West,
Sometimes th'Arabians, sometimes Libyans blest
VVith fruitfulnesse thou makst, the Seres spy
Thee first, and seek thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a stranger flowes:
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy sacred head, which nature hid from all,
Lest any land should see thee, Nilus, small.
She turn'd away thy spring, and did desire
No land shall know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the summer Solstice art oreflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
VVhen winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy streames to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not here thy spring is found.
Thy parted channell doth incompasse round
Meroë fruitfull to black husband-men,
And rich in Eben wood: whose leaves, though greene,
Can with no shade asswage the summers heat,
Vnder the Lyon so directly set.
From thence thy current with no waters losse
Ore the hot zone, and barren deserts goes.
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes dispers'd and yielding banks oreflowing.
His parted armes againe collected slide
In one slow streame, where *Rhilas* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the sand,
Where the red sea by one small neck of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, dost gently flow.
Oh who would think thou ere so rough couldst grow
That sees thee gentle here, but when thy way
Steepe Cataracts, and craggy rocks would stay,

Thy

Thy never curbed waves with ſcorne deſpiſe
Thoſe petty lets, and foaming lave the ſkies:
Thy waters ſound, with noiſe the neighbouring hils
Thy conquering ſtreame with froath grown hoary fils.
Hence he with fury firſt aſſaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abator* ſtile,
And thoſe neere rocks, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers reines, becauſe they firſt of all
His ſwelling groath did ſhow. Hence nature did
His ſtragling waves within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Africk; betwixt thoſe
As in a vale thy pent up water flowes.
At *Memphis* firſt thou runn'ſt in fields, and plaines,
Where thy proud ſtreame all banks, and bounds diſdains.
Thus they ſecure, as if in peace, a part
Of night diſcours'd. But baſe *Photinus* heart
Once ſtain'd with ſacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts, ſince *Pompeyes* murder he
Counts nought a crime; great *Pompeyes Manes* bide
Within his breſt, and vengefull furies guide
His thoughts to monſters new, hoping to ſtaine
Baſe hands with *Cæſars* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators ſhall ſhed. Fate to a ſlave
That day almoſt the Senates vengeance gave,
The mulct of civill war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that life in *Brutus* abſence end.
Shall th'exution of Romes tyrant be
Baſe Egypts crime, and that example dy?
Bold man, he makes attempt againſt fates courſe,
Nor at cloſe murder rymes, by open force
A moſt unconquer'd Captaine he aſſaules;
So much are minds emboldn'd by their faults.
He durſt the death of *Cæſar* now command,
As *Pompeyes* once, and by a faithfull hand
To ſterne *Achillas* this dire meſſage ſend,
Who ſhar'd with him in murder'd *Pompeyes* end,

VVhom

Whom the weak King againſt himſelfe, and all
Truſts with a ſtrength, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy bed ſecurely ſnort,
Whilſt *Cleopatra* hath ſurpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but given away.
Haſt thou (though all alone) this match to ſtay.
Th'inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
Cæſar already has injoy'd her bed:
Twixt thoſe two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for proſtitution.
Have *Cleopatras* ſorceries beguil'd
Old *Cæſars* breſt, and ſhall we truſt a child?
Who, if one night inceſtuouſly imbrac'd
The beaſtly pleaſures of her bed he taſt
Cloth'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kiſſe
He gives my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he find his ſiſter ſweet.
Hope we no ayd from any ſide to meet:
The King her husband, her adulterer
Cæſar; and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* ſight, where 'twill appeare
Crime great enough that we are chaſt from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And loſt; and by the league we ratify'd
In *Pompeys* blood, I pray be ſpeedy here,
Fill on the ſuddaine all with war, and feare:
Let blood break off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruell Queene, whoſe armes ſoere the fill
In bed to night. Nor feare we *Cæſars* fate:
That which advanc'd him to this height of ſtate,
The fall of *Pompey* was our glory too;
Behold the ſhore, and learne what we can doe,
Our miſchiefes hope: behold the bloody'd wave,
And in the duſt great *Pompeys* little grave
Scarſe covering all his limbs; He, whom we feare,
Was but his peere, But we ignoble are

In

In blood: all one: we ſtir no forraigne ſtate,
Nor King to ayd, but our owne proſperous fate
To miſchiefe bring; and ſtill into our hands
Fortune delivers them; ſee ready ſtands
Another nobler Sacrifice then he;
The ſecond blood appeaſes Italie.
The blood of *Cæſar* will thoſe ſtaines remove,
Which *Pompeys* murder ſtucke, and make Rome love
Thoſe hands ſhe once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and ſtrength, hee's but a private man
His army abſent. This one night ſhall end
The civill war, and to whole nations ſend
A ſacrifice t'appeaſe their ghoſts belovv,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe owe.
Goe confidently then 'gainſt *Cæſars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægyps ſouldiers do't,
The Romans for themſelves. But ſtay not thou;
Hee's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee beſtow
Nh'effect of *Brutus*, and grave *Cato's* vow.
Achillas prone to follow ſuch anviſe
Dravves out his army ſtraight in ſecret wiſe,
Without loud ſignalls giv'n, or trumpets noiſe
Their armed ſtrength he ſuddainly imployes.
The greateſt part were Roman ſouldiers there,
But ſo degenerate, and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forraigne diſcipline; that voyd of ſhame
Vnder a barbarous ſlaves command they came,
Who would diſdaine to ſerve proud Ægypts King,
No faith, nor piety thoſe hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greateſt pay is had,
There's greateſt right; for money they invade,
Not for their owne juſt quarrell, *Cæſars* throat.
Oh wickedneſſe, within what land hrs not
Our Empires wretched fate found civill war?
Thoſe troops remov'd from Theſſaly ſo far

Rage

Rage Roman-like here upon Nilus shore.
What durst the house of *Lagus* venture more
Had they receiv'd great *Pompey*? but each hand
Performes that office, which the gods command:
Each Roman hand helpe to this war must lend,
The gods were so dispos'd Romes state to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæsars*, or great *Pompeys* love
Divide the people, or their factions move.
This civil war *Achillas* undertakes,
A barbarous slave a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protected *Cæsars* blood,
This side had wonne, in time both ready stood;
The Court in feasting drownd did openly
To any treason; and then easily
Might they have tane at table *Cæsars* head,
His blood amidst the feasting goblets shed.
But in the night tumultuous war they feare,
Promiscuous slaughter rul'd by chance, lest there
Their King might fall; so confident they are
Of their owne strength, they hasten not, but spare
So great an actions opportunity.
Slaves thinke deferring *Cæsars* death to be
A reparable losse. Till day break light
His execution is put off. One night
To *Cæsars* life *Photinus* power could give,
And till *Sol* rises grant him leave to live.
Now on mount Casius *Lucifer* appear'd;
And with hot day though infant Ægypt chear'd;
When from the wall they view'd those troops afar
March on well rackt, and marshall'd for a war,
Not in loose maniples, but ready all
To stand, or give a charge. The city wall
Cæsar distrusts, and shuts the pallace too,
So poore a siege enforc'd to undergoe.
Nor all the house can his small strength maintaine,
One little part great *Cæsar* can containe:

Whilest

Whilſt his great thoughts both feare, and anger beare,
He feares aſſaults, and yet diſdaines to feare,
So in ſmall traps a noble Lion caught
Rages, and bites his ſcorned goale with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcan* rage, could any ſtop
Sicilian Ætna's fiery caverues top.
He that in dire Pharſalian fields of late
In a bad cauſe preſum'd on proſperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoaſt, nor all
The Roman lords, nor *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a ſlaves war; he here aſſaulted tooke
A houſe, whom Scythians bold durſt nere provoke,
Th'Alani fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which faſt-bound ſtrangers barbarouſly ſhoot.
He whom the Roman world could not ſuffiſe,
Nor all that twixt the Gades and India lies,
Like a weake boy ſeekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late ſurpriſed towne:
Nor hopes for ſafety but in keeping cloſe
And through each roome with ſteps uncertaine goes,
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his perſon ſtill: his life he meanes
Shall the revenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate; thy head, ô *Ptolomey*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Againſt thy ſervants; as *Medea* dire,
When her purſuing Sires revenge ſhe fled,
Stood arm'd againſt her little brothers head
To ſtay her Sire. But deſperate fate ſo nigh
Enforced *Cæſar* to armes of peace to try.
A courtier from the abſent King is ſent
To checke his men, and know this warres intent;
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power; the Kings Embaſſadour is ſlaine
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monſtrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

Impious *Pharnaces Pontus* Theſſaly,
Nor Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-ſpread monarchy,
Nor barbarous *Syrtis* durſt attempt to doe.
What heere effeminate Ægypt reaches to
The war on every ſide growes dangerous,
And ſhowres of falling darts even ſhake the houſe.
No batt'ring ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vs'd they fire: the skilleſſe people run
Through the vaſt pallace ſcatter'd vp, and downe,
And vſe their joyned ſtrength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæſars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly ſtands
Into the ſea, from ſhips the Navall bands
Aſſault the houſe; but *Cæſar* every where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild-fire vſes. Though beſiedg'd he be,
Doth the beſiedgers worke (ſuch ſtrength had he
Of conſtant ſpirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the joyned ſhips; nor ſlowly flew
The flame on pitchy ſhrowds, and boords that drop
With melted waxe: at once the ſaileyards top,
And loweſt hatches burne. An halfe burnt hoaſe
Here drownes in ſeas, their foes and weapons floate,
Nor ore the ſhips alone doe flames prevaile;
But all the houſes neere the ſhore aſſaile:
The South winds feed the flame, and drive it on
Along the houſes with ſuch motion,
As through the Welkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell fed on fire alone.
This fire a while the cowrs beſiedging ſtay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæſar that time would not in ſleepe beſtow,
Who well could vſe occaſions, and knew how
In war to take the greateſt benefit
Of ſuddaine chances, ſhips his men by night,

Surpriſes

Surprises Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but joyn'd to Alexandria now,
Two helps on *Cæsar* doth that fort bestow:
Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,
And made a passage safe for *Cæsars* aide.
He now intends no longer to deferre
Photenus (c) death, though not enough severe.
Not fire, nor beast, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a sword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arsinoe (d) from court escaped goes
By *Ganymedes* helpe to *Cæsars* foes;
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whose just sword was sterne *Achillas* slaine.
Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd,
Pompey, but fortune is not yet suffic'd:
Far be it, gods, that these two deaths should be
His full revenge; the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,
Till *Cæsar* by the Senates swordes be slaine.
But though the author's dead, these broiles remaine;
For *Ganymedes* now commander mov'd
A second war, which full of danger provid,
So great the perill was that day alone
Might *Cæsars* name to future times renowne.
While *Cæsar* strives pent vp so closely there
To ship his men from thence, a suddaine feare
Of war did his entended passage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete;
Behind their foote, from shore against him fight:
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarse doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes slaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæsar* there:
A little blood will serve. Whether to feare

Or

Or wiſh for death he knowes not. In this ſame
Sad ſtraite, he thinkes of noble *Scæva's* fame,
VVho at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe,
Beſeidg'd all *Pompey's* ſtrength himſelfe alone:
Th'example rais'd his thoughts, reſolv'd to doe
What Scæva *did; but ſtraight a ſcorne to owe*
His valour to examples, checks againe (reſtraine.
That high reſolue: great thoughts, great thoughts
Yet thus at laſt; Scæva *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that ſpirit: if like him I dy,
I doe not imitate, but Cæſars *feate*
Rather confirmes that Scævas *act was great.*
In this reſolue had Cæſar *charg'd them all*
Himſelfe alone, and ſo a glorious fall
(Slaine by a thouſand hands at once) had met,
Or elſe enobled by a death ſo great
Thoſe thouſand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæſar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous reſcue, and endeare
The danger to him; ſhe diſcovers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæſar *makes,*
He findes no ſafety there, but ſtraight forſakes
Thoſe ſhips againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd ſo many victoryes to come
And Ioue *(whileſt he on* Cæſars *danger lookes)*
Suſpects the truth of th'adamantine bookes.
Who could haue thought, but that the gods aboue
Had now begun to favour Rome, and loue

Her liberty againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's *ſons, of* Cato, *and the ſtate*
'Gainſt Cæſars *fortune had prevailed now?*
Why doe the powers Cæleſtiall labour ſo
To be vnjuſt againe? againe take care
To ſaue that life they had expos'd ſo far
That now the danger even in Cæſars *eye,*
Might cleare their doome of partiality?
But he muſt liue vntill his fall may prooue
Brutus *and* Caſſius *were more iuſt then* Ioue.
Now all alone on ſeas doth Cæſar *floate;*
Himſelfe the oares, the Pylot, and the boate;
Yet could not all theſe offices employ
One mans whole ſtrength, for his left hand on high
Raiſed, holds vp his papers, and preſerues
The fame of his paſt deedes, his right hand ſerues
To cut the waues, and guard his life alone
'Gainſt th' Oceans perills, and all darts, which
From every ſide doe darken all the ſky, (throwne
And make a cloud, though heaven it ſelfe deny,
Two hundred paces thus alone he ſwam
Till to the body of his fleete he came,
His ore-ioy'd ſouldiers ſhouting to the skies
Take ſure preſage of future victoryes.

FINIS.

Annotations on the tenth Booke.

(a) Cambyſes *the ſon of* Cyrus, *and king of Perſia added to his monarchy the kingdome of Ægypt; he intended a farther war againſt the Æthiopians, which are called* Macrobij *by reaſon of the extraordinary length of their naturall liues. But by reaſon of the tediouſneſſe of the march, and want of proviſion, there was in his army a great famine, that they killed by lot every tenth ſouldier, and fed vpon them.*

(b) Achillas *comming to aſſault* Cæſar *had an army of twenty thouſand; they were many of them Roman ſouldiers, which had ſerved before vnder* Gabinius, *but had changed their manner of life, and corrupted with the riot of Ægypt, had quite forgotten the Roman diſcipline.*

(c) Photinus *the Kings tutor remaining with* Cæſar *ſent ſecret encouragements to* Achillas *to goe forward with his ſiedge, which being diſcovered by interception of his meſſengers he was ſlaine by* Cæſar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arſinoe *the yonger ſiſter of the King of Ægypt, aſſaulted* Achillas *by treachery, and ſlew him, and being himſelfe made Generall of the army he continued the ſiedge againſt* Cæſar.

FINIS.

TO THE

Most high and Mighty MONARCH CHARLES

By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, *and* Ireland, *&c.*

SIR,

I Should have caught my humble labours a lower presumption than to have approched your sacred hand, if I had onely weighed mine own weakness and disabilitie; but the dignitie of this subject did somewhat encourage

me, being a remainder of that great Hiſtorie, whoſe former part was ſo richly dreſſed in the happie conceits, and high raptures of that Noble LUCAN: of whoſe abilitie in writing I was not ſo ambitious in emulation, as officious in deſire, to continue ſo ſtately an argument for your Princely ear: with what ſucceſs I have performed it, your MAIESTIES acceptation onely can determine; to whom if it preſent but the leaſt delight, my end is accompliſhed, for which I have run ſo great a hazard, as (perchance) to be cenſured a foil onely to LUCAN's luſtre; and choſe rather to fall under the weight of a great argument, than to preſent a mean one to ſo high a hand: your MAIESTIES re-

renowned worth, and Heroical virtues (the perfection of mind meeting in you with the height of Fortune) may make you ſecurely delighted in the reading of great actions; to whom I humbly preſent this weak work, beſeeching Almightie GOD long to eſtabliſh your MAIESTIES Throne upon earth, enriching it with bleſſings of the right hand and the left; and after to crown you with incorruptible Glorie: So prayeth

Your MAIESTIES

moſt humble ſubject

THO. MAY.

The mind of the

PICTURE

Or,

FRONTISPIECE.

Or noble Lucan *so untimely slain*
Thus did fair-hair'd Calliope *complain;*
(Whilest tears apace flow'd from her Christal eys)
Amongst the rest these dayry Lays;
Too cruel sisters, why again am I
Enforc'd to weep, and rue your tyranny?
Was not my Orpheus *death (though long ago)*
Enough for me to bear, for you to do?
Orpheus *so much by all the graces lov'd,*
Whose charming skill, and matchless Musick mov'd
The savage beasts, the stones, and senseless trees,
Yet could not move the harder Destinies.
I saw his limbs (alas) scattered abroad
On Hebrus banks, while down the silver flood
His learned head war rowl'd, and all along
Heard the sad murmurs of his dying tongue.
No other Tragedie but Lucan *slain*
By your untimely stroke could thus again
Revive my grief: Oh could you not prolong
That thread a while, until the stately song
Of his Pharsalia had been finish'd quite?
What savage bird of prey, what murdring Kite
Could, in the mid'st of that melodious lay,
Ravish the charming Nightingal away?

Thou sung'st no lusts, no riots, nor mad'st known
(Corrupting other manners with thine own)
New crimes, nor with lascivious wantoning
Dia'st thou defile the sacred Thespian spring.
Thy verses teach no soul adulteries,
Nor rapes committed by the Deities,
Which may from guilt absolve the worst of men;
But actions great and true: thy happie pen
Adorning Historie with raptures high,
With quick conceits and sound moralitie
Condemn'd the strong injustice of that age,
And reins too much let lose to civil rage,
When Rome the strength, which she had made, did fear,
No longer able her own weight to bear,
Taxing bad greatness, and in deathless verse
Bestowing fame on Noble Sepulchers;
And hast enobled moe; but woe is me,
Th' untimely stroke of death did silence thee.
Of which the grief not onely us invades,
But dives into the blest Elysian shades,
Sadding the worthies there, that so did long
To fill a room in thine eternal song.
There Cato *thinks (and grieves it was deny'd)*
If thou had'st liv'd, how great he should have dy'd:
The Roman Scipio, *did disdain a Tomb*
On Libya's shore, in hope to find a room
Within thy stately Poëm, well content
Save there, to have no other Monument,
Those stately Temples, where great Cæsar's *name*
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the fame
Which thy high lines might give, in time to come
Shall envie Pompey's *small Egyptian Tomb.*
Had Juba's *Tragick fall been sung by thee*
'T had eas'd the loss of his great Monarchie:
But that to them and us did Fate denie
That we the more might wail thy Tragedie.
But bootlesly thus to complain (quoth she)
Is weak; to act is more befitting me.
Down to the shades Infernal will I go,
And trie what Magicks powerful Charms can do.

A ſpatious Cave there was (not oft before
Deſcry'd by mortal eye) within that ſhore
Which wealthie France doth to the North diſplay,
And Brittain's Ocean bounds. Thither, they ſay,
The wiſe Dulychian Heroe, *by advice*
Of beautious Circe, *came to ſacrifice,*
And there reſtor'd, by bloud of Bullocks ſlain,
To ſilent Ghoſts the uſe of ſpeech again.
Through that dark vault did Phœbus *nere ſhoot ray,*
Nor ever glided beam of cheerful day.
The grove of Proſerpine *oreſhadow'd quite*
That diſmal ſhore, and damps of drery night
Condens'd the Air; no birds thoſe boughs did grace.
Nor with ſweet muſick cheer'd the baleful place.
To this dark thicket did the Muſe deſcend
To raiſe her Poet's Ghoſt; and to that end
Prepar'd the ſacrifice. Pluto, *to thee*
A Bull was kill'd, to thy Perſephone
A Virgin Heifer; to th' Eumenides
A two-year ſheep. Then with the bloud of theſe
She fill'd a cup, and gave it to the hand
Of her dear Poets Ghoſt, with this command;
Thou, once the Glorie of th' Aonian Wood,
But now their ſorrow, Lucan, *drink this Bloud.*
No other Nectar Phœbus *gives thee now;*
Nor can the Fates a ſecond life beſtow;
A ſecond voice by this charm'd cup they may,
To give ſome progreſs to that ſtately Lay
Thou left'ſt unfiniſh'd. End it not until
The Senates ſwords the life of Cæſar ſpil;
That he, whoſe conqueſts gave dire Nero *Reign,*
May as a ſacrifice to thee be ſlain.
The Ghoſt receiv'd the cup in his pale hand,
Drunk, and fulfill'd Calliopes *command.*

Author Lectori.

Non hæc marmoreis cecinit Lucanus in Hortis;
Nec vivum hîc tanti Vatis acumen habes.
Desine mirari, Lector, si carmina forsan
Ista videbuntur frigidiora tibi.
Impetus Ingenii felix, ardensque recessit.
Hoc tibi defuncti debilis Umbra canit.

A CONTINUATION of the Subject OF *LUCAN'S* Historical Poem, till the death of *Julius Cæsar*.

The First Book.

The Argument of the First Book.

Th' Ægyptians sue to Cæsar *for a peace,*
Excuse their crime, and crave their King's release:
The King restor'd by Cæsar *to his state,*
Revolts again: Euphranor's *noble fate.*
Ptolomey's *vision from* Serapis *sent*
Foreshows the change of Ægypts government.
The war in Delta; Cæsars *victorie.*
The overthrow and death of Ptolomie.

THE threatning Ocean now had spent in vain
His swelling spite, and from the waterie main,
From Ægypts feeble Treason, and the band
Of Pharian slaves is *Cæsar* safe at land

fill'd with revenge and scorn, arm'd with a rage
Greater than Ægypts ruin can asswage.
His war is now made just; but that great mind
Too much disdains so just a cause to find
From such a State, griev'd that they durst afford
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Cæsar's* sword,
Or provocation to his furie lend,
Whom Rome it self had trembled to offend,
And ru'd his anger at no cheaper rate
Than *Pompey's* fall, and ruin of the State.
How well could Rome excuse the gods above
For *Cæsar's* late-wrought safetie, and approve
Their favour in it, if no other State.
Had felt the force of his revived fate
But Ægypts guiltie land? in that war nought
But just revenge for *Pompey* had been wrought.
The willing Senate had with joy decreed
Honours for such a conquest; for that deed
From every Town th' Italian youth in throngs
Had met his Chariot with triumphal songs,
Nor had great *Pompey's* spirit from the skie
Repin'd at sight of that solemnitie.
That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer
To Rome again, had not the fatal war,
Which straight in Affrick, and in Spain ensu'd,
His conquering armie with fresh guilt embrew'd.
The treacherous band of Ægypts Souldiers now
That chose *Arsinoë* Queen, gan disallow
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and disdain
A feeble woman, and base Eunuchs reign.
All murmur, all to mutenie inclin'd,
Yet each afraid to sound each others mind:
Till one at last more venturous than the rest
Thus with his own the thoughts of all expresst.
What end have these our arms? Why do we make
Tumults in stead of wars? If arms we take
To free Niles fruitful regions from the yoke
Of Romes ambition, why do we provoke
The strength of *Cæsar* at a time when he
Detains our King within his custodie?

The

The King as hostage for our truth doth lie
We hazard not the war but *Ptolomey*.
Though our attempt 'gainst *Cæsar* should succeed
We stain the honour of so great a deed
Wanting a lawful chief; and 't will be thought
Rebellious tumults not just wars have wrought
Rich *Ægypts* freedom: More may be obtain'd
By peace, than can be by such hazards gain'd.
Then let us sue for *Ptolomey's* release:
Cæsar (though now incenst) will grant us peace
On easie terms; and think it better far
Then to be here entangled in a war,
Whilest yet Pharsalia's reliques do remain
To joyn their strength, and trie their fate again:
Whil'st the dispers'd not conquer'd powers of Rome
Are gathering head, and furious nations come
From *Juba's* Kingdom, Ammons farthest sands,
And where Spains Calpe bounds the Western lands
To cross his growing fortunes: But if we
Tender the state of young *Arsinoë*,
(Because descended from great *Lagus* race,)
Why do we wrong her brother, and misplace
Our dutie so? Prepostorous loyaltie
It is, to honour *Lagus* familie,
And therefore *Lagus* lawful heir depose.
A general shout, which through the Camp arose,
Shews their agreement too too great to be
Suppressed now, or term'd a mutenie.
That even *Arsinoë* seeing this consent
Is forc'd to be, or seem (at least) content.
Embassadours to *Cæsar* they address
To beg the King's inlargement, sue for peace,
And pardon for their treacherie to him:
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime
Upon *Photinus* and *Achillas* laid:
Whose lives (say they) have for their treasons paid.
Cæsar, though once enrag'd, admits their low
Submissive prayers, and smooths his angrie brow,
Storming to lose so proud a wrath upon
Such worthless objects; or intent alone

On

On civil wars, reserves his furie all.
To wreak in nothing but his countreys fall.
Nought but so hard, and so abhorr'd a crime
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.
He briefly grants them their desired ends,
And *Ptolomey* back to his Kingdom sends.
Poor boy, what fatal freedom hast thou gain'd?
Thou to thy ruin hast thy wish obtain'd.
'T is *Cæsars* crueltie that sets thee free,
To make thee guiltie and then punish thee.
Thine innocence did guard thee, whilest by him
Thou wert confin'd, and could'st not act a crime
That might deserve thy death; but well knew he
Thy ages weakness, and the treacherie
Of thy perfidious and unconstant men
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then
By fair pretence of justice might'st be slain
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* (*a*) reign,
And his desires, who means thy crown shall buy
Or pay the hire of his adulterie.
Cæsar's surmises find a true event;
For *Ptolomey* back to his people sent
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,
Or else by nature or bad nurture (*b*) his,
Or he by others eatie to be sway'd)
Forgets the oath that he to *Cæsar* made.
And fill'd with vain and flattering hopes, calls on
The forward fates t' his own destruction.
A well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send
In ambush near Canopus to attend
(An Isle that East from Alexandria lies)
To cut off all provision and supplies,
That might by Sea to *Cæsar's* camp arrive.
To this his first attempt doth Fortune give
Some seeming favour; for while there they lie,
Euphranor's Ship, sever'd unhappilie
Alone from all the rest of *Cæsar's* fleet,
By this Ægyptian Navy is beset.
(*c*) *Euphranor's* valour, that had never found
The fates but friendly, and so oft renown'd

With

With *Cæsar's* fortune had for *Cæsar* fought,
This change affrights not; his undaunted thought
Not fear but rage possesses; and though there
Beset, he plays th' assailant every where.
They fear to joyn with him, and evermore
Flie from his grapple; as a chafed Bore
The following hounds avoid, so *Ægypts* fleet
Surprizes danger which it dares not meet.
But being so many Ships they cannot all
Escape from him; some, though unwilling, fall
Upon *Euphranor*, and are forc'd to buy
With their own lots their fellows victorie.
Some vessels bor'd 't wixt wind and water sunk,
And drinking waves into the waves were drunk.
'Gainst others from the Roman vessel fire,
Wrapt up in balls was thrown; whose active ire
The Ocean could not quench until too late,
And did not succour then, but change the fate.
Some dead, some living float in *Neptune's* flood
The Sea discolour'd with the victours bloud.
Had but one more of *Cæsar's* Ships been caught,
Th' *Ægyptian* fleet a fatal prey had sought,
And learned then how they deceived took
But Fortunes bait, which hid a mortal hook.
But when at last those few Cæsarians (hands
Were spent with wounds and toil, and that their
Could for that endless task no more sufftice
Euphranor wearie with subduing dies,
Leaving the rest of those *Ægyptian* powers
Survivours rather than true Conquerours.

Now *Ptolomey* was levying strength by land,
When *Mithridates* with a warlike band
Of men, from Syria, and Cilicia came
Raised from thence by him in *Cæsar's* name.
And marching swiftly o're the land at last
Arriv'd where strong Peluſium's fitly plac'd
Upon the continent, and on that side
Th' *Ægyptian* bounds from Syria doth divide:
Peluſium's strength is thought by land to be
Ægypts defence as *Pharos* is by Sea.

But now (alas) too weak it proves to ſtay
Fierce *Mithridates* courſe, who in one day
(Though there *Achillas* left a Garriſon)
Summons, aſſaults, and wins by force, the Town;
Nor ſtays he there, but marches ſpeedily
To joyn his ſtrength with *Cæſar's* power, whom he
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.
This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæſar's* ſide
So well had ſerv'd, as to deſerve from him
After this war, the Thracian diadem,
Of great and royal parentage was ſprung,
And trained up in princely arts, when young,
By that great King, that Aſian Conquerour,
Who fourtie years withſtood the Roman power,
And in ſo many honour'd fields did fame
Lucullus, *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* name.
The King, that now beſides Canobus lay,
With all his power, intends to march away
With ſpeed through Delta, where the Fates decree
To ſeat the war, and his ſad tragedie.
Rich Delta, Ægypts pride, the flower alone
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;
Upon whoſe fertile breaſt a thouſand ways
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus plays,
And with his amorous folding arms doth ſeem
T' embrace ſmall Ilands, whileſt his ſilver ſtream
From ſeveral channels oft it ſelf doth meet,
And oft it ſelf with wanton kiſſes greet.
So thoſe fair rivolets, which for the food
Of living bodies, bear the crimſon bloud
To every part, within the liver meet,
And there with kiſſes numberleſs do greet
Themſelves; and as they through each other glide
Make many knots, as if they took a pride
In their ſtrange foldings, and themſelves did pleaſe
In thoſe admired Anaſtomoſes.
This fertile region, whoſe extenſion makes
A juſt triangle, from the letter takes
Delta for name, whoſe baſis is the Sea,
Whoſe two ſides Niles two wideſt channels be.

For

For all the other five within those two
Into the Northren Sea through Delta go.
Down from the lesser cataract Nile flowes,
And in one single channel North-ward goes
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,
Twixt th' Æthiopian, and Ægyptian ground.
Four thousand furlongs to that spatious plain,
Where Memphis stands, so famed for the vain,
And mispent labour of so many men,
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not been,
If natures bountie, and the wealthie soil
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans toil.
So many hands (as there were vainly found)
Had been enough t'have made the barren'st ground
Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan sands
Fruitful by working, t' have entrench'd whole lands,
And fenc'd their Ægypts often conquer'd Towrs
From Persian, Græcian, and Italian powrs.
At Memphis Nile his channel doth divide:
That branch that flowes along the Eastern side,
Into the Ocean rowls his curled waves
At strong Pelusium; th' other channel laves
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he
Into the Ocean fals) the regions nigh
To fair Canobus, which (by ancient fame)
From *Menelaus* Pylot took the name;
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,
When Ægypts Crown that just King *Protem* wore:
Who took from *Priam's* wanton son away
Atrides beauteous wife, his ravish'd prey,
And to her husband after her restor'd (sword
When Troyes sack'd towrs had felt the vengeful
Of arm'd Greece. That region, which between
Those two the widest arms of Nile is seen,
Is Delta, which so plentifully yields,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, rich in pasture fields,
And flowrie meadowes, where the bleating flocks,
And horned heards do graze; the labouring Ox
Weary'd in those fat furrows, near deceives
Hopes which the greediest husbandman conceives.

There loftie Cities ſtand, and Towns of fame,
Lakes flow, which from thoſe Cities take their names.
Butum environ'd with the Butick lake,
Where once her Oracles *Latona* ſpake:
There fair Dioſpolis, Lycopolis,
Hermopolis, and Leontopolis
Proud Cities riſe: There doth Buſiris ſtand
Fatal to ſtrangers, that were forc'd to land
Upon her bloudy ſhore; until the hand
Of great *Alcides* freed the grieved land
From that fell Tyrants reign, whoſe name the town
Yet bears; near that is that fair Citie known
By Venus name; there fair Panephyſis,
Tanitis, Xois, and Cynoſpolis,
And Saïs chief of all the region,
In which *Minerva's* ſtately Temple 's ſhown,
Where fam'd *Pſammiticus* entombed lies.
There alſo Mendes famous walls do riſe,
Where *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worſhipped,
And goats ador'd; there goats (as we have read)
Do mix with woman-kind; ſo got was he
That lov'd the boy turn'd to a Cypreſs tree.
But now to know the future wars ſucceſs,
The King adviſ'd by *Dioſcorides*
E're from Canobus he through Delta paſs,
(Since there *Serapis* ſtately Temple was)
Reſolv'd to crave that Oracles advice
Commands the Prieſts prepare a ſacrifice.
This ſnake-like god *Serapis* ſeated there,
Whom all rich Ægypt, and the nations near
Devoutly worſhip, and from every port
To his undoubted Oracle reſort,
Speaks not to men, like other gods, nor ſhews
His truth by voice, as horned Ammon does;
Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good
Or bad, by taking or refuſing food;
Nor like the Delphian *Phœbus* doth poſſeſs
In killing rage, a wretched Propheteſs,
Making ſad death the puniſhment or hire
Of every ſoul his furie doth inſpire;

But

But gentlie glides into a sleeping breast,
By dreams instructing our repose and rest,
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd:
There only knowledge is with ease attain'd.
To this renown'd Temple far and near
Th' *Ægyptian* Lords and Princes come to hear
Truth without help of senses, and to know
By dreaming there their future weal or wo.
Why should this god his knowledge then declare
To men, when men least fit for knowledge are?
And chuse to come to them at such a time
When they no duties can return to him?
Is it his bountie or his power to show,
That men so taught may plainly see they ow
Nothing at all to studies of their own,
But to his bountie and his power alone,
That then can make them understand aright
When they 're bereft of understanding quite?
Or else the god, when men can exercise
Their powers and intellectual faculties,
Will not descend with their weak thoughts to joyn
Commixing humane reason with divine.
Within the Temples inmost room, a bed
Of richest purple wrought with gold was spred;
To which the King was by the Priests convay'd,
And there, to take his dreaming vision lay'd.
No dreams at all within that sacred room
But such as were divinely sent, might come.
Others, which from complexions difference
Or natural humors flow'd, were banish'd thence;
And those which from the studies of the day,
Or cares arose, in th' outward Temple stay,
And there together flie in companies
Of different colours, shapes, and qualities.
Fair sanguin dreams, that seem to cheer the night,
With beautious shapes, and rosie wings, as bright
As is the morning, or those flowrs, that grace
In mid'st of spring, the painted *Flora's* face,
Within the Temple merrily do sport;
To whom the little *Cupids* oft resort.

The little *Cupids* from fair *Venus* grove
Stealing by night, do thither come, and love
With those bright sanguine dreams to passe away
The hours of night in sport and amorous play.
There dreams of choller in a flame-like hew
Through th' air, like little fierie Meteors flew
With swift and angrie motion to and fro,
As if they sought within that place a foe.
Sometimes up to the Temples roofe on high
They soar, as if they meant to scale the skie,
Or some impossible atchievement sought
T' allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.
But down below with sad and heavie cheer
On dead mens Tombs, and every Sepulcher,
The duskie dreams of melancholly light,
With sable wings like Bats, or birds of night.
Fluttering in darkest corners here and there,
But all alone, and still each other fear.
Courting dead skulls, and seeming to invite
The dismal ghosts for companie by night.
There all along the Temples whited wall
Phlegmatick lazie dreams, not wing'd at all,
But slow, like slimy Snails, about do crawl,
And evermore are thence afraid to fall
And so be drown'd; for on the floor below
They do suppose deep pools of water flow.
But swift as thoughts can flie, as winds do blow
Or winged lightning, in a moment go (noise
The flatuous dreams through th' air; sometimes with
Like the far-off affrighting thunders voice.
Besides a thousand other companies
Of dreams, which do from daily cares arise,
From thoughts and deeds of men; which do appear
In forms as many and as different there
As all the World has objects, or is fil'd
With deeds: All these to dreams diviner yield,
And flie aloof without; nor dare they come
Into the Temples inward sacred room.

The dead of night had closed every eye,
And sleep now seiz'd the breast of *Ptolomey*,

When

When lo a vision from *Serapis* sent
To his affrighted fancie did present
The changed state of Ægypts hapless land,
Which now by fates appointment was at hand.
A large-siz'd Ox, into that sacred room
With sad and heavie pace did seem to come,
And lean he was, as if he had not eat
Of long, or wanting, or refusing meat;
Save two white spots, his colour wholly black,
One on his forehead, t' other on his back:
And passing by he seem'd to wail and moan,
From his black eyes the tears fast trickling down.
After, a woman came of stature tall,
Of presence stately and majestical;
High Towrs, and Castles on her head she bare,
But loose, as if all torn, hung down her hair.
Strong chains did seem her naked arms to tie,
With that arose a dismall shreek and crie,
As it had been from ghosts infernal sent,
Whose furie rent the regal monument:
And from their open'd tombs he saw arise
The ghosts of all the bury'd *Ptolomeys*,
From *Lagus* son the first, in order all,
Who following, seem'd to wail the womans fall.
With that cold chilling horrour from the breast
Of sleeping *Ptolomey* had banish'd rest,
Who with amazed thoughts look'd up and down;
But when his eyes were ope, the sight was gone.
The Priests approch, and hearing him relate
His doleful dream, lament the wretched State
Of Ægypts Kingdom, and with one consent
Foretel th' approching change of government:
Yet to appease the gods, by their advice,
The King commands a solemn sacrifice.
But neerer miseries by far than those
Do threaten thee, poor King; the god foreshows
Thy Countries future dangers, and from thee
Conceals thine own approching tragedie.
To meet with *Cæsar* than he march'd away
Through wealthie Delta, and encamped lay

Upon an high and ſpatious hill; which round
About commands the lower champion ground;
From whence the Countrey he afar deſcri'd,
A place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd
Three ſeveral ways; th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard
To climb, as ſeem'd impregnable, did guard
One part alone without the aid of men:
Unto another part a ſpatious fen
And lake did ſeem to give protection:
To guard the third a river ſwiftly run.
Betwixt the lake and which alone did ſtand,
To lend ſome paſſage, a ſmall neck of land:
That little Iſthmos ſeem'd alone to ſtand
In need of guarding by a ſouldier 's hand
Againſt the foes aſſault. But in that place
The King ſuppoſes, 't were too much diſgrace
To be aſſaulted firſt, and would diſmay
His ſouldiers hearts, for *Cæſar* there to ſtay;
Or elſe not ſafe in what defence the lake,
The river, hill, or his own works could make,
To hinder *Cæſar's* coming he intends
Far off; and moſt of all his forces ſends
To guard a river where his paſſage lay.
That bank, on which th' Ægyptian ſouldiers ſtay,
Was high, and far from water, and might well
Keep the Gæſarians off, or them compel
To fight on wondrous diſadvantage there.
But *Cæſar's* troups incapable of fear,
At firſt approch, reſolve, viewing the place,
In ſpight of diſadvantages to paſs.
And whil'ſt the Legionarie ſouldiers throw
'Gainſt t' other ſide, to bufie there the foe,
Thick ſtorms of winged piles; whil'ſt ſome of them
Strive to lay trees for bridges, ore the ſtream,
The German cohorts up and down do trie
The rivers depth, and where moſt eaſilie
They may or ſwim, or wade the channel through;
And make as boldly their attempts, as though
They went againſt no enemie at all.
Whil'ſt the Ægyptians do ſecurely gall

Down

D own from above their labouring enemie,
And on the place, not their own worth relie:
For all the weapons, which from them are thrown,
Require no ſtrength, but by deſcent alone
Bring wounds to the Cæſarians, who, inrag'd,
To be 'gainſt ſuch advantages ingag'd,
Sigh, that their valour they muſt vainly loſe
Not to ſubdue, but to approch their foes,
And muſt contend as eagerly to gain
A fight, as erſt a conqueſt to obtain.
Againſt the river and the banks they go:
And in this war the foe is leaſt the foe.
Ceſar perceives in what diſtreſſed plight
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,
And therefore ſtraight commands his lightest horſe
To wheel about, and with a ſpeedy courſe
Far from that place to croſs the river ore.
Which they performed ſwiftly, and before
Th' Ægyptian Souldiers their approch could fear,
Behind they charg'd them in a full carreer.
Whoſe force whil'ſt they, turning about, withſtood,
The legionarie Souldiers paſt the flood
With greater eaſe by bridges which they made,
And through the ſhalloweſt fords the Germans wade.
And now at laſt th' Ægyptian Souldiers
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equal wars.
But fear made them unequal, and ſubdu'd
As ſoon as fought with, by the fortitude
Of *Ceſar's* men, who elſe had fought in vain
By ſo much ſweat and labour to obtain
A battel, had they not a conqueſt had:
And now a ſlaughter, not a war was made.
The King from out his loftie Camp beheld
His ſlaughtred Souldiers bodies ſtrow the field,
Which late they ſtood upon; for ſcarce by flight
Were any ſaved; the Cæſarian knight
Purſu'd the conqueſt which they had obtain'd
With ſuch a furie, that the fields diſtain'd
All ore with bloud, might let th' Ægyptians ſee
How they before had fought unequally.

He views how few return'd, that news to tell,
Which he had seen, and knew too sadly well.
But to the Camp those, that escaped were
Brought nothing but astonishment and fear.
Th' incamped find in them no aid at all,
But see the greatness of their fellows fall:
Whom *Cæsar's* men so swiftly follow home,
That to the trenches, and out-works they come.
Cæsar, that never in his battels, held
A foe subdu'd, till from his Camp expell'd,
Exhorts his Souldiers to forget their pains
And freshly force the works, whil'st fear there reigns,
To end this war, and with the wealthie spoil
Of Ægypts King to recompence their toil.
Nor need the Souldiers be incouraged
To seek their wages for the bloud they shed.
They first invade that little neck of land
Which twixt the river and the lake did stand.
But that th' Ægyptian Souldiers most do guard;
When on the passage there begins a hard
And bloudie conflict; one side fight to make
Their conquest perfect, and the fruit to take:
T' other despair in stead of courage arms;
For vanquished they fear the worst of harms.
From either side the passage where they stood,
The lake and river are distain'd with bloud.
Down half dead bodies they precipitate,
Who drown'd in water taste a double fate.
There oft together, as they fighting stand,
Ægyptians and Cæsarians hand in hand
Do grappling fall into the crimson lake;
Nor there (alas) their enmitie forlake:
But weakly trie the combat out, where he
That conquers can no long survivour be.
Whilest on that side the Camp, both parties fought
So furiously, and all hands thither brought;
Cæsar perceived on the other side,
That seem'd enough by nature fortifi'd,
Where the ascent was craggie, steep, and hard
To climb, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;

Or

Or those that had been left, from thence were gone
To t' other side, as aid, or lookers on.
Thither his lightest cohorts he commands;
Bold *Curfulenus* leads those active hands,
Who straight, as *Cæsar* gave in charge to him,
With those light-armed cohorts gins to climb
Th' ascent so steep and hard, that to the foe
Did seem impregnable, but prov'd not so,
Brought on their ruin; death there enter'd in,
From whence with greatest ease he might have been
Repel'd by them. But *Curfulenus* now
Entring th' Ægyptian Camp, with small adoe
Kills or repels his few resisting foes,
Fear and distraction through the Camp arose.
The works, whilest to and fro th' amazed run,
On every side by the Cæsarians won:
To whom for mercie now they sue in vain,
Nor does the Genneral their swords restrain;
But bids them kill, and in their slaughter free
The World from so much fraud and treacherie.
Part of th' Ægyptian Camp had been before
Romes legionarie Souldiers, and brought ore
Under *Gabinius*, there in Ægypt left
Were by her pleasures softned, and bereft
Of militarie vertue, and became
Degenerate stains unto the Roman name.
Like the Ægyptians they were grown to be
In manners, baseness, fraud, and treacherie.
Not far from thence, unto the river side,
A little vessel by a rope was ti'd:
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat
Of flight, escaped from the Camp, doth get;
And now aboord, commands his slender train
With all their strength to launch it forth amain.
His purple robe upon the shore he throws
To flie disguis'd; but cruel Fate allows
No flight nor safetie to him; nought at all
Gains his disguise but a Plebeian fall.
For lo the flying multitude espy'd
(That from the Camp prest to the rivers side)

That

That bark, contending all to get aboord
To save themselves, respectless of their Lord.
He cries, the King is here, do not intrude;
There is no safetie for a multitude
In one small vessel; why should you destroy
(Losing your selves) the life of *Ptolomey?*
Though Fortune work my ruin, do not you
Murder your King, but *Cæsar's* men pursue:
Amazement stops their ears, and fear of sword
Had banish'd all allegiance to their Lord:
Till, the ore-laden vessel sinking down,
Themselves together with their King they drown.
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies
The royal race of th' ancient *Ptolomey's*
Under no covert but his Nile's cold waves,
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graves,
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures do excel;
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell,
And dead, as living, do their wealth express
In sumptuous tombs as gorgeous Palaces.
Unhappie *Ptolomey*, how short a date
Have Fates allotted to thy kingly State?
No otherwise didst thou a Crown obtain
Than sacrifices, crowned to be slain.
Happier might'st thou have di'd, before thy reign
(Though short it were) had left that lasting stain
Of *Pompey's* death upon thy name, and shew'd
To future times thy foul ingratitude,
Depriving him of breath, that did before
Thy banish'd (*c*) Father to a Crown restore.
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tomb
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come
T' appease his Ghost, and offer'd up by him,
In whose behalf thou did'st that heinous crime.
Who chooses rather to revenge, than ow
To thee, so base a ruin of his foe.
Cæsar, possest of this great victorie,
By land, through Delta marches speedily
To Alexandria; but supposing there
How much the Citie his just wrath might fear,

He

He sends before to comfort them, and free
Th' inhabitants from fear and jealousie.
To be with joy receiued, he declares
That all his wrath is ended with his wars;
That he, as Romes Dictatour, would preserve
Their lives and liberties, and still reserve
The Crown of Ægypt free, rightly to place
Upon the next of *Lagus* royall race.
And that no other now was his intent
Than to confirm (*f*) *Auletes* (*g*) Testament.

Annotations to the first Book.

(a) *Thus* Dion; Cæsar *believed that the Ægyptians had truly desired peace, disheartned with their designs not succeeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and inconstant:) but howsoever their intentions were, he resolved to grant their request, lest he should seem to withstand an offered peace; he sends therefore their King to them; for by his presence he knew there was no increase of strength brought to them, considering his age and bad education: by this means he supposed he might afterwards conclude a peace with the Ægyptians upon his own terms, or find a just pretence of conquering the Country, and giving the Kingdom to* Cleopatra: *for he was not at all afraid of their strength now, having received his armie out of Syria.* Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *The young King educated in false and deceitful disciplines, that he might not seem to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated* Cæsar *that he would not send him from him; for injoying of a Kingdom could not be to him so pleasant as the presence of* Cæsar. Cæsar *moved with his tears comforted him, and promised if there were need shortly to visite him; but* Ptolomey *at libertie, began immediatly to war against* Cæsar *with so fierce and eager desire, that the tears which at the parting he shed, might seem to be tears of joy.* Hirt. Comment. de bello Alexan.

(c) *None of the Roman ships came at all to the succour of Euphranor, either because they durst not partake of the danger,*

danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, and extraordinarie felicitie of Euphranor, *which in all his other fights had ever attended him: so that he onely at that time behaved himself well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley.* Commen. de bello Alexan.

(d) *Of this town Canopus, and the Temple of* Serapis *there, thus* Strabo *speaks in his seventeenth book; Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred and twenty furlongs by land, was so called from* Canopus Menelaus *his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of* Serapis, *with great devotion honoured among st them, insomuch as the Noblemen put great affiance in that god, and came thither to take dreams both for themselves and others: some of them have written of divers cures which have been there wrought, and many miracles in several kinds: but above all other things, wonderful is that number, who upon Festival times come down thither by the Lake from Alexandria: for night and day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lasciviousnes do recreat themselves; and in Canopus it self, divers Inns there are upon the Lake side to entertain passengers with such levities and vain delights.* Strabo lib. 17.

(e) *This young King* Ptolomeus Dionysius *son to* Ptolomeus Auletes *the last of all the race of* Ptolomey's, *by the wicked counsel of his followers, as* Photinus *the Eunuch,* Achillas *Captain of the guard, and* Theodorus Chius *the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slain* Pompey *the great flying to him in his necessitie, who before had been the greatest means of restoring his father* Auletes *to the Crown of Aegypt.* Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

(f) Auletes Ptolomeus *the ninth* Ptolomey *from the son of* Lagus, *who after the death of* Alexander *the great possessed Aegypt, was a man (saith* Strabo) *of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which he was expelled his Kingdom by the people of* Alexandria; *who made the eldest of his three daughters Queen over them; his two sons being both infants had by this means lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdom: the Queen elected was married to one* Cyblofactes *of Syria, who derived his pedigree*

digree from the ancient Syrian Kings: but the Queen within few days strangled her husband, not able to endure his sordid and base nature; and married her self to Archelaus, who fained himself the son of Mithridates Eupator; but was indeed the son of that Archelaus, who had warred against Sylla, but was afterwards honoured by the Romans, and grandfather to him who reigned last in our times over Cappadocia: this Archelaus living then with Gabinius, whom he promised to aid in a war against the Parthians, was by some of his friends (unknown to Gabinius) brought unto the Queen, and declared King: at that time the banished King Ptolomeus Auletes was fled to Rome, and there kindly entertained by Pompey the Great, and by him commended to the Senate: Pompey advised them to restore Auletes to his Kingdom and put to death those Embassadours that were come thither to plead against their Prince, of which Embassage Dio the Academian was chief. Auletes therefore brought back to his Kingdom by Gabinius overcame, and killed the Queen his daughter, and Archelaus his son in law; dying shortly after, he left behind him two sons and two daughters. Strabo lib. 17.

(g) Ptolomeus Auletes by his testament had willed (according to the incestuous custom of that familie) that his eldest son Ptolomey should marrie his eldest daughter Cleopatra, and with her enjoy the Crown of Egypt: the procuration of this testament was by him assigned to the people of Rome, which Cæsar as Dictator had power to execute. Dion. lib. 42. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexand.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK.

The Argument of the second Book.

Fair Cleopatra *is espous'd, and led*
A wife in name, to her young brothers bed:
Great Cæsar's *heart her tempting beauties fire,*
Who reaps the wanton fruit of his desire.
The scatter'd reliques of Pharsalia
Scipio *unites again in Africa.*
The strength of Varus there; each nations name,
That under Juba's *royal standard came.*
Cæsar *from Ægypt 'gainst Pharnaces goes,*
And vanquishes, as soon as sees, his foes:
Erects a trophæe there; and crossing ore
More swift than thought, arrives on Libya's shore.

THe Alexandrian Citizens releast
From all their fears by *Cæsar's* pardon, fea't
With joy; extol his goodness to the skies,
And to their gods devoutly sacrifice
With usual rites: Alas, you do not know
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you ow
Your Cities safetie; not those deities,
That you with vain and barbarous mysteries
Adore, have wrought it; nor could all your Towrs,
Your stately Temples, Tombs of Conquerours,
Nor *Alexander's* bury'd dust, which more
Than your religion *Cæsar's* thoughts adore,
Prevail so much in purchasing his grace,
As beauties charms in *Cleopatra's* face.

It

It was the glance of her bewitching eyes
Had power to help your helpleſs deities:
Nor was it fit ſuch people, rites, and laws
Should ow their ſafetie to a better cauſe.
Great *Cleopatra* miſtreſs of the State,
To give the conquering author of her Fate
High entertainment, to his eye diſplays
Th' Ægyptian wealth in ſuch luxurious ways
As might excuſe even Rome, and make the riot
Of her degenerate Senate ſeem the diet
Which th' ancient *Curii*, and *Camillus* us'd
Not what her Aſian victories infus'd.
The gorgeus Pallace with ſuch luſtre ſhone
As wealthie Kingdoms neer their ruin grown
Uſe to expreſs; which ſhew the preſent crimes,
And ſpeak the fortune of precedent times.
But *Cæſar's* eyes in all that wealthie ſtore,
Which he ſo lately had beheld before,
No pleaſure find, nor with delight views he
The golden roofs, nor precious imag'rie,
Rich Ebon pillars, boords of Citron wood,
Which on their carved Ivorie treſſels ſtood:
Nor curious hangings do his eyes admire.
For *Cleopatra's* beautie, and attire
Did quite eclipſe all objects, and out-ſhone
All other ſplendours; on her looks alone
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,
The more he views, do raviſh him the more.
All other objects loſe at ſecond ſight;
But womans beautie breeds the more delight
The often ſeen: he views that ſnowie neck,
Thoſe golden treſſels, which no gems can deck.
The wealth, ſhe wore about her, ſeem'd to hide,
Not to adorn her native beauties pride.
Though there bright Pearls from th' Erythræan ſhores,
From all th' Aſſyrian lakes, the wealthy ſtores
Of ſilver Ganges, and Hydaſpes ſhone;
From Ægypts Eaſtern Iles the gold-like ſtone,
And cheerful Emeraulds gather'd from the green
Arabian rocks were in full ſplendour ſeen.

Pale

Pale Onyx, Jaſpers of a various die,
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.
The Saphires blew, by her more azure veins,
Hung not to boaſt, but to confeſs their ſtaines.
And bluſhing Rubies ſeem'd to loſe their die
When her more rubie lips were moving by.
It ſeem'd (ſo well became her what ſhe wore)
She had not robb'd at all the creatures ſtore,
But had been natures ſelf, there to have ſhow'd
What ſhe on creatures could, or had beſtow'd.
But *Cæſar's* heart enflamed long before
Burns with freſh furie, and reſolves no more
Now to conceal, but feed the pleaſing flame. (fame?
What power (quoth he) controuls my wiſh, what
What would the ſowreſt ſeeming virtue do
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted ſo?
By ſuch a beautie as from guilt would free
A Raviſher, and make adulterie
No crime at all, but ſuch a piece of vice
As former times unto the Deities
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* been
By thoſe renowned Græcian writers ſeen,
Whoſe deathleſs Pöems in the skies above
Have fix'd ſo many paramours of *Jove*;
Before the daughters of fair *Pleione*,
Atlanta, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, ſhe
Had there been grac'd: her Treſſes far more fair
Had ſhew'd in Heaven than *Berenices* hair.
Caliſtho's Wain had not in skies been ſet,
Nor *Ariadnes* ſhining Coronet,
Till *Cleopatra's* Star had found a place,
And choſe what part of Heaven ſhe meant to grace.
Let *Jove* my warrant be; whom powerful love
So oft has forc'd from Heaven; or let it prove
The Thunderers excuſe to future times
That *Cæſar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.
There is no cauſe thou ſhould'ſt miſdoubt thy ſuit,
No waking Dragon keeps that golden fruit
Thou mean'ſt to taſte, nor need'ſt thou fear to find
That beautie guarded by too chaſt a mind.

Yet

Yet wanton love, and *Cupids* childish fires,
Which warm Plebeian hearts, and move desires
In rural Girles, and lowly Shepherds swains,
Aid not thy suit, Oh *Cæsar*. She disdains
That common cause should make her beautie yield
To thy embraces; her proud breast was fill'd
With higher thoughts; desire of Soveraignitie,
Aspiring hopes of State and Majestie
In *Cleopatra's* breast had now controll'd
All other passions; had her blood been cold,
Yet when ambition pleaded on thy side,
Her chastitie had yielded to her pride.
That reason *Cæsar*, that did first subdue
Thy loyaltie to Rome, made thee embrue
Thy parricidal hands in her sad wounds,
And die with blood Thessalia's guiltie grounds,
Proves now the self same cause that conquered
This Queen, and drew her to thy wanton bed.
Let not the guiltie greatness of thy mind
Be by vain men extoll'd; since here we find
A womans breast the same impressions move:
Ambitious pride, and Soveraignties dire love
Alike in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd,
Made thee disloyal prove, and her unchast.
Cæsar, lest Rome should judge he first did move
This war alone for *Cleopatra's* love,
To win for her, not for his Countries sake,
(For conquer'd Ægypt he intends to make
No (*a*) Roman province) and on th' other side
Too much suspecting that th' Ægyptians pride,
His bounteous favour would far less esteem
If that a woman wore their Diadem,
Whilest yet a male child liv'd of *Lagus* blood;
Thus clears both doubts; to make the action good
One colour serves: young *Ptolomey*, whom he
Before had married to *Arsinoe*,
A child of eight years old, must now supply
The room of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,
And wear two shadows both of love and State,
Of Ægypts King, and *Cleopatra's* mate.

What

What more than names, poor boy, dost thou obtain?
As vain thy marriage is, as is thy reign,
And but in title nothing is thine own:
Cæsar thy bed possesses, she thy Crown.
Nor canst thou yet so much as rival prove
In *Cleopatra's* reign, or *Cæsar's* love.
Yet happie art thou that thy tender age
Cannot enjoy th' incestuous marriage:
For if the match for thee had been more fit,
Thou had'st contracted greater guilt from it,
And with fowl Incest stain'd a brothers name;
But whilest thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the
Now without care thou dost a Crown obtain, (blame,
And an Incestuous marriage without stain.
Now nights black mantle had the earth ore-spread,
And all the host of Stars in *Phœbus* stead
(Though with less light) adorn'd the spangled skie:
When *Cæsar* fil'd with love, and raised high
With *Meroe* sparkling wine, pursues his suit,
And soon obtains the wish'd and wanton fruit
Of his late wars and toils; his fame and glorie,
His power, and gifts the strongest oratorie
Had woo'd, and won the Queen to his delight,
Within whose arms he spends the wanton night.
Nor, *Cleopatra*, was't a crime in thee;
Th' incestuous custom of thy familie,
Where sisters, wives ou brothers are bestow'd,
And mixture of the neerest names allow'd,
Makes this a vertuous love: thou had'st been led
With greater guilt to such a Nuptial bed;
And 't is thy fate, thy beautie cannot be
Better enjoy'd than by adulterie.
Yet from the burden of her fruitful womb
Both hers, and *Cæsar's*, punishment shall come.
For young (*b*) *Cæsario*, whom their loves short joy
With adverse Fates begets (unhappie boy)
Untimely slain, shall be in future time
Augustus Cæsar's parricidal crime,
And *Cæsar's* house with *Cæsar's* blood shall blot;
Thy guilt, *Augustus*, is that night begot,

Which

Which shall hereafter those rich triumphs stain,
Which thou from Ægypts conquest shalt obtain;
Unless that flatterie be taught for thee
To wrest all natures laws, and policie
Of State, together with the peace of Rome
Alleag'd to justifie thy bloudie doom.
Whilest *Cæsar* thus a wanton Conquerour
In Ægypt stays, the Senats scatter'd power,
And flying legions from Pharsalia
Scipio again unites in Affrica,
(*c*) Great *Pompey's* father in law, who now ore all
Is by consent elected General.
Stout *Labienus* most engag'd of all
In hate to *Cæsar*, (though against the Gaul
He under *Cæsar's* colours oft had fought)
Serves under him; and matchless *Cato* brought
By no engagement of a private cause,
But for his Countries libertie and laws.
(*d*) *Petreius* fallly there takes arms again
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, by *Cæsar* once in Spain
Pardon'd before; there Attius (*e*) Varus stands,
Who all the Roman Provinces commands
In Affrick, once proud Carthage feodars:
Who brings his Punick forces to the wars,
Subtle in warlike slights, with Targets light,
Short swords, and breasts unarm'd they use to fight:
And still in battel wear their Cassocks red
To hide the colour of the bloud they shed.
Drie Barces scorch'd, and ever-thirsting sands
Send men to Varus; there the warlike bands
Of hot Cyrene stand, the progenie
Of *Pelops* stain'd and tragick familie,
That from Mycena came; there th' Aæans stood
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian bloud;
And those of Tabraca, th' old Tyrians brood.
The men of Leptis, and at Hippo bred,
Where the Phænicians first inhabited
When they to Affrick came; Hippo, whose site
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.
And there in arms the men of Thapsus be.

That

That from the Latines draw their pedegree.
Juba to theſe his mightie armie brings,
Juba, the greateſt of all Affricks Kings,
Who had already given a fatal blow
In *Curio's* ſad and mortal overthrow
To *Cæſar's* ſide: No Lybian King alone
Commands ſo large and vaſt a region.
Th' extent of his dominion lies as far
As Thera's plains, and horned Ammon are
From Mauritania's tartheſt Weſtern lands,
Where neer the Gades heaven-propping *Atlas* ſtands.
With whom to war ſo many nations went
Of manners, rites, and habits different;
Fierce Mauritanians, which derive their race
From th' ancient Medes, who peopled firſt the place.
The Naſamonians ever bare and poor
Till wracks at Sea enrich their fatal ſhore
With mankinds ruin; the ſcorch'd ſwarthy bands
Of Garamantians, on whoſe barren ſands
No ſhadie trees ere ſpred, no flocks do feed,
Nor ought but ſerpents, and dire monſters breed.
With theſe Marmarians march, whom nature makes
As antidotes againſt thoſe mortal Snakes.
Then march the vagrant bold Numidians
On well-rein'd Steeds; and light Maſſylians,
Who evermore their Horſes bitleſs ride;
And them alone with ſlender wands can guide.
The ſtrong Getulians, that no dwellings know,
But with their heards do wander too and fro;
That in no ſports but dangerous delight;
And ſingly dare with raging Lions fight.
The light Autololes, whoſe winged ſpeed,
In running far out-ſtrips the ſwifteſt Steed,
Equals the winds themſelves, and as they paſs,
Scarce bend the ſtanding corn, or ſlender graſs.
The cole-black Mibian next, upon whoſe brow
And curled-locks the ſcorching Sun doth ſhow
His laſting Tyrannie; who to the war
Does lightly go, his breaſt and body bare,
And never iron nor braſs armour wears;

Great

Great linnen Turbants on his head he bears
In ſtead of helms: his arrows mortal points
With venom'd juyce he treacherouſly annoints.
Shaggie Cyniphians too were armed there
Who Goats rough skins upon their ſhoulders wear,
Their beards are grown and horrid: near to theſe
With painted ſhields the Adyrmachides
Arm'd on the left ſide onely, not the right;
And ſwords, like ſickles crook'd they uſe in fight.
Of diet courſe and rude; their meat upon
The ſands is roaſted by the ſcorching Sun.
Beſides the troups that were from Vaga ſent,
That from Ruſpina and fair Zamah went.
From all theſe ſeveral places *Juba* draws
A royal Armie't' aid the Senates cauſe,
Joyning himſelf with Roman *Scipio*.
With all theſe forces they intend to go
When firſt the ſpring her verdant face ſhall ſhow,
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow,
T'invade their native Countrey, and ſet free
Subjected Rome from *Cæſar's* Tyrannie:
And this their great deſign from the event
Of old examples found encouragement.
Since ſad experiences did often ſhew
Romes ſtrength, neer Rome, 't was eaſieſt to ſubdue.
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaul,
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*
Beat off in forren parts by Roman powers,
In Italie prov'd eaſie Conquerours.
With theſe they ſadly call to mind how ſoon
Cinna, *Sertorius*, *Carbo*, *Marius* won
Rome by ſurprize, though beat in forren lands
With eaſe by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands.
And laſt of all, when this ſad war begun,
And *Cæſar* firſt had croſſed Rubicon,
Pompey without one conflict fled away,
And Rome to him became an eaſie prey.
But *Cæſar's* fortune fruſtrates their intents;
His wonted ſpeed and ſtrange ſucceſs prevents
Their expedition; and, as every where

He

He had before, ſo plac'd th' aſſailant here.
Too ſoon, alas, ſhall you in Affrick ſee
Whom you intend to ſeek in Italie.
But *Cæſar* plung'd in *Ægypts* ſoft delights
Inſnar'd by beautie, and the charming ſlights
Of *Cleopatra*, could almoſt forget
How many armed foes, and forces, yet
Oppoſe his growing fortunes, and remain
Threatning the height of his uſurped reign.
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had ſeen
The tempting beauties of th' Oechalian Queen,
His brawny ſhoulders ſtraight forget to wear
The lions ſkin, his awful hand to bear
The monſter-taming club; from his rough head
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread
That world-avenging ſtrength; which had well nigh
Been ſunk into a fameleſs lethargie.
And *Juno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall
A womans beautie further'd more than all (went,
Thoſe monſtrous plagues, which ſhe had power t' in-
Or could from air, earth, ſeas, or hell be ſent.
But Fortune finds alarums to awake
The ſoul of *Cæſar* from this dream, and make
Compleat for him the work ſhe had begun,
Whither ſhe haſten'd Romes ſad ruin on;
Or rather bluſh'd ſuch liberties and laws,
Should ow their ſafetie to ſo baſe a cauſe
As *Cæſar's* ſloth; and judg'd it better far
Than keep it ſo, to loſe it by a war:
That war alone, which built up Romes high reign,
Should now have power to ruin her again.
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton love
Of *Cleopatra* ſhould more helpful prove
To Romes affairs, than all thoſe juſt-drawn ſwords,
Which once Theſſalia, Libya now affords.
Yet was it now no ſtrength, no arms of Rome,
No part of Civil war drew *Cæſar* from
Ægypts delights; (*ſ*) *Pharnaces* feeble power
Provok'd him firſt to make him Conqueror
Of greater forces than his own; as when

A sleeping Lion's couched in his den,
The horned heards securely graze along
The verdant pastures; till that Lion stung
By some presumtuous little Gnat awake,
And wanting there his full revenge, doth make
Those cattel feel his wrath; whose lives anon
Do rue the little Gnat's presumption.
This false *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand
Receiv'd (as price of parricide) the land
Of rich Cimmerian Bosphorus, was son
To *Mithridates*, whose fear'd power had won
From *Nicomedes* his Bithynia,
Conquer'd Armenia, Cappadocia,
And wealthyest Græcian Iles, whose swelling fame
Began to rival Romes victorious name,
And long withstood her growing Fate; at last
By *Pompey's* force from all his Kingdoms chac'd
He fell by treason, to increase the shame
Of his false son, and lessen *Pompey's* fame.
Pharnaces now with vain ambition swell'd,
Deceiv'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld
Romes broils, and saw how her divided bands
Against themselves imploy'd their conquering hands
Sought to regain what once his father had,
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:
In Asia minor, (his first enterprise
Fortune beholding with propitious eys)
Domitius fall, who with ill Fate imploy'd
The swords of *Cæsar*, rais'd his boasting pride.
Nicopolis, whose lottie walls were there
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophees, still to bear
Name of his Conquest, and the place to show
Of *Mithridates* final overthrow,
Beheld the slaughter of *Domitius* hosts
A parentation to the Pontick ghosts.
Nine times had *Cynthia* now restor'd again
Light to her waned horns, when *Cæsar* chain'd
In *Cleopatra's* wanton arms, had stay'd
On Ægypts coast; her swelling womb display'd
At last th' effect of an adulterous bed,

Who

Whom *Cæsar* thus departing comforted.
Fair Queen, sole mistress of thy *Cæsar's* State,
The fate of him that rules all other fate,
Pharnaces cruel to himself and me,
With his own ruin parts our companie.
His treasons, Love, now call my vengeful steel;
Do not thou grieve; the conquer'd foes shall feel
Our parting grief, and in their slaughter see
With how much anger *Cæsar* goes from thee.
But that poor King dares not my force withstand;
He onely draws me from this happie land,
To make a journey rather than a war,
For he at first will flie, and easier far
May I obtain a conquest than a fight:
His dastard troups my name alone shall fright,
And easie triumph comes; but I from thee
Go griev'd to triumphs, sad to victorie.
From thee, whose eys make Ægypts swarthie face
Brighter than that white path the gods do trace:
Without whose light no land breeds my content,
And Rome it self to me is banishment.
But Fate to us far greater conquests ows:
How much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose
If *Cæsar* stay'd at home? we have not yet
Fully attain'd that world commanding height,
That must enthrone thy beautie in a State
High as it self, for all to wonder at
Like some new Constellation: those that ne'r
Th' Antartick pole, ne'r see the Northren Bear
Descend into the Ocean; those that lie
(Enduring winters lasting tyrannie)
Under the frozen wain, and lose the sight
Of bright Canopus, whose desired light
Cheers this Horizon still, shall both adore
Fair *Cleopatra's* name; the farthest shore
That *Peleus* silver-footed wife doth know
Shall honour thee; even Rome her self shall bow,
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintain,
Whilest Kings do wait on *Cleopatra's* train.
For such effects, fair Queen, (if *Cæsar* know

His fate aright) shall this our parting now
Return to thee when I in triumph come:
By this dear part of *Cæsar*, which thy womb
Encloses here, thou shalt engage our speed:
Therefore farewell; we must pursue in deed
Our consultations swiftly as we thought.
But *Cleopatra*, whom loves Queen had taught
All winning wiles; and blest with such a face
As tears became, and grief it self did grace,
Thus with a seeming grief, and tears replies:
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize
My worthless prayers at so high a rate,
As to have power to change at all the State
Of *Cæsar's* great resolves, on which depend
All nations Fates, and all the Stars attend.
If by their prayers frail Mortalitie
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,
'T were a proud pietie. I'le rather lose
My suit, and check my love, than interpose
It so; and rather to my self denie
The happiness of *Cæsar's* companie,
Than love it with so great presumption,
As, for mine own delights, to hinder one
Of his resolves; yet pardon, mightie Lord,
If to mine own desires I do afford
One place in love: cannot Great *Cæsar* thrive
In these his wars, if *Cleopatra* live
Neer to his person? Can it overthrow
His fortune to procure my safetie so?
There 's no retreat in all the world for me,
So safe as thy victorious Camp will be.
But I am pleas'd to stay at thy command
In Ægypt still, and still suppose this land
Within Great *Cæsar's* reach; whose powerful hands
From silver Ganges to the Bætick sands,
From Pole to Pole extend their conquering force;
No distances of place can long divorce
Us two, if *Cæsar* in his love can be
As speedie as in war and victorie,
And march as far to find his friends as foes:

This pledge, which I within my self incloſe,
Aſſures my longing mind againſt delay,
That *Cæſar* long will not protract his ſtay.
Then with a kiſs he bad the Queen adieu;
And wing'd with haſte into Armenia flew
Swifter than lightning, or the Southern wind
Along through Liby as yielding air, to find
Pharnaces out; whom he (paſt thought) ore took
Neer Zela walls, and vanquiſh'd with a look.
Soon beat, he left behind him nought at all
That might deſerve a mention, but his fall:
Nor can there ought of this ſhort war be ſaid
But *Cæſar* (*q*) came, and ſaw, and vanquiſhed.
How much did *Pompey's* honour ſuffer there,
When *Cæſar's* troups beheld that nations fear?
And ſaw how eaſie 't was to conquer them?
How undeſerv'd did his great triumph ſeem
Ore Pontus and Armenia? More was loſt
Than poor *Pharnaces* Crown, and feeble hoſt;
The fame of *Pompey* was orethrown that day,
When *Cæſar* boaſting could find cauſe to ſay;
Oh *Pompey*; happie thou, that by defeat
Of theſe baſe nations, got'ſt the name of Great;
Whileſt I ſubduing the fierce Gaules, deſerv'd
No name, enjoy'd no triumph: had'ſt thou ſerv'd
Beyond the frozen Alps, or paſt the bound
Of Rhenes ſwift ſtream, the big-bon'd Germs found,
A difference 't wixt our acts thou then had'ſt ſeen;
Our civil wars perchance had never been.
Yet ere that he from thence to Affrick paſs,
Though haſte important urge him, in the place
A ſtately Trophee he erects to ſhow
To future times *Pharnaces* overthrow,
Not far from that proud Trophee, which before
Great *Mithridates* for his Conqueſt ore
Triarius, had erected: that this ſtorie
Might quite eclipſe old *Mithridates* glorie,
Or pleaſe his Manes, that the field there won
Took puniſhment of his unnatural ſon.
But greater wars call *Cæſar* thence away;

Scipio not far from Adrumetum lay
With all the power of Rome, but did not (*b*) now
Since Winters furie rag'd, expect a foe.
For *Phœbus* lamp, to our Horizon low,
The shortest days, and coldest did bestow
From *Capricorn*, cold Winter glaz'd the flouds,
And purl'd with frost the fields and naked woods.
But *Cæsar's* heart, admitting no delay,
Whose speedie march no season ere could stay,
When he his third Dictatorship at Rome
Had tane, and thence to *Sicilie* was come,
Left any time should to his fame be lost,
Even then the Seas from Lilybæum crost.
And sailing by the Libyan shores, espies
Great Carthages half-ruin'd edifice;
And Clupeas fatal station passes by
With grief remembring how unhappily
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land,
A woful prey to *Juba's* barbarous band.
Then from this ominous place he sayls away
Westward along; and leaving Utica
(Where *Cato* then in Garrison did lie;
Cato the soul of Roman libertie,
Who from that Town must shortly take a name,
And leave the Town, in lieu, eternal fame)
At Adrumetum lands; upon which coast
Scipio encamps with all his Roman hoast.

Annotations to the second Book.

(a) Dion *relates it thus*; Cæsar *having subdu'd Ægypt, would not subject it, as a Province to the people of Rome, but bestowed it wholly upon* Cleopatra, *for whose sake he had made the whole war in Ægypt; yet fearing lest the Ægyptians under the reign of a woman would rebel again, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himself by reason of this, and the familiaritie, which he was known to have with* Cleopatra, *he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdom to them both; which was indeed but a show, for* Cleopatra *wholly possessed the power; her husband being a child therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which she should joyn with her brother in the Kingdom, she both*

reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of Cæsar. Dion lib. 42.

(b) This Cæsario, both Dion and Plutarch report to be the son of Julius Cæsar by Cleopatra, when after the Alexandrian war, and before his expedition against King Pharnaces, he stayed in Ægypt (according to Dion) nine monthes: after the victory of Augustus Cæsar against Marcus Antonius and Cleopatra, this Cæsario being sent away for safety into Æthiopia (saith Dion.) was intercepted in the journey and slain by Cæsar's command: the reasons that moved Augustus to this cruelty, were partly the counsel (according to Plutarch) of Arius the Philosopher, his Tutor, who told him it was not safe to suffer too many Cæsars: partly the Remembrance of what Antonius had done, who before had commended this Cæsario to the old Souldiers, advising them rather to honour the true and natural sonne of Julius Cæsar, than Octavius who was but an adopted heir.

(c) Scipio was chosen General of all the Roman forces in Affrica that meant to continue the war against Cæsar, partly by reason of his dignity, and partly by an absurd perswasion (saith Dion) that no Scipio in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when Cæsar perceived might encourage the enemy, and dishearten his Souldiers, he took along with him a certain obscure man descended of the race of the Scipio's, and of that name (but his surname was Salatto) and with him to thwart the other superstitious fear, he landed at Adrumetum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unseasonable time of the year. Dio. l. 43.

(d) Varus had governed so long those countries, and was so puffed up by the victory of Juba (saith Dion) that he contended with Scipio himself for the chief command; but by the authority of Cato it was swayed on Scipio's side. Cato, when all the Souldiers offered to him the chief command, or at least to be joyned General with Scipio, refused both; accounting it just that he which by the lawes had attained the highest dignity, should have now the greatest command; but he himself had never attained to so much dignity in Rome as Scipio; to him therefore of his own accord he yeelded place, and gave him also that army which he had brought into Affrik. Dion lib. 43.

(e) Petreius

(e) Petreius *had before been vanquished by* Cæsar *in* Spain. Lucan. lib. 4. *He was then pardoned and set free upon oath never to war against* Cæsar *again*; *which oath here he violated.*

(f) Cleopatra (*saith* Dion) *had stayed* Cæsar *long in* Ægypt *or else accompanied him to Rome, if* Pharnaces *had not been the hindrance: this* Pharnaces *the son of great* Mithridates *was King of Bosphorus Cimmerius; he moved with an ambitious desire of recovering all his father's Kingdom, while Rome was intangled in civil war, he had rebelled: and during the time of the civil and Egyptian wars had with small adoe subdued Colchis, and all Armenia in the absence of* Deiotarus, *besides many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus, and Bithynia.* Cæsar *busied then in the affairs of* Ægypt, *and hoping to subdue* Pharnaces *by a Lieutenants hand, sends* Domitius Calvinus *to that war, commanding him to take the regencie of Asia, and those armies which he found there.* Domitius *joyning the Kings* Deiotarus *and* Arlobarzanes *to him, marches directly against* Pharnaces, *who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight* Domitius *was vanquished.* Dion. lib. 42.

(g) *These three words* Veni, vidi, vici, *did afterwards in* Cæsar's *triumph express his sudden Conquest of* Pharnaces, *and that then he uttered such a speech concerning* Pompey, Appian *is my Authoritie.*

(h) Cæsar *in the midst of Winter sailed into Africa, by which speed of his* (*saith* Dion) *in coming unaware upon his enemies, he had often prospered in his greatest affairs: nor was there any other so great reason, why* Cæsar *so much excelled all other Generals of those times, as his wonderful speed in all expeditions.* Dion. lib. 42.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Argument of the third Book.

Juba *from* Scipio *to his Kingdom goes.*
Cæsar *escapes the ambush of the foes,*
And till th' arrival of his full supplies
Himself within Rhuspina fortifies.
Sage Cato's *counsel to great* Pompey's *son.*
Juba's *return*; *the whole war meets upon*
Uzzita's plains, and is remov'd from thence
To Thapsus fatal fields: *what dire ostents*
Forego the battel; Cæsar's *victorie,*
To several coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.

NOw neer this mightie war
began to draw:
Those bloud-stain'd swords,
which dire Pharsalia saw,
With no less guilt in Libya meet again,
To draw that little bloud that did remain
In Romes afflicted State: Why did you spare
It then, oh gods, to make a second war?
Was it cause one, though ne'r so great a blow,
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds
Drink in the bloud of her unnatural wounds?
Or must this second war declare to all
The State subsisted after *Pompey's* fall,
And once again her freedom might have seen
Had *Cæsar's* war alone 'gainst *Pompey* been.
Rome now in Affrick is; those scorched grounds
That once her Conquest saw, now see her wounds.
Where once the *Scipios* with triumphant Fate
Advanc'd her Eagles 'gainst a rival State,

This *Scipio* now, instead of barbarous foes,
In Romes behalf 'gainst Romes Dictator goes.
But Fate a while, content with meaner play,
Respits the tryal of so great a day.
So many lives as there resolv'd were met,
Must not be thrown into the hazard yet.
Nor must sad *Thapsus* give the Fatal blow
Of *Juba's* fall, and *Scipio's* overthrow,
Until Rhuspina, and Uzzita's Walls
Have felt the force of both the Generals,
And other parts of Affrick have beheld,
Some bloody prologues to so great a field.
Fortune a while from helping *Scipio*,
Diverts King *Juba's* strength, inforc'd to go
With speedy marches to his Kingdomes aid;
Which (*a*) *Sittius* now and *Bocchus* did invade.
And *Cæsar's* troops remaining on the shore
Of Cicily, himself had crossed ore
Into a land possessed by his foes,
With one weak new-fill'd legion; nor to those
That stay'd behind, could he appoint the port
Where they should land, or whither to resort,
(As he in former wars had ever done)
Committing all to Fortunes rule alone.
So much on her protection he rely'd;
Nor had she ever fail'd his greatest need,
Could it not seem to thine ambitious thought
Cæsar, enough, that Fortune ever wrought
Th' accomplishment of all thy highest hopes,
When er'e in field inviron'd with thy troops,
Thou fought'st against thy greatest foes; but she
Without an army too must succour thee?
And all thy rash adventures rectifie?
Was not thy scape from Ægypts treachery,
Thy safe arrival on Brundusium's shore,
(The stormy Seas so boldly ventur'd or'e
From Greece by night) enough for her to do?
How oft shall Fortune more her favour show
From private dangers in protecting thee,
Than in bestowing th' earths sole Monarchy.

From

From Adrumetum, where in Garrison
Considius lay, whose truth could not be won
From *Scipio's* side, does *Cæsar* march away
With his small army, but in fair array.
Since now his highest hopes were not to get
The town, but thence in safety to retreat.
Nor was that granted him, *Considius* horse
With furious sallies oft molest his course,
And vex his armies rear: t' encounter those
Assaults, does *Cæsar* in the rear dispose
The ablest men, and marching slowly on
Safe to Rhuspina brings his legion.
Nor did that act of war, though seeming small
But well become so great a General.
From thence removing, Leptis him receives,
In which a little Garrison he leaves,
And to Rhuspina marches back again;
That only town in Affrick did remaine
A safe retreat for *Cæsar's* feeble power:
Nor thither then, unless a Conqueror
Could he arrive; danger beset the way.
Fierce *Labienus* and *Pacidius* lay
In ambush there: in which, though timely spi'd,
Was *Cæsar's* skill and Fortune wholly try'd.
He breaks with Conquest through the adverse troops
Fortune but mocking *Labienus* hopes.
Who now with loss forsakes the field, and bears
To Adrumetum his hurt Souldiers.

Cæsar returning with his little band
Unto Rhuspina, takes a work in hand
Of wondrous toil, (since now resolv'd no more
To march from thence, till on the Libyan shore
His legions all arrive; whom every day
Chiding the Winds, and Fortune for their stay,
His eager thoughts expect) two trenches down
To the Sea-shore he draws, one from the Town,
Another from his Camp; on either side
With sharpned stakes, and engines fortifi'd
So well, as that, without the Garrison
They might by land secure both Camp and Town,

And make the shore between at his dispose:
But there inclos'd by his insulting foes
(For *Scipio* now with his great strength drew nigh)
He pays, in wants, for that securitie.
Nor can his men from out their Trenches go
To fetch provision in by land; the foe
Cuts off all passage there; and in disdain
Of *Cæsar's* weakness, on the spatious plain
Scipio oft sets his Battels in array,
Who 'mongst themselves in wanton skirmish play,
And exercise their Elephants, in sight
Of *Cæsar's* trenches, and unusual fight
In Roman armies; those beasts ne're had been
Till *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans seen;
Nor ere in Triumph to the people shown,
Till the Dictator *Curius* had orethrown
The Samnites, Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power:
The like *Metellus* Cretes fam'd Conquerour,
From his Sicilian Victorie did bring,
And *Pompey's* Triumph ore Numidia's King.
Uncertain aids in war they ever prove,
And with like danger to both armies move,
As well their own annoying as the foes,
Fitter for other labours (sure) than those;
Nor, though their strength be wondrous, for that end
Did prudent Nature those great beasts intend.
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred,
Are recompens'd with those rich teeth they shed.
Through all the world a wealthie merchandise,
Which on their deaths oft sets a greedy price.
But greater far the Eastern country yields
Than those within the Mauritanian fields,
And far more fierce; such as in India
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers saw.
Those mightie beasts, as they in bulk exceed
And pass in strength all other far, that feed
On earths vast bosom, do as far excel
(If ancient authors have observed well)
In apprehension, and large faculties
Of soul; 'mongst beasts they onely exercise

Those

Thoſe qualities (or like to them) which we
In men ſtile virtues; perfect equitie
They keep, and laws of juſtice have in uſe;
To which all moral virtues we reduce.
Nor are theſe creatures thought by ſome to be
Quite void of th' intellectual facultie,
But that they can diſcern and underſtand
The language ſpoken in their native land;
And might diſcourſe, if to ſo ſtrange a wit
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit:
Not ſpeak as Crows and Parrats oft have done
By imitation of a ſound alone.
If we ſo much to Elephants ſhould give,
Why ſhould we call them creatures ſenſitive?
We muſt extend the facultie of ſenſe
To larger bounds; and put leſs difference
Twixt that and reaſon; or betwixt the two
Find out a middle region to beſtow
Their knowledge in; as to ſome things that live
We place 'twixt ſenſe and vegetation give.
But in a higher kind (as ſome relate)
Do Elephants with men communicate.
(If you believe it) a religion
They have, and monethly do adore the Moon.
Beſide the loftie Nabathæan wood
Of vaſt extent, Amylo's gentle floud
Gliding along, the ſandie mould combines:
Thither, as oft as wexing *Cynthia* ſhines
In her firſt borrowed light, from out the wood
Come all the Elephants, and in the floud
Waſhing themſelves (as if to purifie)
They proſtrate fall; and when religiouſly
They have ador'd the Moon, return again
Into the woods with joy. Nor half ſo vain
Is this devotion which theſe beaſts preſent,
As that which men more brutiſhly invent;
Nor (as the mad Ægyptians us'd) do they
To Dogs and Snakes, and vileſt creatures pray,
Nor to the ſenſeleſs Leeks and Onyons bow,
Such gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;

Nor

Nor yet to wood or ſtone devotion doe,
More ſenſeleſs than the ſtones they bow unto;
A far more glorious creature they adore.
Should this be true of Elephants; far more
Wiſe in Religion are thoſe beaſts than men:
But if that this a fiction be, why then
Did mens invention fain a beaſt to be
Wiſer, than are themſelves in Pietie?
While at Rhuſpina both the Generals
Encamped reſt; in Utica's ſtrong walls
Cato remains with *Pompey's* eldeſt (*b*) ſon,
Whom thus ſage *Cato* ſharply ſets upon:
Awake young man, and now in time redeem
Thy youth from ſloath-bred ſcorn; from diſeſteem
Go vindicate the name of *Pompey* now:
Go try all Kingdomes, ſearch all Seas to know
How great thy father was; what Fame he wonn,
How ſtrong he leaves thee in thy name alone:
Try if the Seas, which his brave hand did free
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.
That ſtock of glory which thy Father wonn,
And left behind for thee to ſpend upon, (ſide
Arms thee with ſtrength enough (though nought be
So good a cauſe could lend) 'gainſt *Cæſar's* pride.
Go try the fartheſt Weſt, ſollicite Spain;
The name of *Pompey* is enough to gain
Thoſe Nations to thy ſide: if nought at all
Thy groaning Countries ſuffrings, nor the fall
Of Roman Liberty affect thy mind:
Although thou could'ſt endure a Lord, and find
Content in ſerving, yet the wrongs which thou
Alone from *Cæſar* ſuffreſt, were enow
To rouz thy ſpirits, and ſtir thine enmity.
If thy great Father for Romes Liberty
And Laws alone fought in Pharſalia,
As great a Fortune did'ſt thou loſe that day
As on a private Citizen could light:
But if thy Father for himſelf did fight;
Thy loſs was more, and *Cæſar* then from thee
By Conqueſt took the worlds ſole Monarchy.

But

But would'ſt thou know the true inheritance
Which he did dying leave thee, to advance
The name of *Pompey*; which may ever be
Thine own, in ſpight of *Cæſar's* enmity,
Which honor bids thee claim, and Rome now needs?
The imitation of his noble deeds
Is thine inheritance: 'twas his brave Fate,
When great bad men had ſeiz'd th' afflicted State,
When *Marius's* faction did the walls invade,
And Rome it ſelf a ſlaughter-houſe was made,
To ſave his Country bleeding then, as now,
And not ſo much in debt to years as thou.
When he no honours yet, no titles had,
No power at all but what his Vertue made,
He rais'd an army, reſcu'd Italy.
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye;
By him did Spain behold *Sertorius* fall:
And then in triumph to the Capitoll
He, but a gentleman of Rome did bring
Hyempſal vanquiſh'd the Numidian King.
All this before he had attain'd unto
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father do;
Which to his future greatneſs made the way,
And ſleep'ſt thou here? What help in Africa
Lend'ſt thou to Rome more than one private hand?
Go gather Forces in another land;
Repair the ruins of thy houſe, or die
Great as thy birth hath made thee. No reply
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from
Some Sacred Oracle the ſpeech had come,
Or Romes own voice from *Cato's* breſt had ſpoke,
His modeſty obey'd, and ſtraitway took
A long (*c*) farewel, never to meet again,
But find a Tomb in Europ, and to Spain
Carry as great a part of Romes ſad wounds
As dire Theſſalia's blood-diſtained grounds,
Or fatal Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtiny
Have not allotted, brave young man, to thee
So great and long a race of happineſs
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſs

Than

Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field
Of fatal Munda to Pharſalia yield.
Cæſar ſupply'd with ſtrength from Sicilie
Marches away, to take and fortifie
Thoſe loftie Hills (in ſpight of enemies)
Which from the champian, neer Uzzita, riſe:
Which Hills he takes and fortifies with eaſe:
Though *Labienus* vain-lay'd ambuſhes
To their own ruin did moleſt his way,
By *Cæſar's* Scouts diſcover'd where they lay
Too ſoon; and ſo by changed Fate, call'd on
In ſtead of his, their own deſtruction.
So a Getulian Lion when beſet
By weak-arm'd Hunters, whoſe vain force doth whet
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire
Breaks through, and makes his wounded foes retire:
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moves,
And fatal onely to the Hunters proves.
Juba return'd and joyn'd with *Scipio*,
With all their forces to Uzzita go:
Now the whole war was met; Uzzita's walls
Beheld the Camps of both Romes Generals.
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay;
Thrice *Cæſar* ſet his battels in array
Eager of fight; and thrice provok'd his foe,
To trial of the day; but *Scipio*
Would not th' advantage of the place forſake.
Nor did the Deſtinies intend to make
Uzzita guiltie of ſo great a ſtain,
Which did for Thapſus fatal fields remain.
Whither, diſlodging from his Camp by night
(When *Scipio* could not be provok'd to fight)
With proſperous Omen, *Cæſar* marches on:
There then *Virgilius* lay in Garriſon,
Faithful to *Scipio* and the Senates ſide,
The place by Nature ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Scipio and *Juba* follow, though the air
Gave ſad preſages of the future war,
The earth and Skies the like; his mourning face
The Sun with clouds obſcured: in whoſe place

Ruin

Ruin portending Comets did diſplay
Their blazing Lamps, and made a diſmal day:
And lightning through th' uncertain air gave light
More full of horrour than the ſhades of night.
The thunders voice was heard there where the air
From clouds was free; and th' horrid noiſe of war
From thence reſounded: Helms of Braſs did ſwear,
Some Piles and Swords did melt; nor could they get
By ſtrength their heavie Standards from the ground:
Which ſwarms of Bees oreſpread; a hollow ſound
Of Lions ſadly murmuring was heard
About the Camp: the Mountains all appear'd
To move, which did about Uzzita ſtand.
And from the fartheſt part of Libyan land
The Mauritanian *Atlas* ſeem'd to ſhake
His skie-ſupporting top: Birds ſeem'd to take
Unuſual flights; ſad entrails did appear,
And fill'd the ſacrificing Prieſts with fear:
Nor mean the gods, when theſe portents they ſhow,
To teach frail mortals to prevent the woe,
But fear it onely. The unhappie troups
To Thapſus march diſtraught 'twixt fears and hopes,
Where this great war ſhall ſhortly find an end,
On which ſo many ruins do depend.

The Libyan Thapſus a Sea-bordering Town,
An Iſle almoſt by ſituation,
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth divide
From Sicilie, environ'd at one ſide;
The other ſide a ſpatious fen oreflows,
Guarding that part from all approch of foes:
Betwixt the Sea, and that great fen, doth ſtand
(The onely paſſage to the Town by land)
A little Iſthmos, which (although not wide)
A ſtanding lake doth in the mid'ſt divide,
And makes two narrow paſſages of one:
Within theſe ſtraits, not far from Thapſus Town
Cæſar is enter'd now with all his troups,
And with ſtrong works; & deep-digg'd trenches ſtops
All means of ſallies from the Town, that might
Perchance infeſt his armies rere in fight.

Sci-

Scipio encamp'd there where the Isthmos ends
Within the continent, with speed intends
To draw a trench down to the shore, and so
Within that neck of land shut up the foe:
But till the work be perfected, to hide
What he intends, or battel to abide,
In fair array he marshals all his bands:
Himself with his Italian legions stands
In the mid battel; *Juba's* legions
Mixt of so many several Nations
Make the right battel; on the left doth stand
Stout *Labienus* with a warlike band
Of Gaules, which he had from Brundusium led,
And German troops, which from Pharsalia fled,
Old foes to *Cæsar*: thither *Varus* brings
His Libyan cohorts: but before both wings
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright
The foes first on-set; and by them the light
Numidian horse, and Mauritanian too:
Behind the beasts the light arm'd Souldiers go,
His poison'd Quiver the black Mibian bears,
The strong Mazacians their well-brandish'd Spears,
Of aim as sure as Parthian Shafts; by these
With crooked Swords the Adyrmachides.
But seeing *Cæsar's* army in array,
And now not likely to protract the day,
Thus *Scipio* speaks: True Romans, if a Cause
So just, so great, as to this battel draws
Your far-engaged hands, could need at all
Any incitements from a General,
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impietie
Afford too large, too sad a scope for me
To play the Oratour: and though the fall
Of our sad State and Laws in general
Should not affect your mindes; cast but an eye
Upon those blood-staind fields of Thessaly,
Think on Pharsalia's slaughter, and learn there
What each man suffers in particular,
Beside the publique loss: let every Ghost
Of friend or kinsman, that that day was lost,

(Yet

Yet unreveng'd) excite your valour now:
On us the gods and Fortune here beſtow
A juſter cauſe than there, for *Cæſar's* guilt
Was not ſo great before that blood was ſpilt:
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, have been gain'd
In Theſſaly, that may be here obtain'd
By *Cæſar's* fall; now his eſteem is more,
Although his ſtrength no greater than before,
And we are bound to Fortune, who in this
On equal hazard ſets a greater price.
Nor need you fear that ſhee ſhould now forſake
Her Romes defence, whom ſhe has toil'd to make
Head of the world ſo long, becauſe you ſaw
Cæſar ſubdu'd Rome in Pharſalia.
The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,
His many triumphs, which her favour tir'd,
So long had laſted, as it had been thought
(Had *Cæſar* fall'n when that great field was fought)
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had prevail'd:
And Rome then only her long favour fail'd,
As loth a private man ſhould think her his,
And ſhe depriv'd of publique Sacrifice.
But think not, Romans, the rebellious Fate
Of one proud man, ſhall ſtill out-weigh the State:
Nor does the anger of the gods appear
(If this good Omen we may truſt) that here
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe
Under the conduct of a *Scipio*.
I need not boaſt, what every Nation knows,
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipio's*
In Affrick have advanc'd Romes power and fame,
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?
And what forbids us hope the like, ſince we
As lawfully are armed here, and he,
Whom now our loyal valour copes withal,
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal*?
Into your hands the gods have put their doom;
Nought but your vertue can reſtore to Rome
Her Laws, and baniſh'd Citizens again:
For baniſhed are you, and muſt remain

For

For ever ſo, unleſs you conquer here:
He that would ſee his native land, his neer
And deareſt pledges, by the Sword muſt now
Redeem them all in *Cæſar's* overthrow.
Their ſpirits were rowzed; and the Roman troups
Inflam'd with love of fight, and fill'd with hopes;
No leſs did *Juba's* barbarous Nations,
With rude and different acclamations
Deſire a ſignal, and precipitate
With eagerneſs their own unhappie Fate.
Cæſar perceiving that the gods gave way
To his deſire, and now the wiſh'd for day
Of fight was come, advances, and thus cheers
With confidence his forward Souldiers.
The time is come, brave Souldiers, that muſt crown
And guerdon all the ſervice you have done,
That muſt conclude the labours of the Sword,
And (maugre envie) to your heads afford
All thoſe triumphant Bays, which hitherto
Have been deferr'd, deſerv'd ſo long ago,
For conquer'd Gallia, Brittain, Germanie,
Treacherous *Pharnaces*, and falſe *Ptolomey*:
All theſe has Fortune but deferr'd till now,
To joyn with them proud *Juba's* overthrow
Great as the greateſt; and this field, when done,
Confirms, or loſes all that we have won:
But 't were a crime to doubt it, ſince I ſee
Thoſe looks that never fail'd of victorie.
Let yon' torn remnant of Pharſalia know
Their Conquerours. More would he ſay, when lo
From the right-wing, not ſtaying his command,
The Trumpets ſound a charge, and from their ſtand
(Although the Tribunes, and Centurions ſtrive
To keep them back) the Souldiers ruſh to give
The on-ſet ſtraight; nor them in vain to ſtay
Does *Cæſar* ſtrive, but gives their courage way:
As when two Charriots are prepar'd to run,
And one too haſtie from the liſt is gone,
In vain the Charrioter their courſe would ſtay,
Th' ungovern'd Horſes hurrie him away.

Then

Then with a rage as great as if two Seas
Some god removing, for the Sailers eaſe,
The long Malæa) ſhould each other meet,
Both hoſts incounter, and begin the fight
With horrid ſhowts, that all the mountains nigh
Reſound aloud, and back from Sicilie
High Lilybæum to the Libyan ſhore,
Returns again their ecchoʼd clamours ore,
As much afraid to harbour but the ſound,
Of ſuch a war within that quiet ground:
Their noiſe not that of Thracian *Boreas*
Among the Pines of Oſſa, can ſurpaſs,
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes
Precipitated down the Cataracts,
When with his foam he ſeems to lave the skie,
And ſtrikes a deafneſs through the dwellers nigh.
Miſchief and furie rage; revenge doth one
Excite, the other indignation:
That after *Pompey*ʼs death the war at all
Should laſte, and find another General.
Bloud all thʼ adjoyning fen diſcolours ore,
And makes a flood, where nʼere was flood before,
And from the moiſture of ſo many wounds,
Combines the mould of Affricks thirſtie grounds.
Through both the hoſts *Enyo*ʼs blazing light
Like fatal lightning flaſhing flies tʼ excite
Their thoughts to furie; the Tartarian god
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghoſts abode,
And from thʼ infernal caverns ſet them free
To view a while this fatal Tragedie.
And glut their dire revenge with Roman bloud:
Upon the mountains gloomie tops they ſtood,
Blaſting the day, and round about the hoſts
Making a baleful ring), the cruel ghoſts
Of *Jugurth*, *Syphax*, and Great *Hannibal*;
Who for their own, and Carthages ſad fall
Did then excuſe the gods, when they beheld
The Roman furie in that mortal field.
Yet in Romes ruin Libya ſuffers too:
More wrack, alas, ſhall this ſad battel doe

Than

Than after ages can repair with eaſe.
More deſolation now, more wilderneſs
The waſted face of Affrick ſhall ore-ſpread,
And beaſts poſſeſs the ſeats of Nations dead:
Where feared Monarchs once gave Laws to men
Shall Lions reign, and Tygars make their dens;
The ſliny Serpents all alone ſhall crawle,
And wanting men, ſhall be no plague at all.
Cæſar foreſeeing th'Elephants, that were
In front of *Juba's* battel, would ſtrike fear
Into his troops, doth ſuch a cure provide
As quite converts upon the other ſide
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing
His choiceſt Bows, and miſſile armes he brings,
And ſets them at fair diſtance, oppoſite
To th'Elephants; who there begin the fight
With ſuch ſucceſs, as makes thoſe beaſts to be
The only cauſe of *Cæſar's* victory.
For gaul'd with ſhafts, confuſedly they run
In ſpight of their diſtracted guids, upon
Their own unhappy troops, to ſudden rout
Putting all *Juba's* quarter round about,
And bearing down all that before them lay
To *Cæſar's* conqueſt make a ſpeedy way;
Their mighty ſtrength, ſince now ungoverned,
Is by the hand of Fortune only led,
And brings advantage to that ſide alone,
Which ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow it on.
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horſe,
Which there were plac'd by th'Elephants rude force
Orethrown, were cruſh'd to death, or headlong down
Into the trenches with their riders thrown,
Some few, eſcaping by diſorder'd fiight;
The light-arm'd Souldiers mixt with theſe to fight
'Reft of their ſhelter, now by heaps are ſlain,
And to the foes a prey, not war, remains;
And tire (as ſtanding not to fight but die)
With their bare throats the murdring enemie:
Nought there, alas, can weak Bamurians do
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow

And

And poiſon'd Shafts the cole-black Mibian wears
Avail their Maſter; vain thoſe brittle Spears
Are in the hands of light Autololes,
And crooked Swords of the Adyrmachides:
The weak Cyniphians find that skins of Goats,
Are too light armour to protect their throats;
When Brass and Iron no defence affords,
Againſt the force of the Cæſarian ſwords.
The purple field ſo great a ſlaughter ſtrows,
Blood from ſo many different people flows,
That while King *Iuba* takes a ſad ſurvey,
In how great bredths his Empiers ruin lay,
No private deaths diſtinguiſhing at all,
He ſcarce can count how many Nations fall:
Nor doth he think, his Camp, after ſo great
An overthrow, can be a ſafe retreat;
But leaving that to greedy enemies
A wealthy ſpoil, he with *Petreius* flies.
King *Iuba's* Camp by the purſuing foe
Is ſoon poſſeſt, and the Cæſarians know
Before their victory be fully done,
How great a prize their bloody toils have wonn.
But Fortune, where the Italian legions fought,
And *Scipio* ſtood, had not ſo quickly wrought
Her *Cæſar's* ends: there ſtrength by ſtrength repell'd,
And fury joyn'd with equal fury, held
The ballance ſtreight, whil'ſt doubting victory
Seem'd, not, a while, reſolved whoſe to be;
Or elſe deferr'd it only to declare
That higheſt fury reigns in civil war,
That countrey men in fight are cruel ſt foes,
Or greateſt courage from worſt cauſes grows.
On equal hopes they both engaged were,
And in no quarter of the war but here,
Did it at all into a queſtion come
What ſhould be Romes eſtate, or *Cæſar's* doom.
Nor was the queſtion here determined,
Till with his Libyan Cohorts *Varus* fled,
And *Labienus* too, when he beheld
His ſlaughter'd Gauls, and Germans ſtrow the field,

Reſerv'd

Reserv'd a while by Destinies to see
Another ruine great as this, to be
A bleeding part of Romes third mortal wounds;
And lie enterr'd in Munda's fatal ground:
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall
As Rome with *Cæsar* could contend at all.
Scipio perceives his Army overthrown,
And now the loss irreparable grown:
Horror distracts his thoughts; what should he do?
Survive his battel? and not rather go
Upon the Swords, and there in height of all
His honour die as Romes chief General,
And by the ruine of so great a name
Enoble *Cæsar's* conquest? Or give fame
To Thapsus fatal field? For what has Fate
Power to bestow on such a wretched State,
That can at all his minde to live invite?
With this resolve in fury of the fight
Had *Scipio* dy'd; but flatt'ring hope withheld
(Even such as from Pharsalia's mortal field,
Made *Pompey* flie to meet a sadder Fate)
His eager soul, that the afflicted State
Though seeming dead, after this fatal hour,
Might once more struggle against *Cæsar's* power:
Then mounted on a Libyan Steed he flies;
And ore the field his routed companies,
Mixt with the Horsemen take disordred flight;
Some legions hoping to retire from fight
To *Juba's* Campe, and it to fortifie,
And finding that seiz'd by the enemie,
After the usual manner casting down
Their armes, they tender a submission.
But all in vain; no safety at the hands
Of the enrag'd, and fierce Cæsarians;
(Oh shame of war!) could their submission get,
Although that *Cæsar* did himself intreat,
Grieving that in his power it lay not then,
To save from death his wretched countrey men,
And by his speech and actions did declare,
That he was then no part of civil war.

He

He cries aloud, Oh ſpare the yielding foe,
They are no longer foes, but Romans now:
You more than loſe your valour, and to me
Do purchaſe envie here, not victorie:
They, that in conqueſt of ſo many lands
Were diſobey'd his moſt ſevere commands,
Nor ere refus'd what he would put them too,
In this alone their diſobedience ſhow
Now his commands are good: all ore the plain
Are *Scipio's* Souldiers miſerably ſlain,
That, to this Tragedie compared, light
Were all the ſlaughters of the former fight.
And now the mourning fields with ſlaughter ſtrow'd
And cover'd ore with horrid ruine, ſhow'd
A full and perfect conqueſt was obtain'd
That for the ſword no farther work remain'd;
When *Cæſar* maſter of his higheſt hopes,
From the purſuit calls back his wearie troups,
And recompences, with the wealthy ſpoils
Of Kings and Nations, their ſucceſsful toils.

Annotations upon the third Book.

(a) Cæſar *having but a ſmal force in Affrica, and much troubled at the report of the great armie of his enemies, that all King* Juba's *forces joyned with* Scipio, *found help from an occaſion little expected: for (as* Dion *relates)* Publius Sittius *(if we may attribute it to* Sittius, *and not rather to Fortune) brought unto* Cæſar *not onely a timely ſafetie, but a great victorie: this* Sittius *expelled before out of Italie, and joyning to himſelf ſome other exiles, paſſed over into Mauritania; there obtaining an armie from King* Bocchus, *he reſolved to aid* Cæſar *in this war: though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all known to him: but becauſe he heard that* Cæſar *was far from him, and could then give him no great help for* Cæſar's *forces in Affrick were then but ſmall) watching the time when King* Juba *drew his armie out of his own Countrey, he invaded* Numidia, *and Getulia another part of* Juba's *Kingdom, waſting and ſpoiling both the Countries: by which accident King* Juba *was forced to quit his expedition, and march back again with the*

greater part of his forces to the reſcue of his own Kingdom; for he had ſent part of his ſtrength to Scipio before: ſo that it is certain if King Juba by Fortune had not then been diverted from joyning with Scipio, Cæſar had not been able to have ſtood againſt their united forces, nor maintained himſelf then in Affrica. Dion. lib. 43.

(b) The Roman Armie remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spain was vexed with diſſentions and ſeditions, ſent thither Cneius Pompeius the eldeſt ſon of Pompey the Great, as thinking that he for his Fathers ſake would be received in Spain with greateſt honour; adviſing him, that when he had ſetled his affairs there, he ſhould march to Rome; and they themſelves intented with all their forces to meet him there, and make the war in Italie, this counſel was had while Cæſar as yet lingred in Ægypt according to Dion. lib. 42. but Hirtius in his Commentaries relates it after that time.

(c) Cneius Pompeius chid by Cato, and adviſed to go into Spain and raiſe forces, with thirtie ſhips of all ſorts putting to Sea at Utica, ſailed to Mauritania; and entred the Kingdom of King Bogud: there ſetting his armie on ſhore, which conſiſted of about two thouſand ſlaves, and Freemen, part armed, and part unarmed, he marched toward the Town of Aſcurum; in which Town there was the a Garriſon of the Kings, the Garriſon ſuffering Pompey to paſſe quietly till he approched the very wals of the Town ſallying out then, on the ſudden overcame them, and ſome they killed, ſome they forced into the Sea; Pompey himſelf with a few of his men getting to their Ships ſailed away after which he never more arrived on the ſhore of Affrica but went to the Balearick Iſlands, and from thence to Spa in. comment. de bello Affricano.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The Argument of the fourth Book.

To his imperial Zamah Juba *flies,*
And thence excluded, with Petreius *dies*
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio *slain*
By his own hands, within the waterie main
Intombs himself: The death of Cato *fames*
Old Utica; Cæsar *laments, and blames*
His wilful Fate; and from the Libyan coast
Is shipp'd for Rome with his victorious host.

BUt all the wrack, that Thapsus fields had made,
The fields could not contain; nor could so sad,
And great a ruin in such narrow bounds
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wounds
Which there were given, in other regions bled:
And those great names, which from that battel fled,
As loth to mix with vulgar Funerals,
Must bear the fame of their renowned falls
To other lands, lest this great loss should be
In storie told as one calamitie.
With winged speed by nights obscuritie
From Thapsus *Juba* and *Petreius* flie,
To reach strong Zamah the Imperial seat
Of *Juba's* Realm, a Citie fair and great;
In which, when first, the war began, he lay'd
His wealth, and deerest pledges had convey'd:
But now the gates were shut: the men deny'd
Their King an entrance; and with scoffs deride
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate
Now gave them leave freely to shew their hate;

And all too late is *Juba* forc'd to see
The curs'd effects of former tyrannie.
Oh wretched State of Tyrants that nere see,
Untill their sight in vain and bootless be,
Their just esteem: nor ever till too late,
Can know what men deserve their love, or hate.
In wretched times your friends are onely known;
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone.
Your State requital, or revenge denies,
And Fortune, but to grieve you, opes your eyes.
The King oppress with grief, and fill'd with ire
Unto a Countrie Palace doth retire,
Not far from thence; with him *Petreius* goes,
And a small troup of Horse: there they repose
Their wearie bodies and vex'd minds, until
A great resolve their breasts with comfort fill:
Then he commands his servants to prepare
Forthwith a stately banquet, and with rare
And sumptuous cates a full repast they take;
When thus King *Juba* to *Petreius* spake;
Roman, thou seest how Fortunes utmost spight
Pursues our actions, and hath 'reft us quite
Of any future hopes; nothing can be
Safetie to us but *Cæsar's* clemencie.
But thou and I in all this Civil war
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, have been engag'd too far
To hope for mercie; which, if I might have,
By all our gods I should disdain to crave:
For love of *Pompey* I was *Cæsar's* foe,
And in the great'st extreme dare still be so.
Had he prevail'd, a welcome friend to Rome
With greatest honour *Juba* might have come:
Nor shall she now behold me captive there
And led as *Syphax* and *Jugurtha* were,
Like slaves through her proud streets, to grace the power
Of an insulting lanrell'd Conquerour:
No, let Rome rather hear how *Juba* dy'd,
Disdaining *Cæsar's* pietie, or his pride.
I do not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword,
Or whatsoever else may death afford;

But do invite *Petreius* as my friend,
To share in this last act of fame, my end:
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;
Then like our selves, brave Roman, let us fall,
But use each others help: unsheath thy Sword,
And let our friendship strive who shall afford,
First freedom to his friend, love shall ingage
My valour against thee, as much as rage
Against a foe. *Petreius* draws his Sword,
And thus in short returns: brave Libyan Lord,
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name,
To whom *Petreius* gladly ows his fame;
Nor (though a Roman General) do I
Blush to be taught by *Juba* how to die:
It was the Roman genius prompted thee
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see
That King a captive, and in triumph brought,
That had for her, her laws, and freedom fought.
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;
And thy disgrace prove *Cæsar's* conquest good
Against his Countrey: No, great King, of thee
Rome still shall hold a dearer memorie;
With *Massinissah* shalt thou ranked stand,
When our sad Annals *Cæsar's* deeds shall brand,
And marke his partie with as black a stain
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious train.
The rest my Sword shall speak for me, and prove
How much thy freedom, and mine own I love.
With that they both in equal furie meet,
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,
As who had seen the combat, might suppose
That so much valour had not sought to lose,
But guard by conquest a desired life:
At last to end this hot despairing strife,
Juba a bootless conquest did obtain;
Under whose force was weak *Petreius* slain:
Keep in (quoth *Juba*) life a while, and see
A life let out to bear thine companie:
If not, before thou cross the Stygian lake,
My fleeting soul thy ghost shall overtake.

Farewel you fading glorie that attend
A Kingly ſtate, too feeble to defend
Your proud poſſeſſours from the ſtorms of Fate:
What reſt upon the ſlipperie heights of State
Finds man? What ſtay on Fortunes reſtleſs wheel?
Oh treacherous Zamah, may thy falſe neck feel
Romes yoke as hard, as thou to thy true Lord
Diſloyal prov'ſt: then falling on his Sword,
From forth his ſtrugling breaſt his Spirit flies,
And night eternal cloſes up his eyes.
But ſee, from Thapſus fatal overthrow
A nobler death draws neer, Great *Scipio*
Romes General, that had ſo lately led
The Senats war 'gainſt *Cæſar's* fortune, fled
From that ſad battel in a poor diſguiſe,
And one ſmall bark, the Seas of Libya tries,
To find from thence ſafe paſſage into Spain,
Where *Pompey's* ſons with all their ſtrength remain.
But by a ſtorm was driven into the Bay
Of Hippo, where the Ships of Sittius lay,
Left there in *Cæſar's* name to guard the coaſt.
Scipio perceives himſelf and Bark are loſt,
The weather croſs, cuts off all hope of flight;
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæſar* fight:
Why did I ſcape the ſtormie main? Oh why
From Thapſus fatal battel did I flie,
And not in height of all mine honour fall,
Fighting for Rome to die her General?
Oh would Pharſalia's battel had deſtroy'd,
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,
The Senats war with ill ſucceſs I led,
And Affrick ſaw a *Scipio* vanquiſhed.
You noble Souls of my dead anceſtours,
That hither oft have led the Roman powers
With glorious fame, as Carthages great fall,
As captive *Syphax*, vanquiſh'd *Hannibal*,
And ſaved Rome can witneſs, bluſh not now
At this your Nephews hapleſs overthrow;
No Libyan forces, but the ſtrength of Rome,
Has Rome it ſelf, and *Scipio* overcome;

By

By her own ſtrength ſubdu'd, with her I die,
To wait upon expiring libertie.
By this occaſion Fate with kind intent,
To me neceſſitie of death has ſent,
Leſt I my freedom might perchance out-live;
Nor could the gods a fitter bountie give.
Let *Pompey's* ſons now trie their Fate, and gain
Our Laws and State again, or loſe in Spain
As much from Rome, as here in Affrick I,
Or their Great Father loſt in Theſſalie;
My courſe is run; and, though this armed hand
Shall teſtifie I could have dy'd by land,
The Ocean likes me beſt, within the main
Unknown for ever *Scipio* ſhall remain:
Oh let my floating carkaſs never come
To land, leſt Affrick ſhould beſtow a Tomb,
And to her ſons in after-ages ſhow
A monument of vanquiſh'd *Scipio*:
With that a Ponyard in his hand he took,
And with a ſtrength and arm ſo certain ſtrook
His willing breaſt, that thence the guſhing bloud,
Made on the Decks a crimſon pretious floud:
But he, while yet his vital parts retain
Some ſpirits, leaps into the curled main;
And her blew waves with purple ſtaining, dies:
Unbury'd *Scypio's* noble bodie lies
Within the Seas deep boſom; th' Oceans frie
Devour the fleſh of that brave familie,
In which great Rome may make her fulleſt boaſt;
If all her actions, all her fame were loſt,
If all thoſe ſeveral vertues, pietie,
True fortitude, admired conſtancie,
Impartial juſtice, frugal temperance,
That through the World her honour did advance,
In all names elſe had been forgot and gone,
In this renowned familie alone
All might be found; nor did the Roman fame
Ere ſhine, more bright than in a *Scipio's* name:
Why did thy Countrey want an urn for thee?
Ore which the peoples untaught pietie

Might truly mourn, and pay the tears they ow
Unto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.
By this the flying companies, that were
From that sad battel scap'd, had every where
Fill'd Liby'as Towns with terrour and dismay:
At Utica the nohle *Cato* lay
In Garrison; who free from private fear,
Not for himself dismay'd at all, to hear
The fatal news of *Scipio* overthrown,
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Town
'Gainst *Cæsar's* entrie; but perceiving then
Th' astonishment, and faintness of his men,
He with the same unshaken constancie
Forgives their fear, and counsels them to flie;
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet
Using his utmost diligence to get
Them safely all aboord, and timely gone,
Careful for every safetie but his own.
The Citizens of Utica he cheers
With hope of *Cæsar's* clemencie, and cleers
All dismal clouds of fear and jealousies,
That might within their fainting breasts arise:
And such to them with cheerful looks (although
Resolv'd to die) did *Cato* strive to show,
As if himself had not at all disdain'd,
To beg, or take a life at *Cæsar's* hand.
He, whose austerer vertue nere before
Had given him leave to hide, or colour ore
His least intention, whom no fear had taught
How to dissemble, or once swerve in ought
From his profest, and rigid path of right,
For love of death now plays the hypocrite.
Nights silent reign had robb'd the World of light
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,
Repose and sleep; when every mortal breast
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.
But *Cato's* breast was not alone set free,
From perturbation and anxietie,
By vertues constant use, for soft repose
Or sleep, the common end, but to compose

And

And raiſe it ſelf unto an act more high
The contemplation of eternitie.
In contemplation the untroubled Soul
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controul
Of fleſhly paſſions, by no cares diſtracted
(Not as in ſleep ſhe does, to lie contracted
Within her ſelf, and from all action ceaſe)
But to imploy her pureſt faculties
At nobler diſtance, where no ſenſe of ſight,
Or outward organ can direct her flight:
There by her ſelf the Soul can take ſurvey
Of thoſe high glorious bodies, which diſplay
(Objects too bright for ſenſe) in their own light
Some beams and glimpſes of that infinite
Eternal eſſence, from whoſe fulneſs they
Derive their beauties: there the Soul would ſtay,
Or wiſhes that from lets corporeal free
She might (what now ſhe cannot) plainly ſee
Thoſe formes; and does in that deſire imply
Her own undoubted immortalitie.
But ere the mind of man can fitted be,
To ſearch the depth of true Philoſophie,
It muſt be purg'd by moral rules, and freed
From impious luſts, from vice of thought and deed.
And as a wiſe Phyſitian ever gives
Before his medicines, clean preparatives,
So let no Soul contemplate, till it be
Prepar'd, and purg'd by ſound moralitie.
Firſt let it practiſe vertue here, before
With contemplations wings it dare to ſoar
In ſearch of that, which is the perfect'ſt good,
And height of all that can be underſtood;
Leſt, as in Phyſick, th' unpurg'd humours may
Diſtract the medicines working force; ſo they
Not purg'd from vices through falſs glaſſes ſee,
And oft deceiv'd in ſpeculation be:
Into thy ſelf firſt moral Phyſick give,
And then ſecurely be contemplative.
So cleans'd was *Cato's* ſoul; and fit was he
For ſtricteſt precepts of Philoſophie,

Since virtues paths, which rough to others seem,
Long use had made habitual to him.
To whom the Fates present, as now on high
His thoughts were soaring to eternity,
An object fit; casting his eye aside
Divinest *Plato's Phædon* he espy'd.
Oh welcome book sent from the gods (quoth he)
To teach a dying man Philosophy;
And though thou canst not further, or controule
The resolution of my fixed soul,
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet may'st thou give
Comfort to those few hours I have to live.
Mans Soul immortal; is whilest here they live Plat.
The purest mindes for perfect knowledge strive; Phæd.
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds; in this abode
Of flesh, the Soul can never reach so high;
So reason tells us; if the Soul then dye,
When from the bodies bonds she takes her flight,
Her unfulfil'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestow'd in vain: it follows then
The best desires unto the best of men,
The great Creator did in vain dispence;
Or else the Soul must live when gone from hence:
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it should dye at all?
Since, not compounded as the body is,
And mixt of ever-fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like it self, and may
(By Reasons rules) subsist alone for aye.
And though we yeeld, that God, who did create,
Can, if he please, again annihilate
The Soul; and nothing in that sense can be,
Indissoluble, save the Deitie,
Yet Souls, which in their nature do agree
So neer with that, shall ne're dissolved be,
Till they at last their wished end attain,
And so immortal by themselves remain.
True grounds (quoth he) divine Philosopher:
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here

But waking dreams? Why, more than beasts, should we
Oblige our selves to laws of piety,
Or curb our lusts? Oh why should vertue be
Judg'd, by the wisest, true felicity,
Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Vertue here
Does not (alas!) so beautiful appear,
But poor, and wretched rather; nor is she
(Unless, which in this life we do not see,
(Some fairer substance or true form she have)
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.
The wisest men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true Philosopher.
Death sets the Soul at liberty, to flye,
And search the depth of that Divinity;
Which, whilest imprison'd in the body here,
She cannot learn: a true Philosopher
Makes death his common practise, while he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To seperate the Soul, far as he can,
From off the body: (what's the death of man
But separation of those two? Should he,
That every day did strive in some degree
To gain this freedom, fear it at the time.
When nature has allotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions trie
And seek all ways to gain their liberty,
The cage set ope refuse to flie from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And should the Soul, which here below
Clos'd in the body, every day did wooe,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect bliss,
Refuse to go, and find it where it is,
Then when the gods have open'd her the way?
But here, till then, the Soul is bound to stay;
Nor must she leave her station, till that God
Do call her hence, that gave her this abode.
Here *Cato* stopt, and paws'd; is death (quoth he)
Unlawful then till rude necessity

Inforce

Inforce a man to taſte it? And muſt I
Wear this loath'd life, till *Cæſar* bid me die?
Is not the fatal overthrow ſo late
In Thapſus fields, and ruin of the State,
Neceſſity of death enough for me?
May I not think the gods in that decree
The death of *Cato*? But muſt hold my hand
Expecting till the Conquerour command?
And give more pow'r to him, whoſe lawleſs might
Already has uſurp'd above his right?
Or begge for life, acknowledging him ſo
My Lord, whom juſtly I adjudg'd Romes foe?
So ſave my life by ſinning, or elſe die
With one ſin more, if mercy he deny?
But this ſure hand ſhall ſave that hazard now.
Plato, and all divineſt Laws allow
Rather than act a crime, a man ſhould die.
Should I take life from *Cæſar's* clemencie,
It would be judg'd by all (what ere were ment)
I did approve of *Cæſar's* government.
How great a crime might mine example prove?
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that love
Her Laws; and Liberties? Great *Pompey's* Sons
That now do arm the Weſtern regions,
And for their Country yet intend to fight,
Might think themſelves excus'd if I ſubmit,
And from their juſteſt reſolution ſwerve
When old free *Cato* were content to ſerve.
Ile trie (ſince moſt aſſur'd the Soules do live)
What Laws to us the other world will give:
For ſure the gods, 'mongſt Soules departed hence,
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.

Thoſe happy Soules, that while they lived here,
By pure and perfect contemplation were
Abſtracted from the body, that with true
Deſires did oft the heavenly beauties view,
Shall thither go, when they from hence are fled
To have their joys and knowledge perfected.
Within the Heavens ſhall they for ever be
Since here with Heaven they made affinity.

But

But those dark Soules, which drowned in the flesh
Did never dream of future happiness,
That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
Nothing but what the bodies taste approv'd,
When they depart from hence, shall fear the sight
Of Heaven, nor dare t' approach that glorious light;
But wander still in dismal darkness, neer
Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.
Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight
Of frighted people doe appear by night
About the Tombs and Graves, where dead men lie,
Are such dark Soules condemn'd t' accompany
Their bodies there; which Soules, because they be
Gross and corporeal, men do therefore see.

How different shall the Soules condition be,
If this (quoth he) be true Philosophy?
As true it is, nor do I think it less;
If Vertue be the way to happiness:
And that be Vertue, which we men have thought,
What in-bred reason to our Soules has taught,
And Laws commanded us; if such thou be
Oh Vertue, *Cato* still has follow'd thee;
And never from thy hardest precepts swerv'd;
Ne're has this Soule the bodies pleasure serv'd.
What doubts can shake my long security?
But doubts, where frailty is, will ever be:
Fare-wel frail world; what here we cannot see,
I go to find, clear truth and certaintie:
Then with a fatal stroke he pierc'd his brest;
At noise of which his servants vainly prest
In, to prevent the Fate; nor could they lend
Help to his life, but trouble to his end:
Who sadly shew'd, death could not be deny'd,
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd:
The Citizens with honours did interre
That spotless mansion of a Soule so clear.

Cæsar from Thapsus now secur'd from Foes
By that full Conquest, to Uzzita goes,
With ease possessing there all *Scipio's* store
Of corn and arms, and where the Sword before
Threaten'd

Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay
And ambuſhes, he now findes quiet way
To Adrumetum back; where he beſtows
A cheerful pardon on his yeelding foes,
Since now all Affrick from his fears was free,
And Fortune had ſecur'd his clemencie.
Marching away to Utica from thence
Humbly receiv'd by all the Citizens,
Who then ſolemniz'd *Cato's* funeral;
He ſigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'ſt thou fall
Oh envious man? Rather than not deprive
Cæſar of honour, *Cato* could not live.
How ſadly cruel haſt thou been to me
Againſt thy ſelf to wrong my clemencie?
And ſhew thy death a greater enemy,
Than all thy living power or arms could be.
To kill my joys thou dy'ſt, chooſing to be
Lamented rather than imbrac'd by me,
It is my ſorrow not my love is ſought.
What ſtrange rewards have all my mercies got;
That greateſt Romans rather chuſe to flie
To death it ſelf, than to my clemencie?
So hapleſs *Pompey*, while he fled from me,
Durſt rather truſt th' Ægyptian treacherie,
And there to periſh by ignoble hands,
Than live with *Cæſar*, thinking barbarous lands
Better than Rome with us: but he again
Hop'd to repair his ſtrength; thou in diſdain
Of *Cæſar* dy'ſt; but yet my goodneſs ſhall
Or'e-come thy envy, and quite fruſtrate all
Thy ſcope in death; I le give all dues to thee;
Thy ſon in honour ſhall remain with me,
And to the world ſhall witneſs thou didſt die
By thine own envy, not my cruelty.
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants
Of Utica, and for his armies wants
Commands proviſion, and, while there he ſtays
The Cities walls, and fortreſſes ſurveys.
Walking not far from off the town, he ſaw
Upon the ſandy bank of Bagrada,

Which

Which ſlowly there his muddy waves doth move,
(Within that countrey rare) a ſtately grove
Not wide in circuit, where an awful ſhade
The meeeting boughs, exiling *Phœbus*, made:
That ſhady grove, whil'ſt with a curious eye
Cæſar ſurvey'd, he chanced to eſpy
Within, a deep and vaſt deſcent of ground,
The jaws of *Tænarus*, that baleful bound
'Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker room;
To which, they ſay, the ghoſts infernal come.
A Cave there was, in which no cheering light
At all e're peep'd; but ſad and drery night;
A ſquallid filth, and mouldineſs had made,
From whence exhaled ſtinches did invade
The upper air; Whil'ſt *Cæſar* in amaze,
Doth neerly view the horrour of the place,
His longing thoughts a Libyan ſtanding by
(Taught by tradition) thus doth ſatisfie.
This den, Oh *Cæſar*, which for many a year
Hath empty ſtood, and freed the land from fear,
A monſtrous Serpent, by Heavens vegeance bred
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.
The earth a greater Monſter never bare;
Nor *Hydra* might with this dire ſnake compare,
Nor that great Dragon whoſe ſtill waking eyes
Medea charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize
The venturous *Jaſon* bore to Theſſaly;
Nor that, as great and watchful too as he,
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to poſſeſs
The glittering Orchard of th' *Heſperides*;
Nor, though the Sun that mighty *Python* ſlew,
Did e're the Sun a greater Serpent view.
The ſeveral Snakes, that out of Libya's ſlime
Are bred, might all have been combin'd in him;
Nor could *Meduſa's* head, had all the blood
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood.
A hundred ells in length was his extent;
When he upon this ſide the river went,
With his long neck ſtretch'd out, what ere he ſpy'd,
With eaſe he ſeazed from the other ſide.

With

With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,
That came to drink the ſtreams of Bagrada,
And fierceſt Tigers all beſmear'd with blood
Of cattel ſlain, became themſelves his food.
When firſt the Roman armies ſailing ore,
And threatning Carthage on the Libyan ſhore
Were led by *Regulus*, whoſe tragick fall
Sadly renown'd the Spartan General,
Here then this hideous monſter did remain:
The army marching on yon ſpatious plain,
Three Roman Souldiers, by ill Fate, drew neer
To quench their fiery thirſt, the river here,
And tempted by theſe ſhady trees, to ſhun
A while the ſcorching fury of the ſun,
Entring the wood, down to the ſtream they ſtoop,
And take in helmets the coole liquor up;
When ſuddainly ſurpriz'd with chilling fear,
A horrid hiſſing through the air they hear,
And from the den the Serpents head appears,
At once amazing both their eyes and ears.
What ſhould they do? For help they could not call;
The Serpenrs hiſſing loud had filled all
The wood; nor ſtrength, nor hearts had they to fight,
Nor ſcarce did any hope appear by flight.
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;
When ſtrait the Serpent from his ſcaly fold
Shot forth, and ſeized one, who calling on
His fellows names in vain, was ſwallowed down,
And buried in the Monſters hungry maw,
His horrid deſtiny when th' other ſaw,
They leapt into the ſtream to ſave their lives:
But that (alas!) to them no ſafety gives:
For forth his long twin'd neck the Serpent ſtretch'd
And ſwimming *Havens* in the river reach'd;
Who, though too late he ſtrived to be drown'd
In Bagrada, a Fate more cruel found.
Marus at laſt, while *Havens* death did ſtay
The Monſters ſpeed, had time to ſcape away;
And to th' amazed General relates
The Serpents greatneſs, and his fellows fates.

But

But er'e his faultring tongue had fully told
The tragick ſtory, they from far behold
The ſcaly Monſter rowling on the ſands
In ſpacious windings: *Regulus* commands
The army ſtraight their piles and ſpears prepare
To charge, and march againſt it as a war,
And ready all their battering engines make,
That ſtrongeſt walls and bulwarks us'd to ſhake:
The Trumpets then, as to a battel ſound;
Which noiſe the Serpent hearing, from the ground
Where he in ſpacious rings enfolded lay,
Aloft his head advances to ſurvay
The Champion round, and to their eyes appears,
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly bears.
Fire from his threatning eyes, like lightning, ſhot,
And Stygian blaſts exhal'd from his dire throat;
While he advanc'd, you would ſuppoſe from far
A moving Caſtle made offenſive war:
And ſhooting forth he in a moment flew
Upon far diſtant faces; at whoſe view
The ſtarting horſes could no more be held
By bits, but ſnorting flew about the field;
Whil'ſt this dire Serpent ſad maſſacres makes
Among the men, ſome 'twixt his jaws he takes,
And cruſhes there, ſome into air he flings,
Who falling dye: and while his ſpacious rings
He does unfold with fury, ſweeping round
The ſands, he beats whole cohorts to the ground.
The army now gave ground, and 'gan retire,
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire
To ſee that ſhame, cries out, Oh ſtand the field;
To Libyan Monſters ſhall Romes vertue yeeld?
If ſo, I ſingly will the combat try,
And expiating Romes diſhonour die:
Then all alone, devoid of fear, he goes,
And his ſtrong pile againſt the Serpent throws
With well tane aim, whom not in vain he ſtruck;
In his tough forehead the ſteel'd jav'lin ſtuck.
The hideous Monſter, whoſe long age before
Had ne're felt ſteel, ſent out a yelling roar,

With

And shooting forth, impatient of the wound,
With his long tail he lash'd the suffering ground.
A shout the Souldiers raise, incourag'd now,
And altogether storms of javelins throw;
Some harmless lighting on his scaly back
Such noise, as hail on tiled houses make;
Some pierce his brest, and softer belly wound;
Those parts alone they penetrable found.
Black gore from thence distains the swarthy sands;
At last two javelins sent from lucky hands
In both his fiery threatning eyes did light,
Depriving him, though not of strength, of sight:
Whose yet blind rage draws many a ruine on,
Until at last a huge, and massie stone,
Shot from a bulwark-battering engine, stroke
His bowed back with such great force, it broke
That many-joynted bone, nor then could he
Lift, as before, his speckled crest on high;
But while he struggling lay upon the plain,
Another stone dash'd out his poisonous brain;
The sands discolour'd with black filth appear,
And that so lately feared Serpent there,
Strech'd out at length his baleful life expires;
His vaste extent the General admires:
But straight a groan the mourning river gave,
A doleful noise the wood, and hollow cave
Resounded forth; the Naiades, that kept
Slow Bagrada, for their dead servant wept;
Nor did the Augurs then forbear to shew,
The Romane troops his death should dearly rew,
And *Regulus* become a captive prey
To his insulting foes; on (whom said they)
The Nymphs, and wrathful Naiades would take,
That dire revenge for their slain Serpents sake.
Cæsar enough delighted to behold
The Cave, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,
Returns to Vtica; thence marching on
With speed through *Juba's* loft dominion,
Arrives at wealthy Zamah, Libya's pride,
Where late a powerful Monarch did reside;

And

And hearing there of *Iuba's* wretched Fate,
Laments the frailty of mans higheſt ſtate:
Then he commends the Citizens, and one
The Countrey leaves *Salluſtius* Governor,
Which from a Kingdoms ſtate is now become,
A ſubject Province to Imperial Rome.
Then marches back to Utica again,
And lanching forth his fleet into the main
Sailing by Sardos, on th' Italian coaſt,
He ſafe arrives with his victorious hoſt.

Annotations upon the fourth book.

Lucius Scipio, *General at Thapſus, periſhed at Sea by the report of all that write that ſtory, but the manner of his death, as I have here related it, is to be found only in Appian, which I have read, that he firſt wounded himſelf with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body ſhould either ſuffer deſpight, or receive favour from his enemies.* Appi. lib. 2. de bello civili.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

What unaccustom'd honours by decree
The Senate give to Cæsar's *victory.*
His four rich Triumphs shew'd ore Gallia,
Conquer'd Pharnaces, Ægypt, Affrica.
Whose pompous shows display the captiv'd fate
Of several Princes: Cæsar's *high estate*
To throw into the hazard once again,
Great Pompey's *sons revive the war in Spain.*

WHen *Cæsar's* conquest born by winged Fame,
Had enter'd Rome, and to the Senate came,
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale hast declar'd
Their forced joy; and while the Priests prepar'd
For Sacrifice, officiously decreed,
(Though Rome it self in that days fate did bleed)
That supplications to the gods should be,
Twice twenty days for *Cæsar's* victory;
Through all the Roman Temples they invoke
The gods for him, and all their Altars smoke
With thankful incense, more than when the fall
Of Carthages so feared *Hannibal,*
Or that defeat of all the Cymbrian powers
By *Marius* hand, that sav'd Quirinus Towers,

First

Firſt pierc'd their joyful ears; no vanquiſh'd foe
Ere caus'd ſuch ſeeming joy. Rome's forced now
To thank the gods for her ſubjection more,
Than all the greatneſs ſhe had won before.
To that great Triumph, which ſo long before,
His ten years labour had deſerved, ore
The conquer'd Gaules, and well deferr'd till now,
The forward Senate grant three Triumphs moe,
T'expreſs more pompous ſtate than ere before
The people ſaw, or lawrel'd Roman bore;
That all the ſeveral vanquiſh'd Nations
From Eaſt and Weſt, from both the Poles at once,
By his triumphant Charriots might combine,
The yellow Germans with black Libyans joyn,
Gaules with Armenians meet, the Sun-burnt bands
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,
The painted Britains, curl'd Sicambrians,
With cole-black Mibians, and Mazacians.
Thoſe that at fartheſt diſtance never yet
Each other view'd, at *Cæſar's* triumph met,
Might there acquainted in ſad bondage grow,
And waile in chains their common overthrow:
That the Imperial Tyber might at once
All floods, that bleſs ſo many regions,
In *Cæſar's* rich Triumphal tablets ſee
Diſplay'd, bewailing their Captivity.
And bridled there by his proud Conqueſt, joyn
Seven-channel'd Nilus with the German Rhine,
The ſwift Danubius with ſlow Bagrada;
And all thoſe winding ſtreams, which every way
From North to South into the Ocean rowle
'Twixt fartheſt Thule, and Tritonia's poole;
From whence *Minerva* dain'd her name to take,
When firſt within the quiet Chriſtal lake
Come down from Heaven, ſhe view'd her virgin face,
Nor ever ſo did any triumph grace
Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all
Thoſe former Bayes, which deckt the Capitol,
If here her ſelf no part at all had been
Of the ſubdu'd, had ſhe more glory ſeen.

But

But leaſt theſe honours ſhould not ſeem to be
Enough for *Cæſar*, by a new decree
The Senatours, before he enter Rome,
Make him Dictator for ten years to come,
And three years Cenſor; that it might be ſhown
How *Cæſar's* conquering power had overthrown
Their Liberties, together with the fall
Of barbarous Nations: In the Capitol
He in a Charriot was advanc'd to ſit,
To *Jove* himſelf directly oppoſite:
A Globe terreſtrial not far from thence,
Diſplay'd in ſhort the vaſt circumference
Of all the earth; on which his Statue trode
With this inſcription, *He's a demy-god.*
Swel'd with the Senates flattering decrees,
And fortune of ſo many victories,
Does *Cæſar* now in Pomp triumphant come,
His lofty Charriot through the ſtreets of Rome
By ſnow-white Horſes drawn, more bright by far
Than thoſe fam'd Steeds, which in the Trojan war
From ſlaughter'd *Rheſus* tent *Tydides* took,
Before they drunk of Xanthus Chriſtal brook,
Or cropt the Trojan paſtures, a vain aid
To falling Ilion, the firſt night betray'd.
Declare, ye ſiſters of the Theſpian ſpring,
(For you remember well, and well can ſing,)
In thoſe four Triumphs, which the people ſaw,
Ore Ægypt, Pontus, France, and Libya,
How many captiv'd people ſadly went
In habits, tongues, and viſage different
Before great *Cæſar's* Charriot, ſhewing there
With different geſtures their diſdain, or fear.
How many lands, and ſtately Cities there,
Diſplay'd in his triumphal tables were,
Where skilful hands had woven to delight,
So many Nations, ſeveral kinds of fight,
With his proud conqueſts, and ſucceſful toiles;
By which were born the armes, and wealthy ſpoiles
Of vanquiſh'd Princes, Crowns of burniſh'd gold
For all the wondring people to behold.

But

But if ye Muſes in ſo high a State,
Diſdain to mourn for each Plebeian Fate;
Yet paſs not ſleightly by that princely Gaul,
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whoſe great fall (thought,
Some hearts relented there; whoſe ſtobborn
Could not at all in nine years war be taught
To brook with patience the proud yoke of Rome:
Who now reſerv'd for death by *Cæſar's* doom,
Before the Charriot a chain'd Captive went,
Striving in vain t' orecome the diſcontent
Of that days ſhame; and, though his hands were ty'd,
Shaking his black curl'd locks, he fought to hide
His angry front, whil'ſt his undaunted look
Seem'd more to wiſh, than fear deaths fatal ſtroke.
Another object, though unlike to this,
Yet fall'n alike from height of wordly bliſs,
Mov'd the beholders hearts; they earn'd to ſee,
The tender beauties of *Arſinoë*
A virgin, (*a*) branch of *Lagus* royal Stem,
That once had worn th' Ægyptian Diadem,
By Fortune thrown into ſo low a ſtate
Of bondage now; pittying her changed fate:
Thoſe ſnow-white arms that ſtaid a Scepter hold,
(Oh, mock of Fortune) mannacl'd in gold:
Although for her a gentler doom than death
Remain, and *Cæſar's* pitty ſpare her breath,
Or elſe his ends in love reſtore her back
Again to Ægypt for her ſiſters ſake:
How much (alas!) had there her blood been ſpilt,
Had Fortune tane from *Cleopatra's* guilt?
For all the favour, which t' *Arſinoë*
Rome ſhow'd, repriv'd her but a while, to be
In after-times her ſiſters crime, and dye
By *Cleopatra's* foul impiety.
But that in Libya's triumph, which above
All other objects might deſerve to move
A juſt compaſſion (if true innocence
In miſery may juſtly move the ſenſe)
Was young Prince *Juba*, led in chains, the ſon
Of that great *Juba*, whoſe dominion

From

From Mauritnia's farthest Western end,
To Thera's sands so lately did extend:
Whose puissant hand a prouder Scepter bore,
Than ever Libyan Monarch did before.
This poor (*b*) young Prince by Fortune seem'd to be
Brought as a spectacle of misery,
Depriv'd so lately of so many lands,
And ere, his years could act a crime, in bands.
But Oh (how blind are mortal eyes?) that day
Of seeming woe, first made the glorious way
To *Juba's* future happiness; and he
Was far more blest in that captivity,
Than if his fathers greatness still had stood.
Traind up at Rome he gaind a truer good;
And freed from barbarisme, was taught to know
What Rome, or learned Athens could bestow;
Adorning so his mind, as wisest men
In every age admir'd his happy pen.
So that to grace his future prosperous reign,
(For great *Augustus's* hand restor'd again
This captive *Juba* to a kingly Throne)
A lasting name his histories have won,
And fame unto his native Libya gives; (live,
Where with himself those mention'd Kings shall
When brazen Monuments are eat with rust,
And Marble Columns time shall bruise to dust,
And had the Pontick King, (*c*) *Pharnaces* been
In person there, and by the people seen,
That object well had ballanc'd with delight
The others ruth; but he was scap'd by flight:
Whose absence one proud sentence must supply,
I came, I saw, and vanquish'd th' enemy.
But those sad stories, which the tables show,
More than the living spectacles could do,
Affect the peoples hearts: for there (although
No vanquish'd Roman might a captive go)
The bleeding wounds of Rome it self are spread;
And each man there his own dear loss may read.
For mixt with forreign conquests, with the falls
Of barbarous Captains, Princes of the Gauls,

With dying *Juba*, drowned *Ptolomey*,
Thoſe envious Tables to the eyes diſplay
Domeſtick loſs; and in ſad figures tell,
By *Cæſar's* ſword what vanquiſh'd Romans fell.
Here with King *Iuba* old *Petreius* dies,
Here ſlaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Affranius* lies:
There *Damaſippus* and *Torquatus* fall;
And here (Oh woful ſight!) Romes General,
The noble *Scipio* by his own hand ſlain,
Falls bleeding down into the watry main;
And ſinking leaves a noble crimſon dye
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye
Refrain'd from tears, when he beheld the fall
Of matchleſs *Cato*, who, in ſpight of all
His friends prevention, dy'd, and wider tore
With his own hands the wounds he made before?
Yet 'mongſt ſo many woful ſtories ſhown,
One noble name was ſpar'd, one Fate alone
Was thought too ſad; nor to the peoples eye
Dur'ſt they preſent *Great Pompey's* tragedy,
For fear ſo great a ſorrow might out-weigh
The pompous joyes of that triumphant day:
But that conceal'd, which moſt of all was ſought,
Remain'd more deeply fixt in every thought,
And they, without a picture, can ſupply
Each part of his lamented hiſtory.

What tongue, what pen can at the height relate
Each ſumptuous part of that ſo envy'd State?
The publike feaſts, rare ſpectacles diviſ'd
And games by all the people exercis'd;
Who without number flock'd to do him grace:
When all the Senate from the Julian place
Waited him home, and ſeem'd not then to be
The worlds high Lords, but *Cæſar's* family.
And as they paſs; to guild their pompous way,
Numberleſs lights the Elephants diſplay
Upon their captive backs, and moving through
The ſtreets, like heavenly Conſtellations ſhow,
Like thoſe great beaſts, which in th' Horizon plac'd
Through every part with glorious Stars are grac'd.

Nor in vain ſhows was this magnificence
Alone conſum'd, but real Monuments,
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd:
A ſtately Temple he to (*d*) *Venus* rais'd,
Or in devotion, or in pride to grace
That Deity from whom he drew his race,
That now the Paphian Queen by *Cæſar's* reign,
Might ſeem a truer conqueſt to obtain
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, and the wife of *Ioue*,
Than when they for the golden Apple ſtrove,
And *Paris* fatal judgement did beſtow,
The prize on her to Iliums overthrow.
For Rome and all the conquer'd world far more,
Are forced now to honour and adore
Her name than theirs, ſo much it was to be
Th' original of *Cæſar's* pedigree,
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Ioue*:
The Temples ſtructure in rare beauty ſtrove,
With what the height of fancy could expreſs,
Or any pens moſt graceful happineſs
Deſcribe aright: upon the Walls did ſtand
In Parean marble wrought with curious hand,
That amorous ſtory where the Phrygian boy
The beauty of a goddeſs did enjoy:
The vale of Ida there was ſhadow'd ſuch,
As Poets made it, Ida vale ſo much
Indebted to the Muſes, ſeemed now
Unto a Painters hand as much to owe:
The bower of Love was richly carved there
That happy bower of bliſs and pleaſure, where
Venus deſcended from the Chriſtal skie,
To generate the Julian family;
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,
To fill with beauty young *Anchiſes* bed.
Neer them their noble Iſſue, in whoſe blood
A goddeſs mixt with man, *Æneas* ſtood;
Such was his ſhape, ſo ſhone his cheerful face
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace
His native *Delos*, and in height of ſtate
That Feſtival intends to celebrate,

Or *Bacchus*, when from conquer'd India,
The yoked Tygars his proud Chariot draw,
Trojan *Æneas* whose fam'd history,
Great *Maro's* Muse did after raise as high,
As th'old *Meonian* did *Achilles* fame.
But that most pious posture more became
Æneas far, when at the fatal sack
Of Troy, he stoop'd, and on a willing back
Flying from thence, carry'd his aged Sire,
From the Greeks Swords, and all-devouring Fire,
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more
Than *Priam's* wealth, and all Troys burning store.
Behind was yong *Iulus*, and did seem
With short unequal steps to follow him,
That Prince from whom the Julian family,
Deriv'd their name, as well as pedigree,
Who the foundations of long Alba laid,
And ore that land a powerful Scepter sway'd,
By him the Scepter'd issues of his blood,
In their successive order carved stood;
Till Alba was destroy'd by *Tullus* doom,
And all her people were transferr'd to Rome;
From Alba's sack the pedigree went on;
And was deduced lineally down
To *Cæsar's* time; in whose sucess and reign.
Alba had seem'd to conquer Rome again.
But into th'hazard once again to throw
A State so strong, so sure as *Cæsar's* now,
Seem'd to the world to be, a furious (e) war
More full of threats, of doubt and danger far
Than ever had as yet oppos'd his reign,
The two young *Pompeys* raise in fartherst Spain
There where the great *Alcides* pillars stand,
And proudly boast to bound the fartherst land.
That part of Spain must prove the third sad stage
Of Civil war, and Romes self-wounding rage.
Those, that inhabite that far Western shore,
Vainly suppose that they alone, before
The setting Sun forsake this hemisphere,
Do view his face at naerer distance there

Than

Than other men, than other countries can;
And that he falls into their Ocean
As Poets taught; or elſe his lofty Sphere
Bows down more near the Globe terreſtrial there,
Becauſe his beautious Orb, before the ſet,
Unto their eyes appear more large and great,
Thoſe miſtie foggs and vapours that ariſe
From that great Sea, which interpoſed lies,
Breaking diffuſe the rays, from th'eyes that went,
Or elſe inlarge the objects figure ſent,
And make the ſetting Sun ſeem greater ſo,
As bright things largeſt in the water ſhow:
Whence they ſcarce any twilight have at all,
Either at *Phœbus* riſing, or his fall;
Day breaks together with the riſing Sun,
And day together with the ſet is done.

All Spain, in figure of a bullocks hide,
Is by the Ocean wath'd on every ſide,
And made almoſt an Iſle, ſave where her ground
The Pyrenæan hills from France do bound:
From whoſe Eaſt end (for old diſcription makes
Five ſides of Spain) the firſt beginning takes,
And Weſt-ward thence unto the Gades extends,
But by the way to South obliquely bends;
And is invirond by the mid-land Seas,
Where ſtand thoſe Ilands Balearides,
From whence *Metellus* took his famous ſtile,
Fair Ebuſus, and that ſmall ſnaky Iſle.
The ſecond ſide from Gades, (of ſmall extent)
Is to the Sacred promontory bent;
In which ſhort ſpace, two rivers, of no ſmall
Account in Spain, into the Ocean fall,
Bætis and Anas; far their channels ſpread,
And from the ſilver mountains both take head:
Both their great channels do at laſt divide,
And make two Ilands by the Oceans ſide:
From thence the third ſide in a line extends,
And at the Nerian promontory ends,
From South directly North it goes; this bound
Of Spain doth Weſtward know no further ground:

That all along the boundleſs Ocean laves,
Thither the golden Tagus rouls his waves,
Winding through Luſitania, and into
That Ocean doth in one great channel flow:
From thence the Northern ſide of Spain extends,
And at the Pyrenæan mountains ends,
Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea;
Within thoſe ſhores the wildeſt Nations be
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Aſturians,
And (thoſe that name the Sea) Cantabrians:
But laſt of all, the fifth and North-eaſt ſide
The Pyrenæi make, which do divide
Gallia from Spain, which by their wondrous height
Might ſeem to threat the Skies, and once more fright
The gods with a Gigantick war: that ſide
Of thoſe high Mountains, which ſurveys the pride
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren ſhow,
Cloth'd with no graſs, no trees at all there grow:
The other ſide, which barren Spain ore-ſees
Shews like a fruitful ſummer, cloth'd with trees
Which never do their verdant colour loſe:
And ſo to both th' adjacent Countries ſhows,
As if to cloth himſelf, he had rob'd Spain,
And loſt his own, to make France rich again.
That lofty Mountain (if we truſt to Fame)
Did from the fair *Pyrene* take his name,
When great *Alcides* moved by the fame
Of King *Geryon's* ſtately cattel, came
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy ſpoil away,
Entring the bounds of Spain, he there made ſtay.
King *Ebrix* then ore all thoſe Mountains reign'd
And there with Feaſts *Alcides* entertain'd:
The conquering gueſt by fate unhappy, ſpy'd
Pyrene daughter to the King, and fry'd
With inward flames; at laſt, while there he ſtay'd,
His charming words had wonn the royal maid,
He vows his love ſtill conſtant ſhall remain,
And when with conqueſt he returns again,
Eſpouſal rites: but cruel Fates deny,
And make *Alcides* ſlow in victory,

Too

Too slow, alas! nor could the fight be try'd
Ere fair *Pyrene* miserably dy'd.
Her swelling womb now 'gan the fact reveal,
Nor could she longer her stoln love conceal,
When fearing her stern Fathers wrathful spight,
Into the woods she takes a secret flight:
There all alone to caves, and senseless trees
Shee wailes her Fate, and calls great *Hercules*,
Or false, or slow; till some fell beasts that were
More savage than their kind, had seized her,
And whilest in vain, alas! she did implore
Her absent lover, her to pieces tore.

Seven times had *Cynthia* fill'd her wained light,
When he return'd with conquest from the fight;
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy spoils
The recompence of his successful toils,
Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to find
What oft before his sad mis-giving mind
Made him suspect, distraught with grief and woes
Among the woods, and craggy hills he goes
In search of her, and with a mournful sound,
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hills rebound
Pyrene's name; the hills themselves did shake,
The savage beasts, and mountain-robbers quake
No Tygers prey'd, nor Lions durst to move,
Whilest great *Alcides* sought his wretched Love.
But wandring through the solitary wood,
When he had found her limbs, and understood
Pyrenes wretched Fate, Oh Love, (quoth he)
'Twas my accursed absence murther'd thee:
What savage beast durst this? What power above
Suffer'd so much against *Alcides* Love?
Oh would *Geryons* spoils had all been lost,
And I nere stirr'd from this beloved coast:
Then gathering up those sad dear reliques, there
Within the Mountains side he did interre
His Love and sorrow. This small Tombe (alas)
When times strong hand (quoth he) shall quite deface,
Thy state shall greater be, and time to come,
Shall reckon all those hills, *Pyrenes* Tomb.

The Fates consented, and by lasting fame
Those Mountains ever bore *Pyrenes* name.
The two young *Pompey's* with their powers, not far
From Gades now marching, meant to seat the war
In that rich country, where fair Bætis flows,
And on the region his own name bestows,
(Though Turdetania, from the men that came
To plant it first, be yet another name.)
There they the fatal Munda do possess
A town yet famous for their dire success
With other Towns not far, Ategua,
And Ucubis, and stately Corduba
That old Patritian Colony, whose name
The births of great and learned Romans fame.
The Turdetanian region may for rare
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare,
With any piece of earth; no other soil
Does more reward th'industrious plough-mans toil
With rich increase; no other pastures keep
Moe horned heards, moe wealthy-fleeced sheep,
Those many branches, which from Bætis flow,
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields bestow;
Whose yellow banks, no less then Tagus is,
Are stor'd with metals of the highest price
In every place; more gold no barren ground
Affords, than in that wealthy glebe is found:
Which nature seldome does together give;
And happy might the Turdetanians live,
But that their Country too too happy is,
And on their conquest sets too high a price.
Their wealthy grounds are oft the seat of war,
And prey to every powerful Conqueror:
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintain
Their rival forces with the wealth that Spain
Afforded there, while Fortuen doubted yet
Which land to make the worlds Imperial seat.
When like to Titius fruitful liver, they
Sustain'd those birds, to whom they were a prey;
And suffering Spain by those great factions rent,
That Vulture fed which did it self torment;

Nor

Nor lies the gold of that rich region
Deep in the bowels of the earth alone,
Thence to be digg'd up with a toil as great
As is the value; there they need not ſweat
In gathering wealth, nor need they far to fly
From day, or threaten Pluto's Monarchy
With their deep labours; the rich metal's found
Upon the gliſtering ſurface of the ground,
And lies on rivers banks commixt with ſand,
Or elſe with duſt upon the drier land,
And Mountains tops: what reaſon can be found
Should ſo inrich the upper part of ground
Unleſs you truſt a tale? When *Phaëton*
Did erſt miſguide the Charriot of the Sun,
And ſcorch'd the earth; the nature then of all
Theſe grounds Sulphurious was, and Mineral;
The metals melted by the Sun, fry'd up,
And ſo with eaſe are gather'd at the top.
To *Pompey's* army, while they there remain,
The ſeveral nations from all parts of Spain
(Beſides thoſe ſcattered troops from Thaptus fled,
Which *Labienus* there and *Varus* led)
Adjoyn themſelves; the fierce Cantabrians,
That think it baſe to yeild to Natures hands
Their lives, as if beſtow'd for war alone;
Gallecians ſkill'd in divination;
The Callaicians too, whoſe men intend
Nothing but war, and ſtill in rapine ſpend
Their ventrous lives, uſing the womens hands
To all works elſe, to ſow and plough the lands:
From old Herda, that ſo lately try'd
Romes Civil wars, comes aid to *Pompey's* ſide;
From Minius bankes come bold Asturians,
From golden Tagus Luſitanians;
Fierce Ceretans, *Alcides* Souldiers,
The light-arm'd Vaſcon, that no helmet wears:
And Concani, that in their drink expreſs
Themſelves deriv'd from wilde Maſſagetes,
Their greateſt thirſt with horſes blood they ſlake.
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take

From Gauls and Spaniards; who do ever burn
Their friends dead bodies, and extreamly mourn
(Accounting it the worſt unhappineſs)
If Wolves, or Vultures their dead limbs ſhould ſeize
From Sucro's banks come Hedetan ſupplies,
And from the lofty towers of Setabis:
The Vettones, the Oretanians too,
And th' enſignes of Parnaſſian Caſtulo,
With all the Spaniſh Nations elſe, whom love
Of old dead *Pompey* to the war did move.

Annotations upon the fifth Book.

a *This* Arſinoë, *which had in the tumult of Ægypt be*
aluted Queen by the Souldiers (as was before declared) an
afterwards by Cæſar *apprehended, and here led in triumph*
(according to Dion*) and releaſed at the ſuit of her ſiſter*
Cleopatra *then Queen of Ægypt, was afterwards murthe*
red by the ſame Cleopatra *(as* Joſephus *reports) for* Cleo
patra *in the time of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumuir, di*
by her cruelty extinguiſh the royal blood of the Ptolemeys
and impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals
her in that government, did not only poyſon young Ptole
mey *her brother, whom* Cæſar *had made her huſband, bu*
cauſed her ſiſter Arſinoë *to be murdered as ſhe was at h*
Devotion in the Temple. Joſeph. l. 15. de antiq.

(b) *This* Juba *(ſaith* Plutarch*) was happy in his ca*
tivity, and loſs of his ſo great an inheritance, for at Rome h
obtained happy education, and inſtead of a barbarous Prin
became a learned and judicious writer: he is mentioned b
divers of thoſe ages; he wrote Commentaries of the Lybia
Kings, and divers obſervations of his own times; he was in
duſtrious in the ſtudy of natural Philoſophy, and ſearchin
the natures of hearbs & plantes; he was the firſt that foun
out the vertues and malignity of the herb Euphorbium, an
called it by the name of his chief Phyſition: he ſerved Au
guſtus Cæſar *in his wars againſt* Marcus Antonius, *an*
was afterwards by his bounty reſtored to a Crown (thoug
not to all the Dominions of his father) and married Cleopa
tra *the daughter of* M. Antonius *&* Cleopatra. *Strab. l. 7*

(c) i

(c) Pharnaces *had escaped by flight, and was slain by* Asander, *who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his Person was not led in Triumph; the conquest of* Pharnaces (*saith* Dion) *though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet* Cæsar *much gloried in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carrie those three words in Triumph,* Veni, vidi, vici. Dion. lib. 42.

(d) Cæsar *was especially magnificent in doing honour* (*saith* Dion) *to* Venus, *whom he accounted, and desired to have it generally believed, the original of his pedigree; from her also* (*as* Appian *reports*) *he would glorie that he had received beauty of bodie, she beeing the Queen of Love and Beautie.*

(e) Cæsar *after all these Triumphs, and assurances of greatnes was yet threatned by a third war in Spain: a war* (*saith* Dion) *not to be contemned; nay, far greater and more full of danger than all his former wars: the battel of Munda* (*saith* Florus) *for furie, slaughter, and crueltie as much exceeded Thapsus, as Thapsus did Pharsalia, &c.*

THE

THE

THE SIXTH BOOK.

The Argument of the sixth Book.

Varus *by* Didius *on the stormy Main*
Is vanquished: Cæsar *arrives in Spain,*
And raises Pompey's *siege from Ulia's walls*;
He takes Ategua: both Generals
Remov'd from thence, the war to Munda bear:
Cæsar's *despaire*; *his mens unusual fear*;
A bloudy conquest they at last obtain,
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus *slain.*

BUt ere the Tragick war arriv'd in Spain,
And did with bloud the continent distain,
The Ocean bore it, and was first the Stage
Of this third furie, and revived rage:
There where th' extended Libyan coast doth meet
Almost with Spains Tartessus, *Varus* Fleet
Guarded the straightened Sea in *Pompey's* name;
Thither for *Cæsar Didius* Navie came:
Two shores their furie at neer distance saw,
Fearing to whether land the war would draw;
But Affrick bled before; what did remain
Of Romes dissentions, Fates decreed to Spain:
That narrow point of Sea on all four sides
Great lands from lands, great Seas from Seas divides,
In breadth the Libyan continent and Spain,
In length th' Iberian and great Western main.
The Navies scarce their furious fight began,
When all in waves the threatning Ocean
Swell'd up; and they encounter'd from the Sea
As great a danger as the war could be.
The Southern wind from Tingitania blows;
And from the Western Ocean *Corus* rose;

Fierce

Fierce *Boreas* met them from the Spanish coast,
And now the Sea on every side was tost;
Their several waves the different winds did move,
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove
A war so sad and wicked to prevent
Or drown both Fleets while they were innocent.
But greater was their dire desire of fight
Than was the Oceans rage, or winds despight:
To impious war through storms as rough they go
As would the greediest venturing Merchant do
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spains rich ore,
Or brightest gemmes from th' Erythræan shore.
But when no space almost at all divides
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,
Tugge at the oar, and (though the Ocean raves)
With arms unweary'd cut the curled waves:
The horrid showting of the Souldiers drown'd
All noise of rowing and shrill Trumpets sound,
Yet all these sounds, and all the noise of war
The winds, and louder storms out roared far
With which, and Darts, the air is darkned round;
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound:
Some by their own endevours meet their foes,
Others the winds and stormy Seas expose
Before they thought; to trial of the war,
Dashing together with more furie far,
The adverse ships, than else they would have met;
Now grew the horrour and confusion great:
Their fears were different; some, while others fought,
Repair'd those ruins which the storm had wrought,
And stopp'd their leaking Ships, preventing so
The certain danger of a nearer foe:
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Souldiers cheer,
Or guide his Fleet; the tempest every where
Is onely heard; but leaving his commands
Puts all into the winds and Fortunes hands;
No more could *Varus* for young *Pompey* do:
Guided dy chance against each other go
Th' amazed Fleets; some vessels sides bor'd through
By sharp and brazen stems; nor do they know

Sure-

Surely to whom they do their ruin ow,
Whether the weathers furie or the foe.
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright
The ears alone; but through that horrid night,
Wch showr-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought
With no small terrour the wing'd lightning shot:
No other light to them the day could give;
No other fire in such a storm could live.
Some Ships now almost taken by the foes,
The Swelling Sea with violence orethrows,
And vindicates their honour from surprize;
Some sink, when boorded by the enemies,
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see
A quick revenge of their captivitie.
Fortune did seem against both sides to fight
A while, and wreak in common her despight,
But long it held not; She at last decided
The day, and shew'd for whom she had provided
So great a labour of the troubled Main;
And *Cæsar's* forces a full conquest gain:
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he
Ow'd to such aids as those the victorie.
Varus perceives the Fates themselves conspire
On *Cæsar's* side, and forced to retire:
When now he saw part of his hapless powers
Orewhelm'd, part seized by the conquerours,
With his poor remnant flies, and gets into
Carteias harbour; thence by land to go
To *Pompey's* Camp; *Pompey* at Ulla stay'd,
And siege in vain to that strong Citie lay'd.
Cæsar with more than his accustom'd speed
(By which his great designs did still succeed)
Hasts to the war in Spain, and gone from Rome
In seventeen days was to Sagunthus come,
That true Sagunthus, whose so Tragick fall
Did once upbraid the Heavens, and envie call
Upon their Justice, till th' offenders fate,
And final ruin of the Punike State
Absolv'd the gods again: with Chrystal waves
The Cities Western side fair Durias laves,

Clo-

Clothing with verdant grass th' adjoyning plain,
And gently slides into th' Iberian Main.
His quick arrival, unexpected there,
With sudden joy did all the Souldiers cheer:
With speed as great from thence he marches on
Thorough the Celtiberian region,
Not Duria's stream, nor mount Idubeda,
Nor Sucro's rapid flood his course could stay,
Nor that high glittering Mountain, that for fame
Of his great wealth retaines the silver name:
From whose descent rich Bætis takes his head;
Along the shore of Bætis *Cæsar* led
His cheerful Souldiers on to Corduba;
Either to take that wealthy Town, or draw
Pompey from Ulla's siege; the first in vain
Cæsar assay'd, the last he did obtain:
For *Pompey* straight, although within the Town
His brother *Sextus* lay in Garrison,
Abandons Ulla, and 'gainst *Cæsar* goes;
Who from the walls, of Corduba arose
Before his foes approch, loth there to trie
The utmost hazard of a war so high.
But passing thence ore Salsus stream, does lay
With more success, siege to Ategua,
And wins the Town, maugre the feeble aid
Munatius brought: but there while *Cæsar* stay'd,
A fair ostent the gods were pleas'd to shew,
A towring Eagle long ore *Cæsar* flew
Till seeming wearie, with a fair descent
It gently pearch'd on young *Octavius* tent,
Who follow'd then his Father to the war
A good presage the augurs all declare,
And not alone to shew the wars success,
But young *Octavius* future happiness:
But not so soon, alas, could they foresee
The full effect of this fair augurie:
How many civil wounds did yet remain
Ere Rome with patience brook a *Cæsar's* reign,
And for her safetie be inforc'd to flie
To Great *Augustus* happy Monarchie?

For

For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State
Was Rome oppresst, and *Julius* fortunate;
For thee were *Marius* crimes, and *Sylla's* wrought:
For thee was Thapsus and Pharsalia fought,
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,
Might'st those high titles without envie wear,
Which mightie *Julius* with a toil so great,
With so much bloud and envie striv'd to get.
Thou then anew that powerful State shalt mould,
And long the Worlds high Scepter safely hold
Above all Rivals plac'd; thy god-like State
No force shall shake; when shutting *Janus* gate,
Thou shalt set ope the sacred Thespian spring,
And there securely hear the Muses sing,
Whose stately lays still keep thy deathless fame,
And make immortal Great *Augustus* name:
Nor ever d'd the Arts so truly reign,
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a strain
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,
Till such a Monarch liv'd to give the Bayes.

Griev'd for Ategua's loss, and fearing now
That other Towns would, following Fortune, go
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake,
Pompey resolves with all his strength to make
A speedy trial of a war so great,
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.
To Munda's fatal fields was *Cæsar* gone;
Thither young *Pompey's* armie marches on:
The Town was hi; and neer the Town, arose
An high and spatious hill; where *Pompey* chose
T' incampe his men; from whence he might survay
The plains below where *Cæsar's* armie lay.

No prodigies forespake the black event
Of that days wondrous battel, no ostent
At all was show'd from seas, earth, air, or skies,
No entrails spake, no birds gave auguries:

Those

Those sad portents, that us'd to strike a fear
At other times in men, were spared there.
Yet were their fears far greater; they suspect
The silence of the gods, loth to detect
So great a ruin as did then ensue:
Horrour invades their breasts; although they knew
No cause from whēce those strange amazements grow
No outward signs appear'd, their threatnings now
Were inward all; they make, by sad surmise
Within themselves a thousand prodigies.
In *Pompey's* camp th' amazed Souldiers
Sad silence kept, distraught 't wixt desp'rate fears,
And tragick hopes; pale horrour to their eys
Seems to present the future Tragedies,
And the dear ghosts of slaughter'd friends appear:
Yet know not they whether themselves should fear,
Or hope their hands should make th' ensuing Fate.
On one side *Cæsar's* Fortune does abate
Their confidence too much; on tother they
Resolve, overcome, not to out-live the day:
But (Oh strange Fate!) the bold Cæsarians
Grow faint and heartless; and those active hands,
That had so often drawn their Countries bloud,
And 'gainst all Laws for *Cæsar's* fortune stood;
That had before to their successful toils,
Promis'd the Worlds sole sway, and wealthy spoils
Of every nation, quake, and faulter here,
Nor from each other can conceal their fear.
How dear this field would cost, what 'twas to go,
Against the furie of a desperate foe,
Their trembling thoughts revolve; nor to their friends
Shame they to utter it; those dauntless minds,
That met with joy Pharsalia's dreadful day,
Those that at Thapsus battel could not stay
The Generals command; preventing there
The signal, now both fight and signal fear.
But that the fear, which did his Camp invade
Might not seem strange, *Cæsar* himself was sad
Before the battel, and that cheerful look,
That usual vigour, whence his Souldiers took

Happie

Happie presages still, was changed there;
Nor did his wonted confidence appear:
Perhaps revolving the uncertain Fate
Of things, and frailtie of man 's higheſt ſtate,
And how unceſſant ſtorms do beat upon
The loftie Cedars, learns to fear his own
By others mightie falls ſo lately wrought;
Or Fortune elſe preſenting to his thought
Her many favours, and his long ſucceſs,
He weigh'd the time of *Pompey's* happineſs,
Who in her favour claim'd as great a ſhare
As he could now, before Pharſalia's war.
That he arrived now as high in State
As *Pompey* was; might fear Great *Pompey's* Fate:
Whoſe fall (though wrought for him) had let him ſee
Fortunes great power, and ſtrange unconſtancie:
But leſt his ſadneſs ſhould too much diſmay
The Souldiers hearts before ſo great a day,
He recollects himſelf, and with fain'd chear,
And forced looks, taught to diſſemble fear,
Thus to his army ſpeaks; Victorious troups,
On whoſe known valour more than *Cæſar's* hopes,
His certain State depends, ſee here in Spain
This fainting *Hydra* yet ſhoots forth againe
His laſt weak heads; let that Herculean might,
That lopt the firſt, and ſtrongeſt off in fight,
Make perfect your great labour, which requires
The laſt hand here: of all your large deſires
You are free maſters, when this field is fought,
Though all the world for freſh ſupplies were ſought,
In Fortunes power it lies not to expoſe
Your quiet State again, or find you foes.
But what are theſe that once again ſhould dare
Moleſt our peace with unexpected war?
What can theſe barbarous half-arm'd Nations do?
Or what unfain'd affection can they ow
To *Pompey's* ſide? or do they fear his name,
And have not heard enough of *Cæſars* fame?
Have not the wars by old Ilerda taught (brought
Our ſtrength to Spain? what Roman powers are
Thither,

Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and unskill'd
In Militarie arts, that nere beheld
A foe before? and those poor few that know
The war, are such as have been beat by you;
And bring more fear than help unto their side;
Will *Varus* troups your well-known strenght abide?
Or that so often vanquish'd runnagate
False *Labienus*, long maintain the Fate
Of his young general? Brave Souldiers on,
Perfect that work that is so neerly done.
His speech no shouts, no acclamation finds,
Nor could it raise their sad dejected minds:
And though, the signal given, all Trumpets sound,
And *Pompey's* armie from the upper ground
Make down to charge, the cold Cæsarians
Dare not approch, nor follow the commands
Of their great General; when *Cæsar* fill'd
With grief and rage, seizing a Spear and Shield;
This day, quoth he (no more my Souldiers)
Shall end the life of *Cæsar*, and your wars;
Remember whom you leave; then forth he flies
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hopes,
Awhile made stand; at last from all the troups
'Gainst *Cæsar's* head whole storms of Javelins come;
Some in his shield he does receive, and some
Avoids, declining of his body down;
Till shame not courage brought his Souldiers on
To save their General; and 'gainst the foe
They do begin a fight so (*a*) furious now,
As if with this new rage they would appear
To recompence their ignominious (*b*) fear
Th' auxiliary troups on either side
Gave back, and left the battel to be try'd
By none but Roman hands; who man to man,
And foot to foot a constant fight began
With so great horrour, as who had beheld
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloudy field
Would have esteem'd those furies light, and thought
He nere saw war till Munda's field was fought.

Both

Both Generals alike 't wixt hope and fear,
With needleſs ſpeeches their fierce Souldiers chear,
Till weary'd with the toil, they both retire,
And from two little hills behold the dire
Encounter of their men; when *Cæſar's* eys,
That drie, had view'd whole Nations tragedies,
Began to melt; and whyleſt bright victorie,
Ore both the armies hover'd doubtfully,
Cæſar and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,
And onely pity'd their engaged troups,
Fearing both armies in the place would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one tragedie.
A baleful ſilence on the ſudden then
Poſſeſt the field; no ſhowts of fighting men
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keep in
Their ſpirits for action; hands alone were ſeen
To move, and write in bloudy Characters
Their deep reſolves: young *Pompey's* Souldiers
Beyond this day diſdain to hope at all;
And *Cæſar's* men promiſe, in *Pompey's* fall
To all their toils a rich and quiet cloſe,
And that the World no more can find them foes:
At laſt the battels fortune ſeem'd to lean
To *Pompey's* ſide, and *Cæſars* fainting men
Gave back apace, nor ſcarce with all their might
Could the Centurions ſtay their open flight:
When *Cæſar* arm'd with high diſpair, preparing
The fatal Ponyard, which he wore, and baring
His manly breaſt, thus ſpeakes; Oh Fortune, now
I ſee thou wants not power to overthrow
What ere thou build'ſt: but I accuſe not thee;
Enough already haſt thou done for me:
Enough have thy tranſcendent favours grac'd (laſt
My lives whole courſe: ſhould'ſt thou not change at
Perhaps the erring World might cenſure me
More than a man, and thee no Deitie:
I that ſo long have thy high favours known,
Can thus ſecurely entertain thy frown.
There had he dy'd; but as kind mothers do
Oft let their children neer to dangers goe,

That

That then, when they perceive them most affraid,
They may the more indear their timely aid:
So Fortune finds an unexpected way
To save his fate; whilest yet his men made stay
And kept the field, King *Bogud*, that without
The battel stood, wheels suddenly about
To seize young *Pompey's* Camp; which to prevent
Leaving his station, *Labienus* went,
And with him drew five cohorts from the fight:
Which action chang'd the battels fortune quite;
Whilest hapless errour through both armies flew,
And *Pompey's* battel suddenly orethrew;
For misconceit that *Labienus* fled
Had quite disheartened his own side, and bred
In *Cæsar's* Souldiers most assured hopes:
Nor could young *Pompey* stay his flying troops,
Too late (alas) it was to make them know
What hapless errour caus'd their overthrow;
For routed once ore all the field they fly
A prey to the pursuing enemy.

Unhappy *Attius Varus*, where he stood
Environ'd round with carcasses and bloud;
Varus, that twice before a war had led
'Gainst *Cæsar's* fortune, and twice vanquished:
When he had labour'd long in vain to stay
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,
Or longer keep that often conquer'd breath,
Now rushes boldly on, to find a death
Amid'st the thickest of his enemies,
And gladly there on all their weapons dies.

But when (alas) sad *Labienus* view'd
How great and swift a ruin had ensu'd
Upon his hapless action, cursing Fate
And his own dire misfortune, too too late
Seeking to ralley his disorder'd troops,
He crys, 'tis I, that have undon the hopes
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I have lost the day:
Through this dire brest take your revenging way,
And expiate this fatal overthrow,
Or *Cæsar's* swords shall take revenge for you:

Then

Then (like a Lybian Lion round beſet,
Arm'd with a high deſpair and rage as great)
Careleſs of wounds or weapons, forth he goes
To ſell a loathed life deer to his foes:
Till by a thouſand ſwords at laſt he dies
And to the ſhades his angry ſpirit flies.
Pompey perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſs irreparable grown,
And though he ſee no cauſe that ſhould invite
Him to out-live the fury of the fight,
His own freſh youth perſwads him t' entertain
A future hope to raiſe his ſtate again:
High mounted on a Spaniſh Steed he flies
(Leaving in field his routed companies)
With ſpeed, Carteia's harbour to attain,
And ſail from thence. but to diſaſtrous Spain
Sterne Fates the death of this young man decree;
And he ere long the ſelf ſame deſtinie
Forc'd to endure on Spains unhappy ground,
That his great Father in falſe Ægypt found.
His brother (*c*) *Sextus* ſcap'd from that ſad day
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia
To raiſe his State again, again to breath
Freſh war and ruin after *Cæſar's* death,
And once again with faction rend the State
In that ſad time of Romes Triumvirate.
The fight was done, and nothing now enſu'd
But impious rage, and murder, the purſu'd
To *Pompey's* Camp and Munda's walls (alas)
For refuge fled, but vain that refuge was.
So horrid now was the Cæſarians rage,
That neither piety could their heat aſſwage
Nor ſtrength defend their wretched enemies
From their dire force, on every ſide the cries
And groans of dying men are heard alone:
Never ſo ſavage cruelty was ſhown
Againſt the worſt of forreign foes, as then
The vanquiſh'd felt from their own Countreymen:
Which moſt appear'd, when to ſurprize the Town
(A thing amongſt Barbarians never known)
The works they rais'd againſt it to maintain

The

The siege, were carcasses of Romanes slain.
Cæsar, that nere before did truly see
How hard it was to gain a victorie,
(Since Fortune still his wish with ease had wrought,
And he for glory not for life had fought,
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had lost,
Grieving to find what this sad conquest cost,
He sometimes wail'd his own slain Souldiers then,
Sometimes the slaughter'd foes, as Countrimen,
And wishes some, to whom he now might show
His mercy, had survived the overthrow;
And almost taxes Fortune, who that day
Had wrought his ends by such an envy'd way.
Never till now did *Cæsar's* pensive breast,
Truly revolve how tragical the best
Success will be that Civil war affords,
And how deep wounds his sadly conquering swords
Had made in th' entrails of afflicted Rome.
Now Thapsus battel, now Pharsalia come
Into his sad remembrance; and almost
He wishes all his Triumphs had been lost,
Rather than with such horrid slaughter won,
And that he nere had crossed Rubicon:
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh
The inward sorrow for so black a day. (led,
While thus Great *Cæsar's* troubled thoughts were
Cenonius enters and presents the head
Of Noble *Pompey*, whose now pity'd state
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,
In treacherous Ægypt; and no less than his
Inforced tears of ruth from *Cæsar's* eys.
How did he die (quoth he) relate to us
His tragedie: when thus *Cenonius*; (troups
When Munda's fields strew'd with his slaughter'd
Young *Pompey* saw, and voide of present hopes
Fled to Carteia, to embark from thence
For forren coasts, fearing the Citizens
And our pursuit, he left the Town again,
And quite bereft of all his scattered train
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,

That

That not far distant from Carteia stood,
Hoping the covert of that shady place
A while might yeild him shelter from the chace.
We enter'd in, and long the wood survay'd
With curious eyes, and long in vain we stray'd:
But far within a spreading Beech there stood,
Where weary'd now, and faint through loss of blood
Alone he sate, he that had fought so late
'Gainst three, Oh *Cæsar*, with long doubtful fate:
He whom so many Roman legions
Did lately guard, so many nations
Obey'd and serv'd, now all forsaken sate
A sad example of mans frail estate.
When I approaching bad him yeild to me
In *Cæsar's* name: never alive (quoth he,)
Let *Cæsar* see my head, for nere can that
Be my disgrace, that was my Fathers fate:
By this unhappy token let him know
The heir of *Pompey*, and perceive a foe
That might have proved worthy of his fear:
So let me go to him, rather than bear
A conquerours disdain, or blushing be
The pitty'd subject of an enemy:
Nor shall you find, I prize, so cheap a life
(Though vanquished) as without any strife
To send it him. Then with a courage high
Above his strength, above the misery
Of his forsaken state, among us all
He flies, or to prevent, or tell his fall.
Dear as he could, alas, for victory
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lie
Within the power of his unwilling foes
To save that life which he resolv'd to loose.
But meeting wounds a way at last it tied:
Cæsar, with sighs, beholds the noble head,
Pitying his fall, and bids *Cenonius* bear
It thence, to find the body, and interre
Them both in such a manner, as became
To unhappy ruins of so great a name:
And thence, secur'd from fears, marches away

By Bætis stream, to stately Corduba,
Now the Herculian Gades, fair Hispalis,
Munda, so lately fatal, Ucubis,
Ategua, and all the other towns
Which fence the wealthy Bætick Regions,
Breath nought but peace, nor longer to oppose
Cæsar's prevailing Fortune, harbour foes.
Nor do these onely their subjection yeild
To *Cæsar*, but the farthest, the most wilde,
And savage nations, rough Asturians,
Fierce Callaicians, bold Cantabrians
From all the farthest distant shores of Spain
Do humbly sue his favour to obtain:
The love they bare to *Pompey's* name before
Was quite ore-born by Fate, and could no more
Maintain a Faction against *Cæsar's* power;
Who now a sole unrival'd conquerour,
From that subjected coast hasts to be gone
To visite Rome, which now was his alone,
And there in fearless triumphs to display
The woful glories of black Munda's day.

Annotations upon the fourth book.

a *How truly the manner of this battel is here expressed, or how far it may be lawful for one writing by the way as a Poet to digress, I leave it to the judgement of the reader, and that you may briefly see it without the labour of searching books, thus the cruel battel of Munda by two Historians of credit is described (to omit others for brevity sake.)*

Dion Cassius l. 43. *thus: At the first conflict the auxiliaries on both sides fled away, but the Romans forces encountering fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their associates, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand: they gave no groans nor left their station, but killing or dying, made good the place: there were no clamours nor military shouts heard, nor bare groans, only these speeches, strike, kill, Cæsar and Pompey both on horseback from two hills beheld the battel, and knew not what they should resolve, but were equally distrac-*

ed between fear and confidence. And afterwards thus: So long and fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unleſs King Bogud, who ſtood with his forces without the battel, had turned about to ſurpriſe the Camp of Pompey, and Labienus had left the battel to prevent him, they had all without doubt dyed in the battel, or night had parted them upon equal termes.

Florus relates it thus: Doubtful and ſad was this battel, Fortune ſeeming to deliberate, and not reſolving what to do: Cæſar himſelf was ſad before the battel, contrary to his cuſtome, either conſidering the frailty of mankind, or ſuſpecting the long continuance of his proſperitie, or elſe fearing the fate of Pompey, being now grown to the height of Pompey: but in the battel it ſelf (what never before had been known to happen) while both the armies were in their height of fury, a ſuddain ſilence, as if by conſent, was throughout the field: and laſt of all (a thing not uſual in Cæſar's army (the old ſouldiers began to give ground, and that they did not abſolutely flie, it ſeemed to be ſhame, not valor that withheld them: Concerning the diſpair of Cæſar, and this his action Appian is my warrant, and Florus partly teſtifies as much.

c Sextus Pompeyus did long lurk in Celtiberia, till after the death of Julius Cæſar, he levyed forces, and ſurpriſed the Iſland of Sycily, he commanded the Seas in thoſe parts, and ſaved many Romans that fled to him from the proſcription of the triumuiri: he was at laſt vanquiſhed at Sea by Marcus Agrippa the chief General for Auguſtus Cæſar, and ſlain in Aſia by the Souldiers of Marcus Antonius the Triumuir.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

What different passions 'mongst the people rise
At Cæsar's new transcendent dignities:
He, to decline the envy of his reign,
Designes a war against the Parthian.
Cassius *consults with* Brutus *to set free*
The State again by Cæsar's *Tragedy.*
The Lords conspire unto the Capitol
Cæsar *securely goes (though of his fall*
By fatal prodigies foretold in vain)
And entring there is by the Senate slain.

THat civil fury, that so long had torne
Romes state, and through so many regions born
Her bleeding wounds, it self had wasted now;
And long'd for peace did seem again to show
Her cheerful fave; the people hop'd for rest,
Since now unrival'd *Cæsar* was possest
Of all the honours, Rome could give, alone,
And the world knew no other power but one.
The ore-joy'd people with it even sunk
(His power was grown above their envie now)
And to the gods they willingly forgive
The loss of that unsafe prerogative

Their liberty, and gladly would adore
A ſafe and peaceful Scepter; for the more
His might in war their terrors did increaſe,
The more his vertues now ſecure their peace:
No better guardian, wiſh they, to the State
Than mighty *Ceſar*, whoſe unconquer'd Fate
So long prevail'd 'gainſt all oppoſing powers,
And cruſh'd ſo many great competitors.
Nor do the poor Plebeians wiſh it ſo
Alone; theſe hopes the weary'd Senate too
(Except ſome few) do harbour with delight,
And gladly give conſent to *Ceſar's* height:
They moſt of all deſire a calm. ſince moſt
The higheſt Cedars by rough ſtorms are toſt;
They wiſh the ſhadow of that freedom gone,
Whoſe ſubſtance long agoe was overthrown.
For what ſince *Maurim* times, ſince *Sylla's* reign
Did they of ancient liberty retain,
But the bare name? For which ſo dear a price
They paid and ſaw ſo many Tragedies:
And therefore not alone from flattery,
But from true joy to *Ceſar* they decree
More height of honour, and more ſtate than can
Fit the condition of a private man,
Leſt he perchance might ſeem in his own eyes,
Leſs then a Monarch: to thoſe dignities,
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*
He had receiv'd, they add far greater now,
Divine and humane, that throughout all lands
And all the Kingdoms which great Rome commands,
Not only Sacrifices ſhould be had
For him, and offerings in all Temples made,
But Temples to himſelf they do decree
To conſecrate as to a Deity:
But one more ſumptuous than the reſt, and high
Erected is to him and Clemencie
Joyning their Deities, where hand to hand
Does *Ceſar's* image with the goddeſs ſtand:
And (as his Countries ſaviour) every where
His rich-wrought Statues oaken Garlands wear.

They

They ſtile him Conſul for ten years to come,
Dictator ever, Father of his Rome;
And that in every cauſe, for ample State,
He, as Supreme, and Soveraign *Magiſtrate*
Should judgement give from a Tribunal high
Of burniſh'd gold, and poliſh'd Ivory.
That thoſe chaſt maids, which keep the Veſtal flame,
And all Romes Prieſts ſhould vow in *Cæſar's* name,
And for his ſafety offer every year,
And he himſelf a Robe Triumphal wear
At publike Sacrifice; that thanks ſhould be
Giv'n to the gods for his each victory,
And the daies ſacred. Who could ere have thought
That day on which Pharſalia's field was fought,
Or that of Thapſus, or ſad *Munda's* war
As holidays ſhould fill the Calendar?
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey's* tragick falls
Be kept with joy as Roman Feſtivals.
The moneth Quintilis, to his laſting fame,
(Which gave him birth) muſt bear great *Julius's* name.
What more deſerved honour could there be,
More fit, more grateful to poſterity,
For *Cæſar's* future memory to wear,
Than mention in his own amended year?
That he, whoſe wiſedome from confuſion
Had freed th'accounts of time, and to the Sun
Had ſquar'd his year, from all thoſe errors freed
Which negligence inſenſibly did breed,
In that ſhould live, while people every where
Throughout the World obſerve the *Julian* year.
And more to heighten his tranſcendent State,
They make decree, that every *Magiſtrate*
Shall (when elected) ſwear not to withſtand
What ever *Cæſar's* Edicts ſhall command,
Making his power ſo great, there's nothing now
But he himſelf, may on himſelf beſtow.
What now ſhould *Cæſar* fear? What ill ſucceſs
Can ſhake ſo ſtrong a grounded happineſs?
Or what ſhould Rome now in a State ſo bleſt
Suppoſe can rend her peace, or reave her reſt?

Asks it a greater vertue to maintain
A setled fortune than at first to gain?
Or is it easier to the powers on high
To give, than to preserve prosperity?
Or would the gods else let proud mortals see
By this so fatal mutability,
Their frail estate, and find the distance so
Betwixt Celestial powers, and powers below?
Cæsar to mould the State anew begins
With wholesome laws, and by his mercy wins
(If mercy could such envy overcome)
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home
Those banish'd Lords that had against him fought
To make all hatred, with the war, forgot;
And through the Empires wide circumference
Extends his bounty and Magnificence;
Carthage and Corinth he re-edifies,
And plants them both with Roman colonies,
And not detracting from th'old founders fames,
Lets them both bear their first renowned names.
But yet (suspecting what the sad event
Prov'd true) how hardly his new government
Will at the first be brook'd, till time allay
That Envies heat, that does as yet out-weigh
His lenity, and nothing more than rest
Matures the plots of discontented brests,
Cæsar resolves with speed to entertain
An honourable war, to wipe the stain
Of civil blood by forreign deeds away,
To fetch again from conquer'd Parthia
(Which yet secure did of Romes Trophees boast)
Those captive Eagles which slain *Crassus* lost.
His fixed thoughts on that high action set,
Unto a great and frequent Senate met
Thus *Cæsar* speaks; Fathers Conscript, had I
Meant to abuse my power in cruelty,
As *Cinna*, *Marius*, and dire *Sylla* did,
What closest vizor could so long have hid
My nature from you, you had found ere this
Some fatal signes but I, that still did with

Power

Power, for no other end than to ſecure
The uſe of vertuous deeds, and put in ure
Not what my paſſions but true reaſon taught,
In all theſe wars have for the publique fought,
To make my ſelf a guardian, not a Lord
Of Rome and you, and with a conquering ſword
Keep out all tyrants, that might elſe intrude,
Working your ſafety, not your ſervitude.
What can this Senate, or the people fear
From *Cæſar's* power, whoſe mercy every where
So many pardon'd enemies have try'd?
And, ſave in battel, none by me deſtroy'd:
Let thoſe ſurviving witneſſes relate
How I in war have us'd my proſperous Fate;
Let *Scipio's* papers burn'd, unread by me
(After the field of Thapſus) teſtifie
How loth I was to find in Rome a foe:
And rather choſe my dangers not to know,
But ſtill to live in danger, than to be
Secur'd by ſlaughter and ſeverity:
Nor, but enforc'd, witneſs the gods of Rome,
To this ſad civil war did *Ceſar* come,
And was compel'd (though loth) to conquer more
To purchaſe that, which I deſerv'd before,
For which ten years ſucceſsfully I fought
Againſt the Gaules, and all thoſe regions brought
Under the power of Rome, which lie between
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine,
And Britiſh Seas, nor did the German Rhine,
Or Britiſh Seas my victory confine,
Which flew beyond them both, and croſſing ore
(Where never Roman Eagles pearch'd before)
I taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,
And made the painted Britanes tributary:
For which my triumphs envy did deny;
To win for Rome was made a crime in me.
Had not my foes ungrateful injury
Turn'd back thoſe conquering armes on Italy
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command
Ere this ſubdu'd the fartheſt Eaſtern land.

Our name the Indians and tame Medes had known:
The Persian Susa, and proud Babylon
Had felt our strength, nor on the Parthian coast
So long had *Crassus* unrevenged Ghost
Complaining wander'd: That design for me
Rests now to act (so you the war decree.)
When first the spring dissolves the mountain snow,
And Western winds upon the waters blow;
When with his golden horns bright *Taurus* opes
The chearful year; shall these victorious troops
Advance against the Parthians, and there dye,
Or fetch those Eagles home with victory
Which *Crassus* lost: till then you need not fear
The insolency of the Souldier,
That their disorder'd silence here at home
May any way disturb the peace of Rome.
My care already has (besides the spoiles
Of forreign foes) rewarded all their toiles
With those great summes, which here so lately I
(Perchance much envy'd) rais'd in Italy
To keep them still, and did not fear to buy
With mine own Envy your security.
Then, Conscript Fathers, if your wisedoms shall
Esteem of *Cæsar* as a General,
Fit to revenge the Roman infamy
'Gainst Parthia's pride, decree the war to me:
I am your Souldier still; nor ere has ought
But Romes renown by all my toils been sought:
You shall perceive that *Cæsar's* Souldiers are
Not only fortunate in Civil war.
Cæsar had ended; when the Fathers all
To such a war, and such a General
Give glad consent, and with one voice decree
The Parthian war to *Cæsar's* auspicie.
But Fates deny what they so much desir'd;
The date of *Cæsar's* glory was expir'd,
And Fortune weary'd with his Triumphs now
Revolts from him; more ruin and more woe
Was yet behind for wretched Rome to tast:
Nor can their quiet happiness out-last

The

The life of *Cæsar*, whose approaching Fate
More Civil wars and wounds must expiate.
No vertue, bounty, grace, or clemency
Could long secure usurped Soveraignty:
For more that power to Citizens born free
Distastful was, than benefits could be
Sweet and delightsome: which soon hasten'd on
Tn' untimely death of *Cæsar*; Nor alone
To this conspiracy did hatred draw
His ancient foes, as *Pontius*, *Aquila*,
Bucolianus, and *Cecilius*,
Ligartus pardon'd once, and *Rubrius*,
Servilius Galba, *Sextus Naso* too,
Spurius, with many of the faction moe:
But even 'mongst *Cæsar's* friends dire envy wrought,
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought,
Cæsca, and *Cimber*, and *Minutius*
His seeming friends; nor thee, Oh *Cassius*,
Could *Cæsar's* favour, nor thy Pretorship
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murther keep.
Decimus Brutus too, so highly grac'd,
And in so near a ranck of friendship plac'd
With *Cæsar*, to whose trust and governance
The wealthy province of Transalpine France
Cæsar had left, envying his Patrons power
Among the rest is turn'd conspiratour:
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,
To be of strength enough, unless they get
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway
The Province of Cisalpine Gallia,
Colleague with *Cassius* (as Romes Pretors) then,
And high in *Cæsar's* grace: this brave young man
For his known vertues, and admired parts,
In all the peoples discontented hearts
Did seem most thought of, and mark'd out to be,
The vindicator of lost liberty:
Nor did they hide it, but in libels wrote
On his Pretorian cell, expresst their thought,
Taxing his courage as degenerate
From th'ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State

O;

Of Rome from Monarchy; as if the fame
Of such an act could suit no other name,
And he by fatal birth condemn'd to be
An actor now in *Cæsar's* tragedy.
Now had *Rhamnusian Nemesis* possest
In all her blackest forms, the vengeful brest
Of fiery *Cassius*, and did wholly sway
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay:
Who, by nights silence, enters *Brutus's* house;
Him there he finds alone, and anxious,
Wailing his Countries Fate, and sadder far
Than when the fear of this great civil war
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome
Was fill'd with fatal prodigies: to whom
Cassius begins: Oh why should *Brutus* spend
That pretious time in thought, which he should lend
In active aid, to his sad countries need;
That would again by *Brutus's* hand be free'd.
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect
That thou should'st work for them; mark the effect
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Sell:
There may'st thou read that (though contented well)
They look'd no farther than for vain delights
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian sights)
From other Prætors, they expect from thee
A benefit, no less than liberty:
Can *Brutus* think that *Cæsar*, while he lives,
Will ere relign so great a power, who strives
To make it more his own; and not content
With a Dictator's name and government,
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free,
Aimes at more certain marks of Monarchy,
The Regal Crown and Scepter, thinking all
The Senate gives, cause they can give it, small?
Why were the tribunes else, for taking down
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crown,
Depos'd? Or what could he by law alledge
Against their persons sacred priviledge?
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem
On *Cæsar's* head, to be refus'd by him

In

In publike onely, and not there to trie
How we would all allow his Monarchie?
Beſides a thouſand more ambitious arts,
He daily finds to ſound the peoples hearts.
His death the period of his pride muſt be,
And muſt with ſpeed be wrought: for if, till he
Return triumphant from the Parthian war,
We ſhould delay our vengeance, harder far,
And with more envie muſt it then be done,
When he more honour and more love has won.
To ſhake off *Cæſar's* yoke this is the time,
Or make it not our own, but Fortunes crime:
The Noble *Brutus* ſigh'd; Oh *Caſſius*,
If Heavens (quoth he) have not allotted us
A longer date of freedom, how can we
With feeble arms controule their high decree?
They, that in Affrick, Spain, and Theſſalie
Condemn'd the cauſe of Roman libertie,
Will not protect it now: and better far
It ſhould be loſt in fair and open war,
From whence at firſt it ſprung, and grew ſo high,
Than to be ſav'd by ſecret treacherie,
Such as the ancient Romans ſcorn'd to uſe
'Gainſt worſt of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threaten'd Rome, diſdain'd
To free his Countrey by a traitours hand,
Adventuring rather Romes ſad overthrow
By open war: nor 'gainſt a forren foe
Were theſe reſpects obſerv'd alone by us:
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,
And foe to Rome? Yet he by treaſon ſlain
On baſe *Perpenna* ſtuck a laſting ſtain:
What hope was there that one ſo deep in bloud
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, ever would
Reſign his reign to be a private man?
Yet who 'gainſt *Sylla's* life attempted then?
'Twixt whom and *Cæſar* was as great an ods
Almoſt, as 't wixt the Furies and the Gods.
As much as thoſe then living Romans were
Too timorous, too baſe, and prone to bear.

A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, shall we
Be judg'd ingrate to *Cæsar's* clemencie;
And those old men will more accuse our crime;
That can remember *Sylla's* bloudy time:
But I (of all accurst) that so much ow
To Cæsar's favours, am condemned now
To be a subject, or from servitude
To free my self by foul ingratitude:
Oh what a torture my distracted breast
Suffers, 't wixt two such sad extremes oppress?
Oh why, when dire Pharsalia's field was fought,
And I disguis'd in common armour sought
To reach his life, before I was descry'd,
And sav'd by *Cæsar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,
And free descended to the shades below?
Or if my aim had hit, one happie blow
Had rescu'd Rome from thrall without a stain
(Unless Great *Pompey* had usurp'd a reign)
And had not left our libertie to be
Thus poorly wrought by secret treacherie:
Oh, stay awhile our vengeance, *Cassius*,
See what the gods, and Fate will do for us,
Or what ere long our fatal enemies
The Parthians can do. *Cassius* replies,
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe
Again should triumph in our overthrow?
To have, with publick loss and infamie
That wrought for us, which may with honour be
(And Rome yet safe) by our own hands atchiev'd.
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiv'd,
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude
Impartial Justice foul ingratitude:
For if the deed be just no benefit,
Receiv'd, should hinder thee from acting it;
That were corruption, not true gratitude:
The greater favours *Cæsar* ere has shew'd
To thee, the more thy Justice will appear
In that the publick good thou dost prefer:
'T would take much honour from a deed so high,
If *Cæsar* had been known thine enemie:

Nor

Nor could an act, wherein thy private hare
Had born a ſhare, ſo much oblige the State:
To purchaſe honour, and our Countries good
Private reſpects of friendſhip or of bloud
Muſt be forgot and baniſh'd: is that old
Brutus through all ſucceeding times extoll'd,
By whoſe ſtrict Juſtice his own ſon did die,
That ſought again to bring in Monarchie?
And art thou bond to ſuffer *Cæſar's* reign?
What would old *Brutus* do, if here again?
Or unto thee can *Cæſar's* favour ſeem
A greater bound than nature was to him?
Nor canſt thou term it ſecret treacherie
If by our hands uſurping *Cæſar* die;
Since Fate of warlike power have us bereft,
And no means elſe to work our freedom left.
Should we a while defer the action,
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done
But with diſhonour and baſe Treaſons ſtain,
When we before have both approv'd his reign;
For in the Sibils books 't was lately read,
The Parthians never can be vanquiſhed
But by a King? which in the peoples ears
Is told already; and his flatterers
By them would have it publickly deſir'd;
Our voices, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd;
Which we with greateſt peril muſt denie,
Or elſe for ever loſe our libertie.
When *Caſſius* had with his perſuaſive art
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wavering heart
To this ſad deed; a noiſe at door they hear;
Decimus Brutus now was enter'd there,
And all the reſt of that conſpiracie:
Where 'mongſt themſelves the fatal knot they tie,
By mutual oaths; ſtriving (alas) in vain
By *Cæſar's* death that freedom to attain,
Which was for ever baniſh'd by the doom
Of Fate, and never to return to Rome
Though often ſought; inſtead of freedom now
More deſolation, Tragedies and woe

After

After this slaughter must again ensue;
And all the people that dire action rue
Which they desir'd. Philippi's baleful day,
Perusia's siege, and fatal Mutina,
With Leuca's fleet shall make afflicted Rome
Truly lament ore slaughter'd *Cæsar's* Tomb.
The baleful Ides of *March* approching nigh
Ordain'd by Fate for this great Tragedie,
Th' Etrurian Augurs, who divine by sight
Of slain beasts entrails, and the various flight
Of Birds, in *Cæsar's* danger were not dumb,
But boldly told what they foresaw to come.
The Ides of *March* Spurinna bids him fear:
Nor did the Earth, the Air, or Skies forbear
Presaging signs (if any signes could lend
Means to prevent what destinies intend:)
Affrighting voices in the Air were heard;
The Sun himself in threatning forms appear'd,
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head
With a blew Rainbow round environed;
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the light
Of men, and meant to make eternal night. (break:
The windy Spirits through earth's torn caverns
Floods chãge their courses; beasts gainst nature spek.
The swelling Poe orflows th' adjoyning plain,
And to his channel suddenly again
Retiring back, thousands of monstrous Snakes,
Which he brought forth, upon drie ground forsakes.
The Sea, that had orewhelm'd a part of land
By Tyber's mouth, retiring, on the sand
As many fish did in like sort forsake:
But nearer signs great *Cæsar's* death fore-spake.
Those stately Steeds, which, when the war begun,
He crossing ore the stream of Rubicon
Had consecrated, and for ever freed
From future service of the war, to feed
At libertie along the Chrystal flood,
And quiet wander through the shady wood,
For many dayes before their Lord was slain,
Did of themselves, their pleasant food refrain;

Their

Their mourning eys, presaging sorrow shew'd,
And all the pasture fields with tears bedew'd.
The little regal Bird, the day before,
Flying along, a sprig of Laurel bore
Within her mouth; whom straight a multitude
Of Birds from out the neighbouring wood pursu'd,
Till she had enter'd *Pompey's* Court, and there
The Laurell'd Bird did all to pieces tear.

That night, that usher'd forth the fatal day,
Was come, and with her darkness did display
Prodigious fears, bringing, in stead of rest,
A sad disturbance to each wakeful breast:
Throughout the Palace, where great *Cæsar* slept
His last, the arms of *Mars*, which there were kept,
Were heard to yield a horrid rattling sound,
Clashing together of themselves; and round
About the house the doors flew ope at once:
The air of night was fill'd with dismal grones;
And people oft awaked with the howls
Of Wolves, and fatal dogs: ill-boding Owls,
Night-jars, and Ravens with wide-stretched throats
From yews, and holleys send their baleful notes;
The shrieches, wailings, and all cries were heard
Of every fatal and affrighting Bird
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,
Sent from the King of rest, with speedy flight
Entering the Palace, to *Calphurnia*,
Who sleeping in her Lords embraces lay,
Presents his slaughter'd figure in such wise
As unto all th' amazed peoples eys,
The next day's Sun must show all stain'd with bloud
Before the bed she dreamt her *Cæsar* stood,
His visage pal'd with death: that robe of State,
Which never foe before could violate,
All torn, through which his gaping wounds appear:
Calphurnia weeps, then shrickes aloud for fear,
And stretching ore the bed her loving arms
T' embrace the flying shade; though free from harms
She find her Lord, who was awaked now,
Scarce dares she trust her waking senses so

As

As she beleeves the vision; in her thought
So much that too prophetike dream had wrought.
Cæsar with kisses wipes away her tears,
And asks the cause of her so sudden fears:
She trembling yet, the fatal dream declares
Which had disturb'd her sleep (nor could the cars
That rose from thence, be banish'd) with the storie
Mixing fresh tears, and loving oratorie,
Persuades her *Cæsar* to remember now
What th' Augur's skills so lately did fore-show,
And what the learn'd *Spurinna* bad him fear
From th' Ides of *March*, which now (ill) present were:
She begs of him he would forbear to go
That morning to the Senate, and bestow
That one poor day, if not upon his own
Dear safetie, yet upon her fears alone:
And grant to her as much, as to a wife
Was due, of intrest in a husbands life.
That he those Spanish guards would entertain,
Which had so lately been dismiss'd, again:
That safe prevention of a danger neer
Was Noble still, and could be stiled fear
No more than scorning the gods threats could be
True fortitude or magnanimitie.
Cæsar replies; Ah dear *Calphurnia*,
Dearer to me than that life-breath I draw,
Would'st thou forbear thy grief, it could not lie
Within the power of any prodigie
To make this day a sad one: should I here
Begin to learn that superstitious fear
Of fatal days and hours, what day to me
Could ere hereafter from such fears be free?
I onely should my wretched life torment,
And not my destin'd time of death prevent,
But live for ever with vain fears diseas'd
When ere Astrologers or Augurs pleas'd:
Every beasts entrails were a care to me,
And flight of every bird a maladie.
If *Cæsar's* danger grow from discontent
Of Rome, not one days absence can prevent,

Nor

Nor scarce reprive my Fate; and once to die
Better than ever fear conspiracie:
What good can strongest guards on me confer
But make me live perpetual prisoner?
Why should I fear the peoples discontent,
Who now enjoy under my government
More wealth, more safetie, and prosperitie
Than by my death they could? The death of me,
That have already reach'd the height of all
Glorie and State that can to man betal,
And wrought my farthest ends, can never be
So much mine own as their calamitie;
Who will again with Civil jars be rent,
And wish a safe and setled government:
Oh do not fear thy dream, *Calpburnia*,
Nor sad presages from such trifles draw:
If dreams were fatal, Love, sleep were not rest;
Since most our cares would be by sleep increast:
But if they were presages, tell me then,
For our two dreams to night have different been,
Which should prevail? Me thought I flew above
The loftie Clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Jove*,
And to my self did seem more great and high
Than ere before: what but felicitie
Should this portend? I dare not now suspect
In calmest peace, those powers, that did effect
My roughest wars; Oh let no sad surmise
With causeless grief distain *Calpburnia's* eys.
Aurora now from *Tithon's* purple bed
Arose, and th' Eastern skie discoloured.
Gave cheerful notice of th' approching Sun;
When forth, through Rome, th' officious clients run,
The Palace all with early visitants
Was fill'd, to wait when *Cæsar* would advance
Forth to the Senate; striving to be seen
Neer th' earthly Sun, and in his raies to shine:
Some to do grace, and grace receive from him,
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,
Or in eclipse eternal burie quite
Before the set of *Phœbus*, *Cæsar's* light.

A-

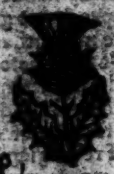
Among the rest did *Decimus* attend
With fained service, and the name of friend
To Fatal ends abusing, hasten'd on
Perswaded *Cæsar* to destruction;
Though, ere they go, the Sacrifices all
Threatning and black appear'd, and did appal
The fearful Priests, who from those entrails show
Portent of dire calamitie and woe:
Some Bulls they could not at the Altar slay,
Who breaking thence fled through the streets away;
In others, which were slain and open'd there,
None but th' infernal gods deign'd to appear:
The hearts were perish'd, and corruption flow'd
Through all the vital parts, black was the blood.
The burning entrails yielded onely fume,
No flame at all, but darkly did consume
Mouldring away to ashes, and with black
Unsavoury clouds through th' air a darkness make.
But *Cæsar*, maugre what the entrails threat,
Undaunted passes on (how wondrous great
Is destinie?) and as he goes, neglects
That Scroll presented to him, which detects
The whole conspiracie: which, as of small
Import, he pockets up not read at all,
And enters *Pompey*'s bloudy Court, led on
By powerful Fate to his destruction:
Where ominously receiv'd, he mounts his high
Dictator's Sell of Gold and Ivory;
The Lords obeisance make in humblest wise,
When different passions in their breasts arise;
Even those bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedie,
Almost relent: the mans great Majestie,
That awful Fortune, that did still attend
His deeds, in all extremes a constant friend
Produce a fear t' encounter discontent:
Nor do their fancies onely him present
Invincible in open field, as when
He stood environ'd with his armed men:
But such as when alone he wrought his ends,
Aided by none but Fortune, as his friends,

As

As when he scap'd th' Ægyptian treacherie,
When he appeas'd his Souldiers mutinie,
Or when the stormie Seas he crossed ore
By night, and safely reach'd Brundusium's shore:
And why should not that friendly Fortune now,
As then (think they) prevent his overthrow
And to their ruin quite defeat the plot.
But shame forbid them to relent; the knot
Among too many conscious breasts was ty'd
To let them start; and on the other side
Revenge encourag'd by the multitude
Of Actors, enter'd, and all fears subdu'd,
First to his Cell bold *Cimber* made approch,
And seiz'd his Purple robe; at whose rude touch
While *Cæsar's* wrath together with amaze
Began to rise, the rest from every place
Drawn neer, no longer hiding their intent
The fatal Ponyards to his breast present:
The first wound on him *Casca* did bestow,
Whose Ponyard *Cæsar* wresting, to his foe
Returns a stab back for the stab he gave,
Striving in vain with one poor strength to save
A life assaulted by so many hands;
No succours could approch, no guard, nor bands
Of aiding friends were nigh; that courage quite
Was lost, that nere was lost before in fight;
Until enfeebled by a deeper wound,
And by invading death environ'd round,
Hopeless he hides his face, and fixed stands
T' endure the furie of revenging hands
Repressing groans or words, as loth to shame
His former life, or dying stain the fame
Of these great deeds through all the World exprest;
These silent thoughts revolving in his breast:
Yet has not Fortune chang'd, nor given the power
Of *Cæsar's* head to any Conquerour;
By no Superiours proud command I die,
But by subjected Romes conspiracie:
Who to the World confesses by her fears,
As My State and strength to be too great for hers,

And

And from earths highest Throne, sends me to be
By after-ages made a Deitie:
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled
At last; and he, who never vanquish'd
By open war, with bloud and slaughter strew'd
So many lands, with his own bloud embrew'd
The seat of wronged Justice, and fell down
A sacrifice t' appease th' offended gown.

FINIS.

Never Come